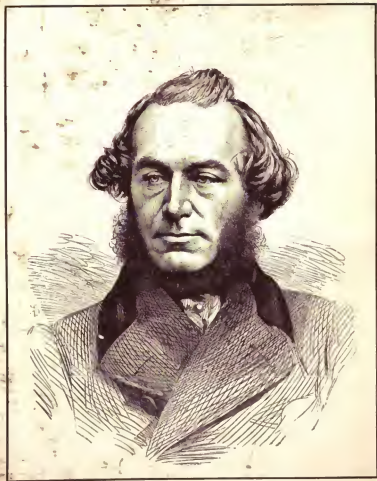


PICTURES  
FROM  
"PUNCH"









James Fawcett  
John Leach

## **Pictures from "Punch"**



*F. C. Burnard*

# **Pictures from**

# **“Punch”**

**Vol. I.**

**LONDON**

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**1904**



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Printers,  
London and Tonbridge.

# "A FEW WORDS"

To the Laughter-loving, Art-appreciative,  
and Generously Critical Public,   ■   ■

## Greeting.

FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL,

On the re-issue of PICTURES FROM PUNCH, brought up to date, it will not be deemed superfluous to preface the re-publication of "the set" with "a few words," not of "introduction," whence it might be erroneously inferred that Mr. PUNCH's gifted artists and the public, the wide world over, were "strangers yet," but of such "appreciation" as, I think it may be fairly assumed, is warranted by certain special features that distinguish Mr. PUNCH's pictures from all others, just as the features of Mr. PUNCH's own unique physiognomy mark him out, in any assembly of notabilities, for unerring and warmly affectionate recognition. The curiosity experienced at the opening of *Portia's* caskets, one by one, is as nothing to that which must be aroused by the opening of each separate volume, nay, by the turning over of any new leaf among these cunningly illustrated pages of Mr. PUNCH's picture-books. Behold, *hic et nunc*, in this "so-called twentieth century" what caught the fancy of our fathers, mothers, cousins, uncles and aunts, and set our grandfathers and grandmothers a-laughing heartily in the earliest years of the blameless reign of Good Queen Victoria.

Take, for example, the adventures of *Mr. Briggs*. Dress him as you please, place him where you will, JOHN LEECH's short, rubicund, simple, typical upper-middle-class hero is immortal. He is own brother to *Jorrocks*, another of John Leech's creations. Then look at Charles Keene's sober-minded, business-like, self-satisfied citizens; at Keene's and Leech's buxom matrons, prim housekeepers, grumpy four-wheeler 'cabbies,' chaffy drivers of hansoms, and humorous 'bus men. As *hoc genus omne* was then, so it is now, with little variety in the *species*. Are not Leech's and Keene's butlers and coachmen, and their comfortable type of the old family servant, with us now-a-days? We are grateful for their survival. It will be a bad day for England when the ancient servitor who has been "in the family" or on the estate "man and boy," shall have disappeared. The type, including the gamekeeper, survives in Mr. Raven-Hill's pictures, as also in those of Mr. Armour, who, as Mr. PUNCH's "Master of the Horse," gives us the latest type of jockey, *more Americano*. Is there any one of these volumes we could

not linger over? Is there a page we would willingly allow to escape us? You will give expression to a note of heartiest admiration as you pause awhile before the splendid, dashing work of that great black-and-white knight, Sir John Gilbert, powerful illustrator, master alike of brush and pencil. What artistic power, what broad humour does he not display in his *Knight before the Battle*!

To the new volume, that is, the fourth, which in this re-issue brings the set up to the most recent date, I had proposed to write a special preface, but this delightful lingering, in the company of an appreciative public, among the dear old familiar scenes ever revealing fresh attractions, has diverted me from my original purpose. Yet, after all, is any apology needed for not fulfilling a promise I had never made, even to myself? I trow not. The three volumes that have been already received with universal favour may certainly be accepted as trustworthy sponsors for the excellence of the fourth, of which it may be safely predicated that, with its specimens of the work of those whose names have been most recently added to Mr. PUNCH's scroll of artistic fame, it maintains the same high standard of Art and humour that distinguishes its illustrious predecessors.

I must no longer detain you over the first volume, which is headed with a delightful idea of John Leech's, representing "Mr. PUNCH at home." Happy dedication of the entire series! Is not Mr. PUNCH at home everywhere? Whatever may be the mystery of his origin,—and he can trace his family back to a time when the earliest Ptolemy was neither born nor thought of,—"*Our* Mr. PUNCH" is British born, the genuine article; his wit is racy of the soil, a light soil, rich, fertile, fruitful; while as a laughing philosopher, knowing when to be merry, but always wise, and when to be serious, he beams upon the whole world, his eyes twinkling with mirth, while his sympathies are cosmopolitan. His rule of life is contained in the first two lines of the old familiar *quatrain*:

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise,  
"Tis good to be honest and true."

But to "return to our muttons," or, rather, to our "pictures."

For quaintness of humour commend me to Mr. E. L. Sambourne's "dressed crab" as served up on the ninety-eighth page of the first volume, in such guise that, merriment being the sworn foe of indigestion, you may surfeit on this Sambournian crustaceous invention and be all the better for the meal. "Dicky Doyle's" inimitable work, a laugh to every line of it, crops up now and again throughout the collection. Sir John Tenniel, knight of the crayon, and chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, gives us such grotesque "Shakespearian Illustrations" as, when once seen, will always recur to the memory whenever you may come across the passages he has selected from the immortal Bard.

What rich veins of humour, fun, and, mind you, moral teaching into the bargain, if you only dig deep enough! Du Maurier in the park and the drawing-



room; Keene in the street and in the kitchen. Phil May, with his marvellously life-like gutter-snipes, his real 'Arriets and 'Arries, is incomparable. Note how smartly Corbould turns out some specimens of Mr. PUNCH's stud. Then there is the fun and "go" of Jalland's scenes in the hunting-field. Examine the work by Bernard Partridge; what rare humour inspires the pencil of this veritable magician, skilled beyond compare in the black (and white) art. Irresistibly absurd is the quaint work of Edward T. Reed, the exceptionally gifted catcher of likenesses in the Houses of Parliament, all taken on the spot "while he waits." Then we have Tom Browne, in a line and style peculiar to himself; Brock, with his light comedy manner, and Ralph Cleaver, with delicate touch and refined humour. Besides the above, there is a first-rate display of work by Messrs. Ralston, Howard, Everard and Arthur Hopkins, *cum multis aliis*, the pick of the profession, whose names to enumerate might occupy as much space as did Homer's list of ships, and whose works, in goodly company, speak for themselves.

Everyone has his limitations. If I have already exceeded mine, I crave your pardon. Yet "a few words" more.

In this collection, as may have been already gathered from the foregoing observations, no chronological order has been followed, and so the eye is never wearied by such an absolutely strict observance of unities as would have tended to monotony. Besides, is there not a zest added to the entertainment here provided, in being afforded opportunities of guessing dates from costumes, and, where the initials, or name, of the draughtsman have been omitted, of making a shot at the artist's identity? On such occasions all sporting bets can be settled by the Index, which "refers to drawer."

The "spear side" no longer represents "the vast majority" as it did when Miss Georgina Bowers was the only artist "on the spindle side," drawing pictures, chiefly sporting, for Mr. PUNCH. Now we have a ladies' school of art, where the distinguished professors are Miss Florence Holms, Miss Marion Wallace-Dunlop, Miss Upton, Miss H. Cowham, Miss A. L. Codrington. And, be it here clearly set forth, Mr. PUNCH will always heartily welcome and encourage every aspirant who can satisfy his appointed examiners at "the preliminary."

That being so, my present pleasant task, as Chamberlain at Mr. PUNCH's Court, is ended. Confident that your anticipations of enjoyment will be more than fulfilled, I beg to announce the opening in state of the first part of the First Volume.

To which declaration I beg to affix the warranty of my signature, subscribing myself Mr. PUNCH's and the public's obedient servant,

F. C. BURNAND.

PICTURES

FROM "PUNCH"



MR. PUNCH AT HOME.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Smith (FORTISSIMO, to Mrs. Brown, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which Herr Signor Hammerstange is fond of surprising his audience). "AND SO I GAVE HER A MONTH'S WARNING ON THE SPOT!"



"MOST UNFORTUNATE!"

Basil McScrew (to Smith, who is on a short visit to the North). "AN' WHAT ARE YE GAE' TO-MORROW NIGHT, MISTER SMETH?"

Smith "TO-MORROW?" OH, NOTHING PARTICULAR I'VE NO ENGAGEMENT."

Basil "AN' THE NEXT NIGHT?"

Smith "AH! OH FRIDAY I'VE PROMISED TO DINE WITH THE BROWNS——"

Basil "MAN, THAT'S A PETTY! AW WAS GAEN T' ASK YE TO TAK' YER DENNER W' US O' FRIDAY!"



**"IN FLAGRANTE."**

*Keeper (coming on him unwares). "DO YOU CALL THIS FISHING WITH A FLY, SIR?"*

*Brigot. "EH?—I AM—WELL, I—LOOK HERE—HAVE A—(Doing for his cast)—TAKE A HUP?—DO!!"*

*[Takes!]*



**"PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."**

*English Angler (on this side of the Tweed). "HI, DONALD! COME OVER AND HELP ME TO LAND HIM—A 50-POUNDER I'LL SWEAR—"*

*Highlander (on the other). "IT WULL TAK' YE A LANG TIME TO LAN' THAT FISH YOO, O'YE KEEH, SIR, WHATEVER I—YE HAE HEUKET THE KINGDOM O' AULD SCOTLAND!"*



AN IRREVERENT SAXON.

"MY GARD, MON? I HANNA GOT ONE! BUT I'D HAE YOU TO KER THAT I'M A BACINTOSH!"

"YOU MAY BE A HUSBAND, FOR ALL I KNOW, BUT MY FARE'S HEIGHTENPENCE!"



ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

MR. "ACH! HOW PRETTY ARE ZOSE GREEN LEAFS ON YOUR COWK!"

MRS. "SO GLAD YOU ADMIRE THEM. IT'S AN IDEA OF MY OWN."

MR. "KYITE SCHÄRRING! ZEY REMIND VON OF IFY CLINGING ROUNT AN OLT BURN!"



### SHOOTING PUZZLE.

GIVEN A MAN WHO HAS NEVER USED A GUN BEFORE—WHAT WILL BE HIS BAG? N.B.—SEVERAL OF THE PARTY ARE ALREADY BEHIND THE HEDGE.



### THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Hustler (addressing Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "UM! YOU CALL PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"



# GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Equestrian "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A ROW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."

Boy, "A—A—A WAIN'T A-GOING TO!"



# "UNCO CANNY."

Robin Scoutman, "MISSED, ENY?"

Cautious Keeper, "WELL, A' WADNA GAND QUITE SAE PAUR AS TO SAY THAT; BUT A' DOOT YE HAVNA EXACTLY HIT."



# AN ALARMING MESSAGE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER'S TOOK THE LOTION, AND RUBBED  
HER LEG WITH THE MIXTURE!"



# A LUSUS MACHINER-M.

Chatty Passenger. "PORTER! THAT'S ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS TAILLESS MANK CATS, IS IT NOT?"

Grumpy Porter (shortly). "NO, 'TAIN'T. MORN'G 'XPRESS!"

Passenger (puzzled). "E-H-E-I DON'T UNDERSTAND—"

Porter. "DON'T YER? WELL, YOU COME AND PUT YOUR TOE ON THESE 'ERE DOWN METALS ABOUT 8.15 A.M. TO-MORROW, AND—"

Passenger (enlightened). "AH—I= SEE—JUS' SO—"

[Retires under cover of Newspaper.]



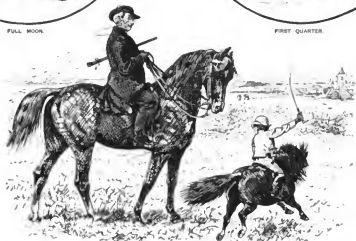
THE HONEYMOON.



FULL MOON.



FIRST QUARTER.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Young Sharp. - "BEY VER TUPPENCE, I'M HOME FIRST!"



THIRD QUARTER.



NO MOON.



### A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"

"NO, DARLING!"

(A PAUSE.)

"YOU'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"

"YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE POLLY OF THEM ALL."

(ANOTHER PAUSE.)

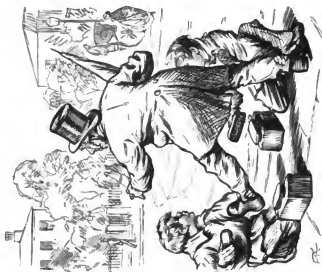
"WOULDN'T I JUST SEE THE POLLY OF ONE, MAMMA?"

[A VERY LONG PAUSE.]



# "WINKLES!"

Philanthropic Caper (who has been crying "Perry-wink-wink-wink" all night) is sitting in his chair—just as before. "I wonder what the poor unfortunate creatures in these low accommodations do live on!"



# "BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL," &c.

First Shoeblick. "I suppose you are poor?"  
Second Shoeblick. "You're A——"



HINT TO DEER-STALKERS.



AFTER THE BATTUE—AN AUTUMN IDYL.

MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.



"THE SHERIFF, WITH A MOST MONSTROUS WATCH, IS AT THE DOOR."  
*Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.*



"POOR TOM'S A-COLD."  
*King Lear, Act III., Scene 4.*



"AN EYE LIKE MARS (MARS) TO THREATEN AND COMMAND."  
*Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.*



**RATHER A LARGE ORDER.**

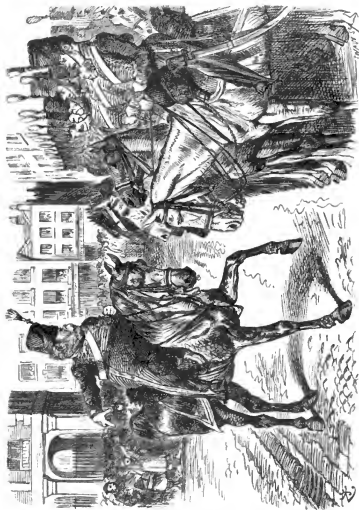
*The Herr Professor. "ACH—BEST MISS ROSE, WILL YOU KINDLY TURN ME OVER!"*



**PRETTY INNOCENT!**

*Little Jessie. "MAMMA! WHY DO ALL THE TUNNELS SMELL SO STRONG OF BRANDY?"*

*[The Lady in the middle never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]*



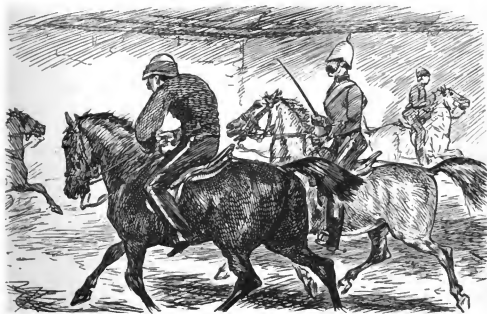
THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY). "INSPECTION PARADE."

Sergeant-Major. "WHEN I'D SAVE BRASS—, AND THEN HE GET TO GRASS—; BUT WHEN I'D SAVE BOURN—WHEN THE OUT BRASS AND  
"GROSS UP" TOUTER."



#### THE ENEMY.

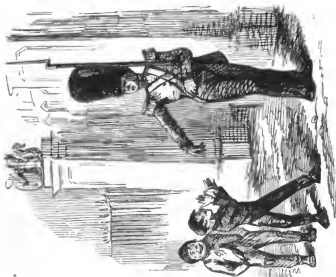
*Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). "BE FURTHER BACK, GENERAL! YOU'LL MAKE HIS 'EAD ACHIE!"*



#### THE RIDING LESSON.

*Riding Master (to Bob, who is qualifying himself for the Punjab Cavalry). "IF YER 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID QUEST YOU'D 'AVE, MR. BOWDISH!"*





#### DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE!"  
Rude Boy. "AA, BUT TON MURTY, OLD FELLER!"



#### A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of the Ruffian (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE GREAT UNMAGAW, WHAT DO YER GET INTO THIS THURIBLE FOR?"  
Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Ruffian). "OYE CALL IT THURIBLE, NOW? WOE, IT'S ENDEMENT!"



**A POLITE REQUEST!**

DRIVER: "HI-MARRI-STOP HER, TURN HER!"



**WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?**

"WHY DON'T YER STAND BY 'IS 'EAD? GAWT YER SEE THAT THE MISSUS IS HARMFUS?"



THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. BRIGGS'  
ADVENTURES



IN THE  
HIGHLANDS.



MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS, A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.



MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN DETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS.

[N.B. The said animal is as strong as a bull, and uses his legs like a race-horse.



MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEER-STALKING GENERALLY; HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE HO-

DENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH—SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS—TOES BEING SHOT OFF!—OCCASIONALLY BEING DORED BY THE ANTLERS OF IMPURATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.



TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.



WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION). OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.



AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.



THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS DID NOT HIT.

(To be continued.)



#### RELIEF.

*Protector (about the end of a very bad day). "DONALD, HANG THE BOAT HERE A BIT, WE MAY GET A RISE."*

*Donald, "HANG!"—(Giving way)—"I SHALL TAMM THE BOAT IF YOU WILL, AND THE TROUTS—AND THE LOON TOO!"*

*(Feels better.)*



#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

*"Mother (at South Kensington), "EXECUTED IN— TIT-T-T-T! LAUK A MUSEY, 'LEZ! WHAT DO THEM FOREIGNERS WANT TO 'AND THAT POOR INNOCENT-LOOKIN' YOUNG GREETUN FOR!"*





"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOAI!"



#### A SENSIBLE CHILD.

Mother. "WILL YOU STAY AND LISTEN TO DR. GROWLER'S IMPROVING CONVERSATION, OR GO TO BED?"

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, MAMMA, I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO BED!"

CHOICE  
SPECIMENS



OF EARLY  
ENGLISH.

"MAMMA DEAR, GIVE ME A APPLE!"  
"DON'T SAY 'A APPLE', SAY 'AN APPLE'."  
"O! WELLY 'WELL! THEN GIVE ME TWO NAPPLES, MAMMA DEAR!"



"O MASTER GEORGE! NOW, DIDN'T I TELL YOU BE CAREFUL, AND NOT DROP MISS WYLMELMINA?"  
"WELL, AND SO I DIDN'T! SHE FALLED OFF ON HER OWN ACCORD!"



"IT'S MY DORKEY! ISN'T IT, GEORGE?"  
"NO, IT'S MY! ISN'T IT, GEORGE?"  
"DON'T BE SELFISH! IT'S BOTH OF YOUR DORKEY! IN FACT, IT'S ALL OF OUR DORKEY!"

# AGRICULTOORAL-LOORALS.

(By Dumb-Cranbo Junior.)



THE CAT'L SHOW.



LIVE STOCK.



JERSEYS.



A TUBER.



PA'S NIP.



CAR-AGE.



BIG (SIGN LOW).



JUDGING STOCK.



HURRY FORDS (HEREFORDS).



THRASHING MACHINE.



BEST TURN OUT OF HORSE AND CART.



## STREET DIALOGUE.

First Boy. "I'LL PUNCH YER EYE IF YER SAY MUCH."

Second Boy. "WHO'LL PUNCH MY EYE?"—First Boy. "I WILL."

Second Boy. "YOU WILL?"—First Boy. "YER I WILL."

Second Boy. "WELL—DO IT!"—First Boy. "AH!"

Second Boy. "YES!"—First Boy. "OH!" [Boys evaporate.]



## PROPRIETY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED: SARAH-JANE. MATILDA.

Scene—Countryside Town.

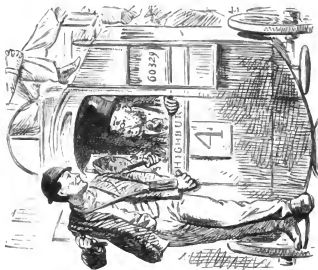
Sarah-Jane. "OH! YOU 'ORRID DREADFUL STORY! I DIDN'T."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM. I SEE HIM KISS YER. AND HERE HAVE I BIN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"



#### FILLING AT THE PRICE.

THIS IS THE OLD LADY THAT DOES EVERY DAY TO OUR PASTRYCOOKS, BUYS A HALFPENNY BUNS, AND KEEPS THE "TIMES" FOR THREE HOURS.



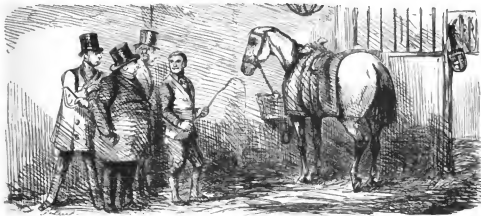
#### THE HICHBURY 'BUS.

BUSINESS. "OH! CONDUCTOR, I AM AFRAID I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE. CAN YOU CHANGE ME INTO A "POST OFFICE" AT HICHBURY?"  
CONDUCTOR. "LADY BLESS YOU, YES, SIR, WE'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A "POST OFFICE," OR WE'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A "MANDEL," IF YOU WISHED IT."



UNFAIR SATIRE.

Street Arab: "UM, WHAT'S THE USE O' WADD'NATIN' THEM? THEY NEVER CATCHES MUFFIN!"



### NOT TO BE PLAYED WITH.

Green. "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE OSS OF MASTERS, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AIN'T VERY QUIET."

Mr. Green. "OH, HOW DO YOU MEAN—NOT VERY QUIET?"

Green. "WHY, SIR, HE'D GET YOU UP IN A CORNER, AND KICK YER BRAINS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S AMOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY."



### "COMMUNATORY."

Scottish Field Preacher. —AH SEE YE AIN'T THE STANES THERE, LADDIES! SMOOKER,—E-N-I BUT YE HAY SMOOK,—AN' YE HAY SMOOK—(reverses)—"AN' YE HAY SMOOK—BUT YELL SMOOK OY AN' SAIRER WHAUR YE'VE GAUN YAE!"



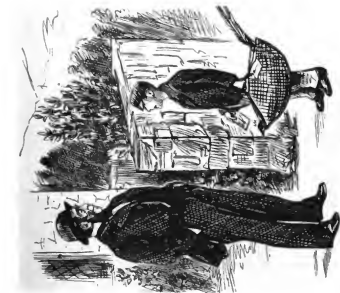
#### A FINAL APPEAL.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I TRUST MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONSIDERATELY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOOBY? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"



#### STATE O' TRADE.

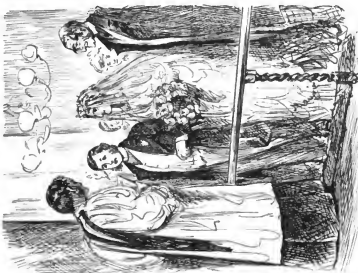
SHELL GIRL. "PLEASE, MRS. GREENTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTER?"  
 MRS. G. "GIVE IT! TELL THOSE OTHER GIPSY'S DEAD, AND LEARNER'S VERY BAD. NOTHING FOR NOTHING 'ERE, AND PRISONER LITTLE FOR SARCENESS!"



NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.

My (old friend). - "Is this square snow's?"  
 My. - "Are you square snow's?"  
 My. - "Wouldn't you like to see?"

*do. My friend.*



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*JOHN. - "I WAS."*





"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."

WHEN THE ROAD-CAR STOPS SUDDENLY JUST AS HE IS CAUTIOUSLY DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE!



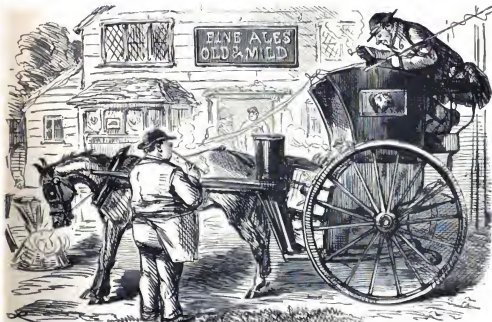
THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

SPORT—OR, NOW WE KILL PHEASANTS NOW.



#### THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"  
 Boy. "WELL, SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."



#### A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cobby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERE, DID YOU, SIR?"



"WHERE CAN THAT CONFOUNDED FELLOW HAVE GOT TO WITH THE LUNCH-BASKET?"



HERE HE IS, REMARKING, CONFIDENTIALLY, THAT "THAT GINGER-PEER IS ABOUT THE BEST HE EVER TASTED."

ON THE MOORS.



### A DILEMMA.

Station Master. "NOW THEN! LOOK ALIVE WITH THEY DOUBT! WHERE ARE YOU——"

Over-driven Porter. "HOOTS! THEY'VE A' EATEN THEIR TUCKER, AN' DINNA KEN FA THERE GAEN TAE!"



Old Lady (emerging wrathfully from Cabmen's Shelter). "I SAY, CONDUCTOR! IF YOU DON'T SEND THIS 'ERE TRAM ON DIRECTLY,

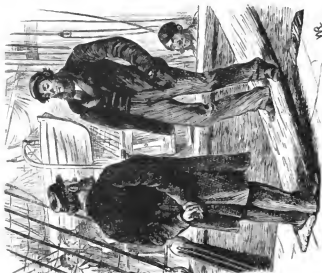
I'LL REPORT YOU! AN' A HOUR I'VE BEEN SETTIN' A-WAITIN' A'READY. AN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

### A MISTAKE.



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY——"

MR. BLAZER, Q.C., RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY TO HIS CHAMBERS IN THE MIDDLE OF VACATION.



A STAGGERER!

Captain Hodge (left): "NOW, THEN, GOT ANYTHING CONTRABAND ABOUT YET?"  
 Blah: "GOT 'BOUT BOTT' AND HALF SHANDY! BUT I'LL DEFTY YE TO TAKE IT  
 PROZ ME!"



# CLASSICAL.

'Bus-Driver (to Musical Amateur, who came out of St. James's Hall with a foho copy of beethoven's Scores). "ANYTHING NEW AT THE CHRISTY'S, SIR?"



# "CATCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

Dietzinger. "I DALL YOURS A SHERSCAPE, JIM. YOU CLAPS THAT 'ERE PAPER ROUND YER 'AT, AND THERE YOU ARE—A PENNY EACH!"  
Fly-Catcher. "AH, BUT LOOK AT THE LABOUR OF CATCHIN' 'EM, AND STICKIN' 'OF 'EM ON AT THE OUTSET, BILL!"



#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBERTY?"

"YES."

"THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ  
HOBBORN."



#### SHOCKING!

Dr. Jolliboy (who had been called away from a social Meeting at his Club). "THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN,

FIFTEEN-TWO, FIFTEEN-FOUR, FIFTEEN-SIX—PAIR EIGHT—NORTH NINE— (Drops off.)

["We draw a Veil," &c., &c.]



A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

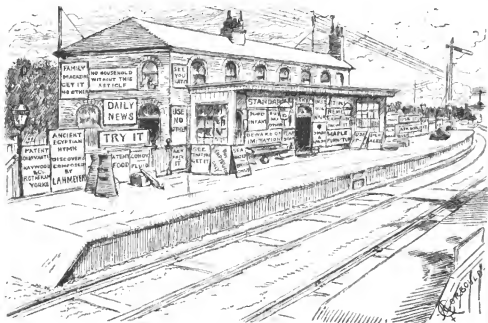
"WHY!—HAS YOUR DOGS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZIE?"—NO; BUT HE THINKS HE HAS!"



SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

MISS MADON TO MISS PRIDDLE. "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE WROGHT SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"





# RAILWAY PUZZLE.

TO FIND THE NAME OF THE STATION.



PRECAUTION



OBSTRUCTION



ABSTRACTION



DESTRUCTION

THE THOUGHTFUL PEW-OPENER AND JONES'S SUNDAY HAT.



"NOT SO FAST!"

Old first (alluding to the *Wills of Somerset*): "AN, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTHY A GREAT BLESSING—NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN—BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPING STREAM ('RUM—' I MEAN, AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!), AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TRIP—SOME MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW—"

None from the bridge (the ubiquitous "My"), "COULD YER BLAME US WITH A WOMAN, GOV—HOUR?"



"That's all very well, but I took a cab—"



"As we went along I thought I missed a—"



"Say I forgot!— I would have sworn I—"



"I tried all my pockets."



"Could it have dropped into my umbrella?"



"Or into the straw at the bottom of the cab?"



"So, before I paid him, I said, 'I thought I'd dropped a sovereign in the cab, and would get it right—'"



"And then it was on the Chippendale in my study after all!"

But when I went to pay my fare, to my amazement the man had no 'eb!—I had vanished and yet there are Supts who will not believe in the Supernatural!

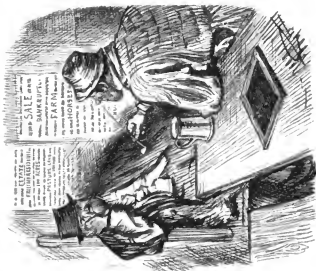
"THE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS!"

"WE ALL WALK IN MYSTERIES."—Goethe.



**A PESSIMIST.**

*Exemplary Clerk.* "CAN I HAVE A WEEK'S HOLIDAY, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR? A—A DOMESTIC AFFLICTION, SIR—"  
*Employer.* "OH, CERTAINLY, YES, MR. — DEAR ME, I'M VERY SORRY! 'HEAR RELATIVE?'"  
*Clerk.* "AH—YE—N—THAT IS—YOU MISUNDERST—WHAT I MEAN, SIR—I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED!"



#### "THE LABOUR MARKET."

First East Countryman. "SMALL VESSEL VOOTE FOR THE DETACHMENT OF THE COURTESY."

Second Old Gentry. "NO, THAT I WIFE, BOY! WORK'S BEARS ENOUGH AS IT IS, AND WE TO MEET ALL THE MARRIAGE, FORCED BOYS, AND OUR 'NIGHT PLANNING' AND 'HIDING' AND 'HIDING' AND 'HIDING' WE SHOULD BE MORE OFF THAN WE ARE NOW!"



#### A NON-SEQUITUR.

ATLANTIC Old Gentryman (who has half a mind to go). "I, SUPPOSE NOW, MY BOY, YOU TAKE A GOOD VIEW OF MONEY DURING THE DAY?"

Second Old. "YESSIR, YOURS LOTS O' GENTLEMEN, WHEN THEY WANTS TO KETCH A TRAIL, GIVES ME SENSIBILITY!"

[Old East finds the Senses, but is thinking over it afterwards, evidently not the sensation.]



# FRIENDLY.

Hunting Man (thrown out, on very fresh Moust). "WHERE TH' HOUNDS, BOY?"      Rustics. "YEAU KEEP UP ALONG O' US—WE'LL SHOW 'EE!"



# AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

Cabby. "BEG YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT I 'AVE A PAIR O' LIGHT KID GLOVES, FOR A WEDDIN' AS I'VE DIN ARST TO?"  
 Shopwoman. "CERTAINLY, WHAT IS YOUR SIZE?"      Cabby. "SIZE, MISS?"      Shopwoman. "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR RUBBER?"  
 Cabby. "OH, RUBBER, MISS! TWO-FOUR EIGHT NINE-SIX!"



### A COURT DRESS.

"OH! JUST AINT PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PARABOLES!"



### CONDESCENSION.

Ositor (confidentially). "THAT'S THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."

Old Gent (much refreshed). "Oh!"

Ositor (taken aback). "I-I SAID THAT WAS THE AYLESBURY CHICKEN."

Old Gent. "YES! YES! YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE."

Ositor. "WELL, THEN—THEN, WHY DON'T YER SHAKE HANDS WITH 'EM—'ELL LET TER!!!"



# HUNTING STUDIES BY RAIL.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF COMFORT IN COATS.



# IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

*Impatient Traveller.* "NOW, THEN, IS THIS TRAP READY? WHERE'S THE OSTLER?"

*Small Boy.* "SHURE, O'LL P-HUT 'M OP FOR YE, SOR. THE OTHER BAY'S GONE IV A ARRANG!!"





**"RIDICULOUS!"**

Edna (who really thinks she must clean spots off her old blouse this winter, instead of so bad).  
 "DO YOU CALL RID-REVENING?"  
 Charles: "YE-HEEL AW. I THINK YOU'LL FIND MISS GUMMIDGE'S HEAVY CORNUAL"  
 A MOST EXCEL—" [Guffaw.]



**"EXCLUSIVE!"**

Our Philadelphia (who often takes the Duller Gallery in his neighborhood). "ONLY A  
 WOODING HOUSE"  
 Judding Article: "AT-THAT DEFENSE EXTRA, WATERS HEAVY FOR THE LACKS OF  
 HUE, "HONOR, BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RUFF-RAFF!"



#### SOMETHING FROM THE PROVINCES.

*Exaggerated (satirically).* "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAVERY?"  
*Poorly Rung.* "AM I CAN PROCEED BY HEAD & TAIL?"

*[Exaggerated reform badly.]*



#### GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.

*Irish Parody.* "O! YER DON'T WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS, DON'T YER! O! YER WANT TO BE A CLERK IN THE POST-OFFICE, DO YER! POST-OFFICE, INDEED! WELL, ALL YER'RE FIT FOR IS TO STAND OUTSIDE WITH YER TONGUE AWAY, FOR PEOPLE TO SEE YER STOMACH AGONY!"



# DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

"WAIT, ELEANOR? YOU KNOW SIR LIONEL WILFRADE, THE HANDSOMEST, THE WITTIEST, MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN TOWN! HE OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO RESIST HIM YET!"

"THE SAME, LILIAN! BUT NOW! HE COMES!"

[Enter Colonel Sir Lionel Wilfrade.]



**MUSIC AT HOME.**

*Brown (enthusiastically).* "OH—WHAT A REMARKABLY FINISHED SINGER MADAME BORGIAULO IS!"  
*Miss Knipper.* "YES, QUITE FINISHED, I'M AFRAID!"



**"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."**

*Irate Passenger (as Train is moving off).* "WHY THE — DIDN'T YOU PUT MY LUGGAGE IN AS I TOLD YOU—YOU OLD —"  
*Porter.* "E—H, MAH! YER BAGGAGE ES NA SO A FULE AS YERSEL. YERE 'T THE WRANG TRAIN!"



### "A NARROW ESCAPE."

(Fragment Overheard the Other Day.)

"WELL, LAUGHIE, HOW ARE YOU?"

"MAN, I'M WONDERFU' WEE, CONSIDERIN'."

"CONSIDERIN'—WHAT?"

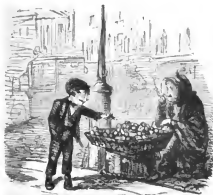
"I DID LAST NIGHT WHAT I'VE NO DUNE THIS THIRTY YEAR. I GAED TO BED FAIRFOTLY SOBER, AND I'M THANKFU' TO SAY I GOT UP THIS MORNIN' NO A BIT THE WIDDER."



### A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

WE THOUGHT IT WAS A VAGANT CHAIR . . .

SHE AROSE SUDDENLY FROM HER KNEES . . .



### MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sharp (not vulgar) Little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS. WOT ARE THOSE?"

Old Woman. "TWOPEENCE."

Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES!"

[Exit, whistling popular air,



### A LUMPING PENN'ORTH.

"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"

"VV, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"



### "THAT NASTY ORANGE-PEEL!"

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance). "I'M AFRAID, MA'AM, YOU'VE HAD A FALL.—I HOPE—"

Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly). "WHY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I'D SIT DOWN HERE, YOU OLD STUP—!"

[He helps her up, and makes off hastily.

# MR BIBBLE HUNTS the STAG

## on Exmoor

WAITS 2½  
HOURS FOR A  
WARRANTABLE  
STAG TO  
BREAK

NOISES AFR  
OFF — THE  
CHASE HAS  
BEGUN

MR B. WILL  
FOLLOW THAT  
KNOWING-LEGGED  
OLD GENTLEMAN

OUT ON TO THE WILD MOOR

BUT THE STUPID OLD  
G. DOES NOT TAKE  
THAT BIT OF NICE GREEN TURF

MR B. WILL

THE  
NICE  
GREEN  
TURF

CHOOSE A COMBE

OF EVERY BODY  
I KNECKED THAT  
FOR A COUPLE  
OF BONES  
MR B. CRIES UP  
THE CHASE

WHERE'S IT  
IT WOULD BE  
IN SPORTSMANSHIP  
TO  
GET OFF

WISHES  
HE'D SEEN  
THE STAG  
BUT, HAVING  
GOT THROUGH  
WITHOUT ANY  
HURRY,  
ABANDONS HIMSELF TO PLEASING MEDITATION

HORSE SHIES — DOES SEE  
THE STAG  
BROW, BAY, TRAT,  
WALL

MR BIBBLE AT BAY

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE — & DEATH  
OF THE STAG

MR. BIBBLE HUNTS THE STAG.



# HUNTING PUZZLE.

HOW TO GET OVER THAT GATE.



# A SKETCH FROM THE MIDLANDS.

"WELL, OLD CHAP! NOT HURT, I HOPE?"

"OH, NO, NO! JUST GOT OFF TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE VIEW!"





PROXY.

"AS YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MA'N, PLEASE MENTION I'M SO DREADFULLY TIRED I CAN'T SAY NINE TO-NIGHT, BUT I'LL BE SURE TO REMEMBER IT TO-MORROW!"



#### COOKIANA.

"AND NOW, TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT YOUR LAST PLACE."

"I WILL TELL YOU THAT, MAM, WHEN YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHY YOU PARTED WITH YOUR LAST COOK."

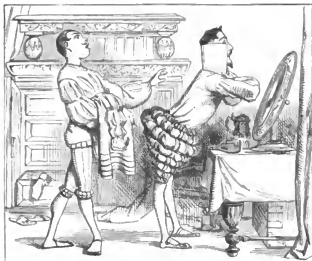


#### THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.

MARRIES (TO ENNA), as their way to the (JIMMY'S) first Party. "NOW, MIND, DARLING, IF YOU SEE ANY NICE THINGS ON THE TABLE THAT YOU'D LIKE TO EAT, YOU MUSTN'T ASK FOR THEM!"

ENNA. "O SO MAMMA—I'LL TAKE THEM!"

MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.



"STAY, MY LORD,  
AND LET YOUR REASON WITH YOUR CHOLER QUESTION" —  
*Henry VIII., Act I., Scene 1.*



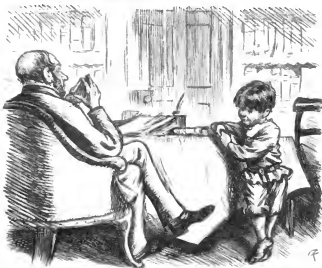
*King Henry.* "SWEETHEART,  
I WERE UNMANNERLY TO TAKE YOU OUT,  
AND NOT TO KISS YOU!" *Henry VIII., Act I., Scene 4.*



# RE-ASSURING.

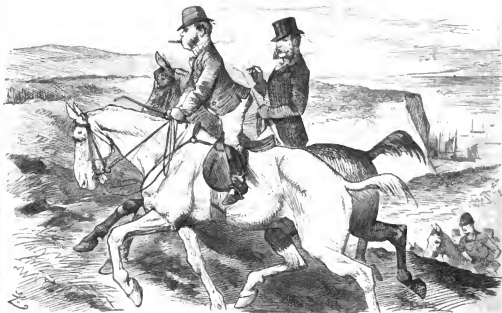
Nerves ON LAFY (Band in the distance). "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT!  
 HADN'T YOU BETTER TUNE HIM ROUND?"

Gasconade (who will tune his own dog). "OH, LET 'EM ALONE, 'M; HE'LL TUNE 'IMSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!"



#### PROMISING PUPIL.

*Bobby (who is being put through his English History by Papa—Seven Period). "AND HE WAS TO MIND AN WATCH THE CAXES SHOULD NOT BE BURNT—AN' WHEN SHE WAS GONE OUT—HE ONLY JUST LOOKED ROUND FOR A MINUTE—AND—ER—A—HE WAS TURNED RIGHT INTO A PILLAR O' SALT!"*



#### A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

*Little N. "CARRIES ME SLENDOLY! PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"*

*Charles (his friend). "HAI—QUITE SO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BATHING MACHINET?"*

# MR. BRIGGS' ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(Continued from page 22.)



THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!



AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.



MR. BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMBTS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.

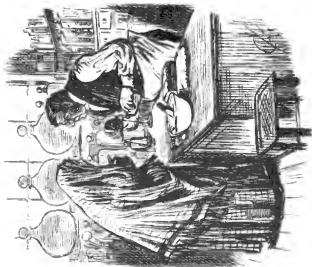


MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!



AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.





# "AGAINST THE GRAIN."

Widow Moran (To Christy, who was weeping a Grain of Corned in digesting a Prescription for her Sick Child). "BAIL, YE HEDDIN' BE SAE SCHIMPY WIT—'TIS FOR A PAIR FATHER—LESS BAIN!"



# "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Reckless Rik. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS, MUGGLES! I HEARD YOU'D LEFT OFF DRINKING!"  
Drunkenable Pity. "BOW! I 'AVE, BOW—(hic)—BOW 'AM VEEF MINUTE!"



#### A GENTLE REPROOF.

Uncle George: "BLOW, AND IT WILL FLY OPEN, EFFIE."

Effie: "I USED TO BE ABLE TO OPEN A WATCH IN THAT WAY, BUT I CAN'T NOW!"

Uncle George: "WHY NOT?"

Effie: "I'M RATHER TOO OLD!"



#### A POSER.

"IT'S NOT SO MUCH A DURABLE ARTICLE THAT I REQUIRE, MR. CRISPIN. I WANT SOMETHING SHINY, YOU KNOW—SOMETHING COY, AND AT THE SAME TIME JUST A LITTLE BIT SAUCY!"



A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

"HAPPENY CANOLE, PLEASE, AND BE QUICK, FOR MOTHER WANTS HER TEA."

"OH, YES! OF COURSE, MISS; COULD WE SEND IT ANYWHERE FOR YER?"



"THY VOICE, O HARMONY!"

Conductor, "HEAVY WITH THEM BONES, BILL!"

Bones, "BUT I'M A PLAYIN' HORNIGARTER."

Conductor, "WELL, I DIDN'T SAY YOU WASN'T; BUT YOU NEEDN'T GO AND DROWNIN' MY TREMOLO!"



#### CANDID!

*Simultaneously.* Host (smacking his lips). "NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT GLASS OF RHE—"  
 Guest. "MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ADMIRABLE MARSELA?!"



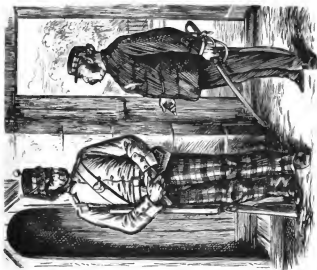
#### TOO TRUE.

Cabby (after a squabble, pocketing his overcharge). "JUST MY BARE FARE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!"  
 Old Gent. "IF IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD DAY, SIR, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT, I CAN TELL YOU!"  
 Cabby. "NO; 'CAUSE YOU'D A GONE THIRD-CLASS BY TH' UNDERGROUND, AND THEN WALKED UP THE ROAD!"



# SCRUPULOUS.

Supper. "O, JAS. MUIR! CAN YE NO DE A WIGGLE ON THE RAIL-UR BRUTE O' MUIR? I DAURNA MUIR! IT'S JUST PAST-GAY  
IN OUR PARSIN'!"



### COOL COURAGE.

(And long may it be the noble tradition of the Indian Saltee.)

OSCAR. "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE, SIR?"  
 PHILIP. "GOD, MAN, A' CLEAN FORGET!"



### STANDING ON HIS DIGNITY.

Shipping Agent. "ARE YOU A MECHANIC?"  
 Intending Emigrant (justly indignant). "NO—I'M A MACHINIST!"



A HEAT OF 500 UP



SPOT BARRED



A TWO-FIGURE BREAK



SOME FINE FORM WAS EXHIBITED



COOK STARTED AT SCRATCH



OPENING WITH THE QUOTIDIAN MUSE



FINISHING THE GAME WITH A CAWNON



ONE POINT BEHIND

### BILLIARDS. (Marked by D. Crambo, Junior.)



"PUTTING" ON THE "LINKS."



THE "TEE" AND THE "DADDIE."



A BEAUTIFUL "IRON" SHOT.



THE "SPOOK"



A SHOWY MANNER OF HANDLING THE "GLOBE."



A FULL DRIVE



THE "GLEEK."



"HOLED OUT."

### GOLF. (As "Put" by D. Crambo, Junior.)



### A METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSIS.

THE AMPUL RESULT OF PERSISTENT "CRAWLING."



THE STEAM-LAUNCH IN VENICE.

(*"Gio Transit Gioia Mandi."*)

'Andsome 'Arriet. "OW MY! IF IT 'WY THAT BLOOMY' OLD TEMPLE BAR, AS THEY DO AWY WITH OUT O' FLEET STREET!"

Mr. Buleville (referring to Gold-book). "NOW, IT 'WY! IT'S THE FIRMUS BRIDGE O' SIENE, AS BRIDE WENT AND STOOD ON: 'IN AS WHITE OUR BOYS, YER KNOW!"

'Andsome 'Arriet. "WELL, I REVER! IT 'WY MUCH OF A SIZE, ANYOW!"

Mr. Buleville. "EARI 'EARI! FUSTRYTE!"







GIVING THEM FAIR PLAY.



"TURN ABOUT."

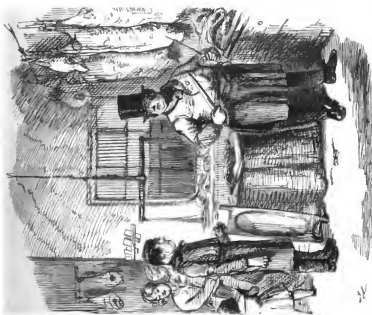
George: "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"

Tom: "SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!"



**"CURED IN AN INSTANT!"**

Phusky (who has accepted a recommendation to a Dental to relieve an aching tooth). "OH, GOO-FUND IT! HE NEVER TOLD ME THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM, ONE OF 'EM'S BURE TO BE AT HOME!"



### A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Bricker. "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEBONE'S HIBB TO NO. 19?"  
 Boy. "YEEH, AIR."  
 Master Bricker. "THEN CUT MISS WIGGLES'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HAND ME  
 FODDER'S LEIB TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"



### FAIN'T PRAISE.

JOHN (who has come for the Saddle and bridle). "YEEH, THERE'S MASTER—HE IS A  
 STAMM' HAND, SURELY (a pause); AND THERE'S 'T OLD MARE—AND ISN'T SHE A STAMM'!"  
 ARTHUR (smiling). "WELL, THERE'S THE DOO, NETS STAMM' TOO, I SUPPOSE—"  
 JOHN. "AY, SIR, THAT HE BE!"



# UNDENIABLE.

*Buyer.* "IS HE WELL BROKE?"

*Seller.* "LOD, BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"



# A RURAL INFELICITY.

IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A SPORTING MAN, AND ARE OUT FOR A QUIET RIDE, IT'S VERY ANNOYING WHEN YOUR HORSE INSISTS UPON JOINING THE HOUNDS THAT ARE RUNNING A FIELD OR TWO OFF THE HIGH-ROAD.



"LE SPORTMAN."

"HIS HIS STOP ZE CHASSE! I TOMBLE-I FALOFF! STOP ZE FOX!!"



THE GOLF-STREAM

FLWS ALONG THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.



#### A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

Hardress. "AUS VERY DRY, BRY?"  
 Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT BETT!"  
 Hardress (after awhile, again addressing to the doctor). "TAD'S VERY BUMPY, BRY?"  
 Customer (still cautiously reticent). "TA-AB, I PREFER IT BUMPY!"  
 [Patient's grin is deflated.]



#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

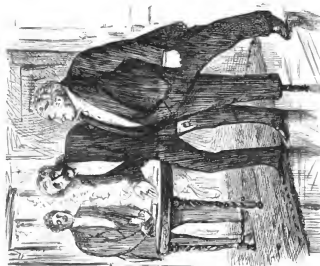
Operator (concerning effect). "HARK FALLING OFF VERY FAST, BRY?"  
 Patient (cautiously). "Y-E-E-S."  
 Operator. "I CAN RED—"   
 Patient (gay). "USUALLY DOES THIS TIME O' YEAR. FRESH DROP IN THE SPRING, Y' KNOW!" (Laughs.)



**"RETORT COURTEOUS."**

Fareless Did Gail (to Passenger with a Bar). "YOU SHOW YOUR TEETH, SIR!"  
(Churches.)

Grady Carpenter. "YOU DON'T. 'CAUSE WHY?" "I'VE GOT NO MORE!"



**"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."**

Had really no apny about his polished (solid face). "HASTY YOU BETTER COME  
ON THE CARPET, OLD FELLOW? I'M SO AFRAID YOU MIGHT SLIP, YOU KNOW."  
Gail. "O, IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—THANKS! THERE'S A NAIL AT THE  
END, YOU KNOW?"





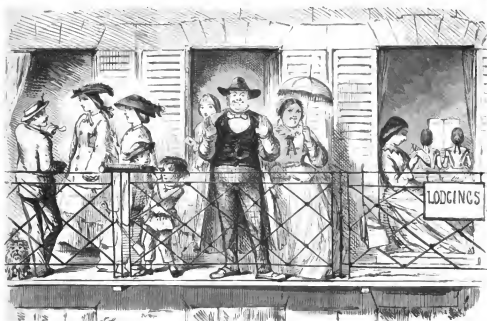
# RECOLLECTIONS OF CUB-HUNTING.

CHEERFUL EVENING IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE AFTER BREAKFASTING AT 8 A.M.



# A LITTLE FAILING.

Nervous Old Lady. "NOW, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"  
 Giddy. "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEM-MINE CURIOSITY, MUM. SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHERE SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"



PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE,



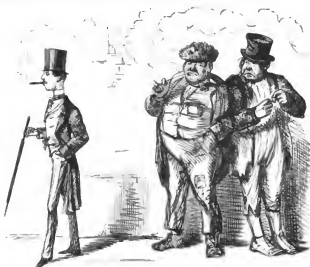
WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.



"OUT OF HIS ELEMENT."

Country Gent (to Cabman). —PRAY, IS THE BOTTOM OF LUDGATE HILL WITHIN THE SHILLING FARE FROM THIS?"

West-End Cabby. —"WELL, SIR, THAT'S RATHER A NICE POINT. SOME SAY IT'S A LITTLE OUTSIDE THE DISTANCE, OTHERS— HOWEVER, IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS I SHALL HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN ORIVING YOU THERE; IN FACT, I'D GIVE A SHILLING MYSELF TO GET OUT O' THE CITY!"



APPROPRIATE.

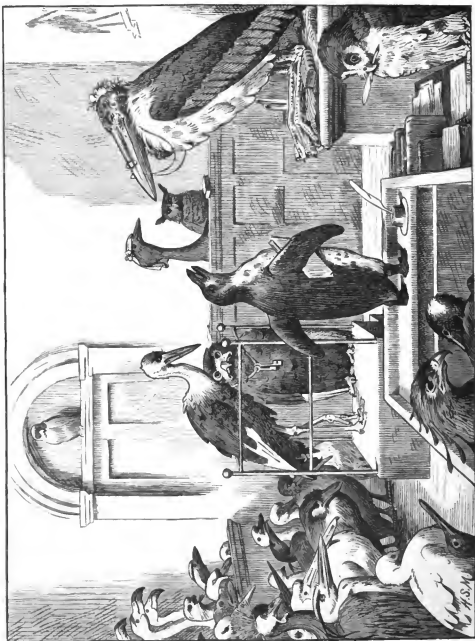
First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF?"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A SLOGATED HARESTOORAY"



OUR NURSES.

Experienced Night Nurse (sternly). "COME, COME, SIR! YOU MUST STOP THAT HORRID NOISE. IF YOU KEEP WHEEZING AND SNORING LIKE THAT ALL NIGHT, HOW AM I TO GET TO SLEEP!!"



UP BEFORE THE BEAK.



#### IDENTITY.

*Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National Gallery). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE NEW 'CONSTABLE'?"*

*Reverend Officer. "SHURE IT'S MEESELF YE MUST MAKE, SOR! I GANE ON JENTREE HERE FOR THE PORT TOME THIS WEEK, SOR!"*



**NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE.**

*Cooley Driver (to a man behind his eyes).* "NOT FRESH? WHY THEY ARE A GOOD  
UP SLA AND KICKS A GOOD DOWN. I WANT A GOOD TO CALLOP 'EM TO DEATH  
ON THE LEVEL, 'TANT LIKELY, THERE'S NO PLEASING YOU."



**"IN MEDIO TUTTISSIMUS."**

*Galassi (to Harry Purdy).* "LIKELY AND YES PARDON ME, BUT WILL YOU TEND  
THE CAR A BIT, SEE? YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO LAZY FOR ONE SPREAD ME."



AGGRAVATING—RATHER!



AN INCIDENT OF WEIGHT.

Caddy. "LET YER OUT?—THAT'S A GOOD UN!—NOT AFERE YER PAYS FOR BREAKING MY SPRINGS!"





#### TANTALISING.

"COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"EH? WHAT?" "COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"YOU MUST SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER. I'M VERY DEAF." "COULD YOUR HONOUR SPARE A COPPER?"—"I'M VERY SORRY, I AM TOO DEAF, YOU MUST ASK SOMEBODY ELSE!"



#### A NOVICE IN SPORT.

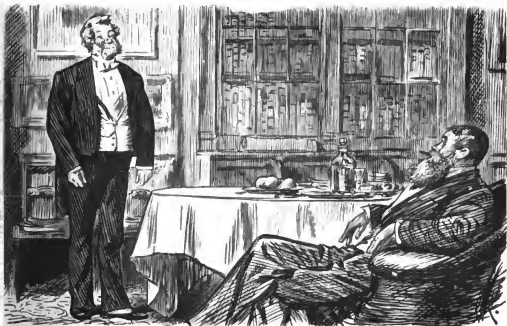
Old Sportsman. "BURNING SCENT!" Mr. Verdant (out for the first time, and delighted at being spoken to). "EH? ARE THEY? WHERE?"



#### EXPENDED!

Guest. "WILL YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE?"

Hibernian Waiter. "SHUMPAKE, SIR? BEGAD, I'VE HAD NONE MESELF THIS TWO HOURS!"



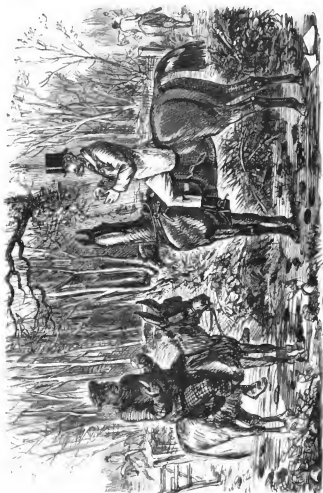
#### THE COMMISSARIAT.

Squire (to new Butler). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND——"

Mr. Prodgers. "IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY—— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!"



# PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT.

Noble Earl (to sister). "Hark! by Jove, that's a fine!"  
 Percy (to Alice). "Course it is, my lord! just the way with them 'ounds. Draw—draw—draw—all the morning, and then drop on  
 A few just as you've now 'ave's lunch!"



**"TO PUT IT BROADLY."**

*Impressed Butler (to Distinguished Guest). "WILL YE TAKE ANNY MORE DRINK, SON?"*



**TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.**

*Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS! THINK OF IT!"*



#### A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Coal/merchant. "WANT A PENWORTH O' COALS DO YER? YOU WOUL'D BE ABLE TO GET 'EM FILLIN' UP SOON LONDER. THEY'RE A GONIN' UP. COALS IS GOIN' UP."

Buyer. "AN' WELL, NUTHERWELL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE ONE SAYS 'THE LAST COALS ONE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL SLATE!'"



#### WEDNESBURY STATION.

First Collier. "TRAINS LEAVE FOR BIRMINGHAM, 10.38 A.M., 3.59 P.M."

Second Collier. "WHAT'S P.M.?"

First Do. "A PENNY A MILE TO BE SURE."

Second Do. "THEN WHAT'S A.M.?"

First Do. "WELL, THAT MUST BE A TENNY A MILE."



#### BREAVED.

First Friend. "THOU HESITEST BEEN AT THE TOWN LATELY, GEORGE. HOO'S THAT?"  
 Second Friend. "THOU KNOWS THE DOG'S DEEL AND AN KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER, I AM A CHAP LEVING SA FOND WIDOUT A DOG!"



#### SYMPATHY.

Old Timothy. "WILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AW GONE AW 'LITEST!"  
 William. "LOST? 'AVE YER, THOUGH?" GOT THE 'MILLIN'?"  
 Old. "YES."  
 William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AW 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BARTLY."  
 NOW. DON'T LET'S BE CONSENTED!"



THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

"DEAR SIR,—AFTER SIX MONTHS' USE OF YOUR VALUABLE PREPARATION, MY HAIR HAS ALREADY RECOVERED ITS FORMER LUXURIANCE." &c. &c.



CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN.

"LEAVE OFF, YOU LITTLE BRUTES, CAN'T YOU? POLICE!"

"NOW, SIR, YOU COWARDS, IF YOU DARE!"



**A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.**

MOTHER. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"

Spilled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—MUCH BE-EF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"



**PATRONISING.**

"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"





"DRESSED CRAB."



"Q. E. D.!"

Elderly Inquisitive Gentleman (very near-sighted). "DEAR ME! WHAT HAS THAT MAN GOT ON HIS COAT? I REALLY MUST—"

[Approaches quite close to read the Placard . . . . .] THE HORSE EXPLAINS!



**FOND BUT FOOLISH.**

"LOOK, DUCKY DEEER! LOOK AT THE PITTY IDLE QUACK-QUACKS!"



**HIS FIRST BIRD.**

"WELL, I DIDN'T MISS THAT ONE, AT ALL EVENTS!"

"NO, SIR, THEY WILL FLY INTO IT, SOMETIMES."



SO MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.

Uncle (bringing his Nephew home for the holidays). "GLAD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN, NICK. HOPE YOU HAVE SPENT LESS THIS HALF."

Nick. "OH, YES, UNCLE. I'VE GONE 'TICK' FOR EVERYTHING!"



#### MANNERS OF THE BAR.

A SKETCH IN THE LAW COURTS, SHOWING THE PATENT AND RESPECTFUL ATTENTION OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF DURING THE SPEECH OF COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.



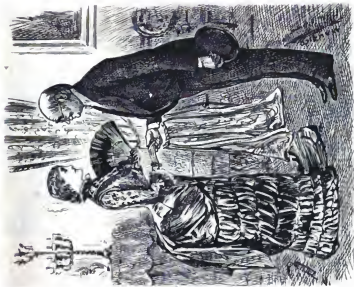
#### A VESTED INTEREST.

Bystander rto excited Scot, whose Friend had been run over). "NOT A NEAR RELATIVE, I HOPE, SIR." Scot. "NA—BUT—HE HAS ON A PAIR O' MA GREEKS!"



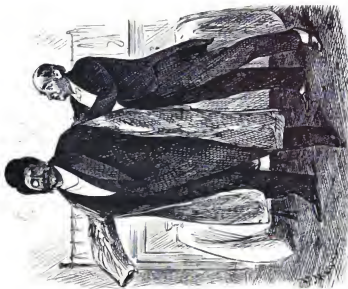
# "THE OLD ADAM."

The Minister (looking on from the gallery). — "E-E-H SARRY MUGGALS! AM SORRY TO SEE THIS! AND YOU TOO, WULLY! FIGHT O' THE SABBATH! AN' THOUGHT AND ENTELLT BETTER PRINCIPLES — (A RISE.) — "E-E-E-E! WULLY MAN!-YE HAE WI-'T'S ENIL, WI! MAID UP YER HIND, MAN-ON YELL LOSE W-W-TAN' GAB-R-E!" — [Groans heard, and exits.]



#### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

MISSA. "WHAT, MUST YOU DO ALREADY, PROFESSOR?"  
 The Professor. "MY DEAR MADAM, THERE IS A LIMIT EVEN TO MY CAPACITY OF  
 IMPLICATING MYSELF ON MY FRIENDS!"  
 MISSA. "OH NO—NOT AT ALL—I RESUME YOU."



#### A BAD ENDING.

"WELL, WILLIAM, WHAT'S BECOME OF ROBERT?"  
 "WHAT, WENT YOU 'LASSING' HIM?" "NO! NOT REFUSE, I HOPE!"  
 "—AND AS FOR ROBERT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DONE, SIR, AND WALKED OFF WITH HONESTY—"  
 "DID HE COULD LET HIS 'MINDS' ON!"



### A REHEARSAL!

"NOW, DON'T YOU 'URRY THE HANDANTY (AGARTÉ) THIS TIME, YOUNG FELLER!"



### RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD. (FREE TRANSLATION.)

ROW IN A BELGIAN ESTAMINET. (IN THREE TABLEAUX.)

"NOW THEN! YOU BE OFF!!"  
"! SHANT!"

"WHAT!! YOU WOR T!!"  
"NO!!"

"THEN STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!"



#### A RANDOM SHOT.

"BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT IF YOU WAS TO AIM AT HIS LORDSHIP THE NEXT TIME, I THINK HE'D FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE, SIR!"



#### 'ARRY WITH THE 'ARRIERS.

Huntsman (waving back the Field). "FRESH HARE! GENTLEMEN! FRESH HARE!"

'Arry (taking his Guinea's-worth out of his 'Unter). "FRESH H'AR! O' COURSE IT IS—JOLLY FRESH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M OUT FOR. COME HUP!"





#### ON THE FACE OF IT.

PRUD Teacher. "HOW, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS HEARTY BY A MIRACLE?"  
JOHNNY. "YEA, TEACHER MOTHER SAYS IF YOU CAN'T MARRY NEW PARDON, 'TULL BE A MIRACLE!"



#### AN EXAMPLE!

OLD Gentlemen who had evidently been (sincerely). "I'VE HOME, YOU BOYS-OO "WAS" "WOOLOW" LATER "WOUT STREETMA" (Sincerely) "WHY SHOULD I HA' BEEN-(but) I-7-7-7 TO LOYDED "WOUT SHIMMETS" "TREAD O' "TIDON" T' BUSH- "NEB-OO "WAT!"' (Shout from his audience)



#### "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

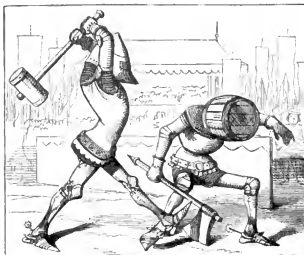
Lonely Housewife.—"O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY!  
SUPPOSE THE SNOW WAS TO STOP!"  
MR. JAMES.—"THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SNOW AMONG THE ANGELS IN  
ABOUT TEN MINUTES!"



#### A YOUNG POSITIVIST.

PERUS.—"WHAT'S A MIRACLE?" BOY.—"DUMBO!" PERUS.—"WELL, IF THE  
SUN WERE TO SHINE IN THE BOSOM OF THE NIGHT, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY IT  
WAS?" BOY.—"THE MOON!" PERUS.—"BUT IF YOU WERE TOLD IT WAS THE  
SUN, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY IT WAS?" BOY.—"A LIE!" PERUS.—"I DON'T  
TELL LIES. SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU IT WAS THE SUN; WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY THEN?"  
BOY.—"THAT YER WASN'T DOING!"

MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.



"AND LET THY BLOWE, DOUBLY REDOUBLED,  
FALL LIKE AMAZING THUNDER ON THE CASQUE  
OF THY ADVERSE PERNICIOUS ENEMY."

*R. Rich. II., Act I., Scene 2.*



"HEAR THE KING'S PLEASURE, GADRIEL: WHO COMMANDS YOU  
TO RENDER UP THE GREAT SEAL PRESENTLY  
INTO OUR HANDS."

*Henry VIII., Act II., Scene 2.*



**VERY ACCOMMODATING.**

*Cobby (politely).* "BEG PARDON, SIR; PLEASE DON'T SMOKE IN THE KEE, SIR, LADIES DO COMPLAIN O' THE 'SACCA UNCOMMON. BETTER LET ME SMOKE IT FOR YER OUTSIDE, SIR!"



**YEOMANRY DRILL.**

*Drill Sergeant.* "DRESS UP, MR. BUMPHUS! YOU MUST DRESS UP!"

*Mr. Bumphus (indignant).* "DRESS UP! COMPOUND YOU! I'M BETTER DRESSED THAN YOU ARE."



VERY FRIENDLY.

LITTLE ONE. "MORNING, MY LORD—GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-HUNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF HORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDNOT OTHERWISE MEET!"



UNCLE FUSBY UNDERTAKES TO DELIGHT AND INSTRUCT THE YOUNG FOLK  
AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

BY A LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS, WHICH WERE FINALLY TOUCHED UP  
(JUST BEFORE THE GAS WAS TURNED ON) BY HIS MISCHIEVOUS NEPHEWS.



"HER VOICE WAS EVER," &c., &c.

WIDOW: "JONES! JONES! DO YOU HEAR ME?"

JONES (from below—he does not yet know the voices of the house): "YES, SIR!"

(Jones leaves at the end of the month.)

OUR THREE-VOLUME NOVEL AT A GLANCE.



VOL. I.—SHE SAT APART, A CLOUD  
HANGING ON HER FAIR BROW, AND  
HER SWEET EYES DOWNCAST



HE THREW HIMSELF AT HER  
FEET,



AND CRUSHING HER SLENDER  
FINGERS WITHIN HIS—



'LETTUCE FLY!' HE MURMURED.



SHE TURNED A LITTLE PALE—



AND TOSSED HER HEAD IN  
THE AIR,



SHE SWIFT PAST HIM,



FLUNG HERSELF OUT OF THE ROOM, AND DIS-  
APPEARED THROUGH ONE OF THE DOORS.



VOL. II.—HE WAS SOMEWHAT  
TAKEN ABACK,



AND TIPPED HIS CHIN  
IN HIS BREAST,



GROUND HIS TEETH,



QUICKLY RECOVERING HIMSELF,



HE LEAPT TO HIS FEET,



AND FOLDING HIS ARMS TIGHTLY  
ACROSS HIS CHEST—



'FOILED!' HE CRIED.



THEN, BENDING HIS BROW, WHILE A CURIOUS  
SMILE CURLED THE CORNER OF HIS LIP,



HE CRUSHED HIS HAT DEEP OVER HIS  
EYES, AND BOUGHT THE DOOR.



HIS SUIT HAD BEEN DECLINED!



VOL. III.—IN ANOTHER SECOND HE  
FOUND HIMSELF IN THE STREET.



"THE DIE IS CAST!" HE MURMURED, WHILE  
HIS BROW GREW BLACK AS NIGHT



HE HAD DRAINED THE DITTEN  
CUP TO THE DREGS.



THAT NIGHT HE CAUGHT THE  
PACKET,



AND, IN A FOREIGN CLIME,



VANISHES FROM THESE PAGES FOR  
EVERMORE.



**RATHER SEVERE.**

"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"



**THE NAVAL TEAM.**

Captain Steer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORWARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON, AND WE'LL TOW HIM HOME AFTERN!"





**NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?).**

*First Old Fozzie:* "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

*Second Old Fozzie:* "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"



**ODD AND EVEN.**

*Mr. Nuff (to his Keeper):* "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE FIRST SEASON YOU WERE WITH ME THERE WERE NO FOXES. THE SECOND THERE WERE NO PHEASANTS; AND THIS YEAR WE'VE HAD NEITHER ONE OR THE OTHER."

*Keeper:* "WELL, SIR, I NEVER SHOT NO FOXES, AND YOU NEVER HIT NO PHEASANTS, SO WE AIN'T NEITHER ON US ANSWERABLE, AS I CAN SEE."



#### QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Paddy (the hero). "ARRAH, G'ALING! I SAG TD LAY YOU FORTW TO WAK, BUT I WAIN'T OOK TO SET MY HAIR-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATHERN LITTLE BEE-PEACE!"

[Enter again.]



#### THE UNCO' GUID.

Scrupulous Walter. "A WHAT? A SANDWICH? NA, NA! I'LL DE YE SHEED AN' CHEESE, AN' AS MUCH WHISKY AS YE CAN DRINK. BUT, TAE MAK SANDWICHES ON THE SAUBERTH DAY!"



SOFT SAWDER.

"BUT I DON'T CALL THIS A FASHIONABLE 'AT'!"

"IT WILL SOON BECOME SO, MADAM, IF YOU WEAR IT!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Margaret, "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M SO SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"

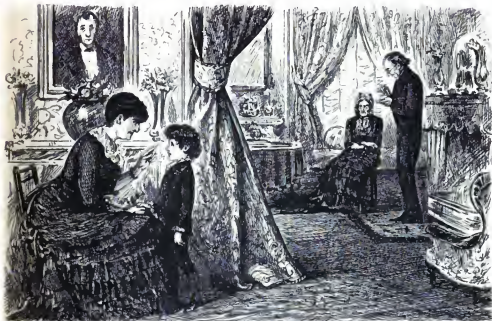
My Curate (who has called on parish business), "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. ONE OF THE FAMILY IS QUITE ENOUGH!"



### AN AWKWARD REPORTEE TO DEAL WITH.

*Head Master.* "IT'S DISGRACEFUL, SIR? WHY, YOUR BROTHER, WHO IS TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, KNOWS HIS GREEK GRAMMAR BETTER THAN YOU DO!"

*Dude.* "AH, BUT MY BROTHER'S NOT BEEN HERE SO LONG AS I HAVE, SIR. IT'S ONLY HIS FIRST TERM!"



### ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

*Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions).* "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"

*Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead).* "D-D-D-OES HE KNOW IT YET, MAMMA?"



#### INOPPORTUNE.

Awake! (to irritable old Gerd who has just lost his train). "BUY A COMIC PAPER, GERT!"  
[Loudly, the old gentleman was out of breath from his hurry.]



#### "FAHRENHEIT."

Editor: "AN, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES, I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICELY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"  
Civil: "YES, SIR, I ALLOW MEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARNED IT JUST THIS MINUTE!"



#### IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady, "WANT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND CONTINUENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!"—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"  
 Cabman (irresistibly), "WANT! IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I SPOKE IT WAS A MESS OF YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT 3/4 OF THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!"

[Five days, and Misses the Cabman as extremely nice person.



#### THOSE HORRID BOYS!

Princess (aside to herself in a rude way). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY MOTHER IS!"



### THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

The Marquis (to the Page). "AVEN'T I GIVE' YER THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN?"  
Lord Alouphus (Spandau's Nap). "YOU 'AVE IT!"



### A WASTED REBUKE.

Old Ben. (Mortified). "BAD THING, WHISKEY, FOR SHAVING!"  
Barber. "DU AY-ATWEEL, IT IS—MADE THE MAN UNCO' TENDER, BUT I'LL TACK GREAT CARE."



#### FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

Mrs. Smith (to Mr. S., who has just arrived home at 2.30 a.m.). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY COMING HOME IN SUCH A STATE AT THIS UNTIMELY HOUR?"

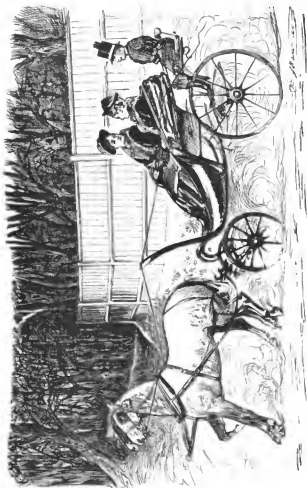
Mr. S. (decidedly "fresh"). "S-S-SH-SH-SH! TIMELY HOUR! EH! (After a pause, with intense sighs) FORTUNATE FOR YOU, MA-RAM, FRIEND TOOK ME BRISK MUSHEUM—(h-c)—AND IF WE HADN'T COME OUT FORE LASHT AGY PANOMINE—SHOULD'N A BEEN HOME FOR VERY CONSIDERABLE—"(No)



#### "LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Person (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service). "AND NOW FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT MARK ON THE WALL, AND LOOK PLEASANT!"





# POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

My Lady (sighs to girl home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"  
 Thomas (the new boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted). "LORD, MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE NO ODDS TO ME!"



#### NOT TO BE DISCONCERTED.

"THIS IS THE SUEZ CANAL, ISN'T IT, MOTHER?" "NO, DARLING; IT'S THE RECENT'S CANAL." "OH, OF COURSE. HOW STUPID OF ME! I'M ALWAYS CONFUSING THESE TWO CANALS!"



#### A SHARP MEMORY.

New Schoolmaster (examining in Physical Geography). "WHAT IS AN ISLAND?" (No answer)  
 "FOR INSTANCE, COULD I RIDE FROM HERE TO FRANCE OR TO IRELAND?"  
 Nice Little Boy (quite a Favourite). "NO, SIR."  
 Schoolmaster (savouringly). "QUITE RIGHT, DAVID. TELL US WHY, MY BOY."  
 David. "CAUSE FATHER SAY HE SEE YEOW D' HOSBACK, AN' HE'D LANY A SHILL' AS YEOW COUD'NT GOO HALF A MILE 'TNUOT A WOBBLE 'N' OFF IT!"



"OUR BOYS."

*Peter.* "KNOWLEDGE, MY BOY, IS BETTER THAN WEALTH!"

*Felix.* "YE-ES. BUT, POMEY WORD, D'YOU KNOW, SIR, I THINK I PREFER THE INFERIOR ARTICLE!"



"THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR!"

Railway Porter. "WETBROOD! WETBROOD! ANY ONE FOR VINDICATE?"

Thirty Passenger (sneaking up at the sound of the last word). "COM AN' WATER!"

THE Y' ARE, PORTER! BRING ME FOUR BROTHERS!"



ANTICIPATORY.

Sizable Old Lady. "THAT YOU SAY, MRS. JENNIS, IS QUITE CORRECT; BUT WITH ALL THESE THE THINGS AREN'T IT A COMFORT TO MEAL? THAT BOTH OF US IS A GOODER CLUB ADAM CHRISTMAS! AND WITH ANY SORT O' LUCK, MRS. JENNIS (she's a chertish) WE'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF 'OL THAT'LL BE JOFFEL! TAKE 'EM IT!"



THE KNIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.  
THE ARMOUR HAD BEEN SENT HOME LATE, AND IT WOULDN'T FIT.





#### DISPLACEMENT.

*Old Gentleman (Military man, guest of the Rustic's, conversing with smart-looking Rustic). "WOUNDED IN THE CRIMEA WERE YOU? BADLY?"*

*Rustic. "THE BULLET HIT ME IN THE CHIST, HERE, SURR. AN' CAME OUT AT ME BACK!"*

*Old Gentleman. "THE DEVIL! COME, COME, PAT, THAT WON'T DO! WHY, IT WOULD HATE GONE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR HEART, MAN!"*

*Rustic. "OCH, FAIR ME HEART WAS IN ME MOUTH AT THE THROBE, SURR!"*



**CANDID.**

*Chorus.* "WHY ARE YOU SO VERY PRECISE IN YOUR STATEMENT? ARE YOU AFRAID OF TELLING AN UNTRUTH?"  
*Witness (promptly).* "NO, SIR!"



**COMPULSORY EDUCATION.**

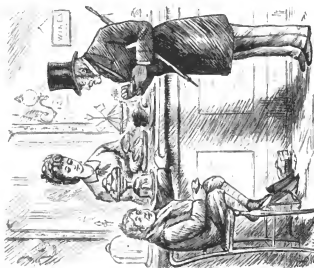
TOMKINS'S FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF "JUMPING."





#### "TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

Good Templar. "O DEAR NO! DON'T MENTION IT! I NEVER TAKE ANYTHING."  
 Friend (to Human Snake). "NONESENSE! CHRISTMAS TIME! YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING."  
 Good Templar. "WELL, IF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I'LL TAKE—"  
 [Exit H.]



#### "CONSERVATION OF TISSUE."

Duke. "WELL, TOMMY, YOU SEE I'M BACK; ARE YOU READY? WHAT HAVE I TO PAY FOR, BES?"  
 Miss. "THREE BUNS, FOUR SPONGE CAKES, TWO SANDWICHES, ONE JELLY, FIVE TARTS, AND—"  
 Duke. "GOOD GRACIOUS! BOY! ARE YOU NOT ALL?"  
 Fanny. "NO, UNCLE; BUT I'M THIRSTY."



#### FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

*Captain Belamour (who has married Money and become a Widower). "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW—  
"TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST,  
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL!"*



#### AN UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

*Eve (who has been told not to make a Noise during Family Prayers, which she attends for the first time). "HAUGHTY GRANDPAPA'S MAKING A NOISE!"*



"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!"

Good Sinner (silly). "G'D 'CHRISTMAS-EVE, G'DNIGHT!"  
 Old Bait. "CHRISTMAS-EVE! G'DNIGHT! YOU CONSIDER THAT A RESPECT—A PRECISE WAY TO ADDRESS A GENTLEMAN? SEEMS  
 TO ME YOU'VE MORE NEED OF HANDED THAN OF MONEY."  
 Sinner ("very noisy"). "I ASKED YOU WHAT I THOUGHT YOU'D MOST OBLIGE!"



**DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE READER.**

*Distinguished Amateur.* "AS THE PROGRAMME WAS VERY LONG, SIR, I FEEL FLATTERED THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED TO THE END!"

*Remaining Spectator.* "I—A—ARE YOU SPEAKING TO ME, SIR? I AM SORRY TO SAY I CAN'T HEAR A WORD. I'VE THE MISFORTUNE TO BE DEAF!"



**EASIER SAID THAN DONE!**

*Little Angler (to gigantic Friend, whom he'd invited for a day's Trout Fishing).* "KEEP BACK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! FOUR POUNDS, IF HE'S AN OUNCE!—THE ONLY WAY IN THIS CLEAR WATER (THERE HE IS)—AH! TUT-T-T—HE'S OFF AGAIN—! IS TO KEEP OUT O' SIGHT!"



#### A SERIOUS MATTER.

Four Brother (shaking up a little bit of advice). "AND BE SURE, EDWIN, WHAT-  
EVER YOU DO, NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO TRIFLE WITH ANY YOUNG LADY'S  
AFFECTION."



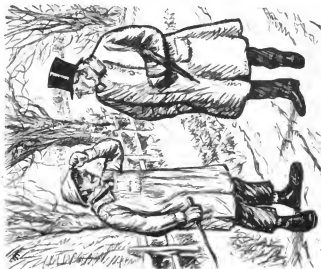
#### SHIVERLISATION.

Mr. Gildersleepe (to himself, shivering as he breaks the ice of his bath). "See—  
see—see! what a WASH ANGST! I WOULDN'T AGREE—AFRORD ALL THE—YET! (crying)  
EMANATORY DERIVATION WAS INCIDENT OF—(18/6). P. POSTERIOUS RUBBISH!"



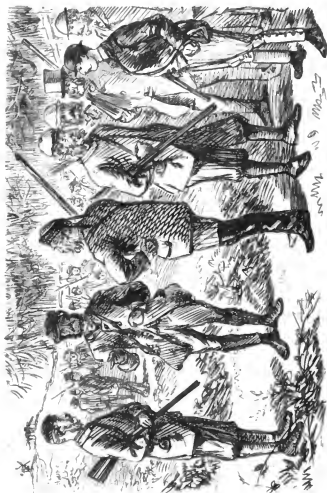
#### A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Dr. Snider. "BY THE BYE, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, LADY ANNE. OF COURSE YOU HAVE HEARD THAT YOUR NEPHEW, GEORGE, HAS JUST GOT HIS FIRST—"  
 Lady Jane. "HIS—FIRST?!! CHACIOUS HEAVENS! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE BOY WAS MARRIED!"  
 Dr. Snider. "HE! HE! HE! YOUR LADYSHIP MISUNDERSTANDS ME. I ALLUDE TO HIS RECENT SUCCESS AT COLLEGE."



#### COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Spivey (who interrupts himself with the Moral and Majestical Confession of his Passions). "HULLO, WOODSUPP! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! NOW DID YOU GET THAT?"  
 Lobbys. "O, IT'S MARTINY PARTICULAR, SIR, LAST NIGHT—AT THE 'WHITE ART, SIR, BUT—(IN AFTERGLOW)—CHRISTMAS TIME, BR—GUY! ONCE A YEAR!"



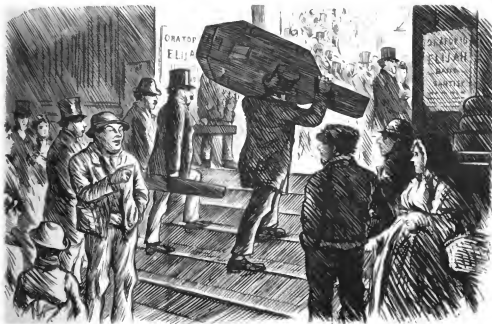
### THE BATTUE.

Small Kipper (to party assembled). "NOW, I WANT A COUPLE OF LORDS, FORWARD—A COUPLE OF LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE OF LORDS ON THE LEFT: (Turning to humble Commons as Esquimauxes and Zulus gather.) YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BATTERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A HANG BACK."



#### A MEAN AVERAGE.

*Vulgar Old Scotch.* "JOIN THE LADIES, GEORGE? ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, I GENERALLY TAKE A GLASS OF SHERRY BEFORE LEAVING THE TABLE—(SIGNS)—YOU SEE IT MAKES ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GLASSES A YEAR—(SMACKING HIS FINGERS)—EXTRY!!"



#### MUSIC IN THE MIDLANDS.

*Intelligent Youth of Country Town.* "AH SAY, BELL, 'ULL THAT BE T' ELIJAH GOIN' OOP F' THAT BIG BOX?"





A STUDY FROM THE PARLOUR WINDOW.

SEUSAN TAKING IN WHAT SHE NOT UNAPPLY CALLS THE "AREA-ATED BREAD."



Stirps Old Uncle. "I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE THIS FALL; IT WILL GIVE THAT DREADFUL BOY CHILLS AND HE'LL BE LAID UP OUT OF MIDWINTER"



OCCUPATION OF "THAT DREADFUL BOY" AT THE SAME PERIOD.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.



"OH! THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

Aunt Virginia. "GOOD GRACIOUS, GIRLS, I DECLARE I'M QUITE AFRAID TO GET OUT! LOOK AT THE GENTLEMAN! HE'S GOT MISTLETOE IN HIS HAT!"



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Britisher (picking up his lost shot). "FRENCH BIRD."

Monsieur Chavette "AH YES. HE IS BIGGER BIRD SAN ZE ENGLISH—MORE CO-RACE—MORE 'ANYONE. 'RED LEGS AND RED BICK. AND HIS—HIS POLAGE IS QUITE DIFFERENT!"



UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

Keeper (to the two Tourists, who find Canoeing more difficult on the Highland Rivers than on the Thames). "HIS HOY! HOY! D'YE NO KEN THIS IS THE MICHIEZLE'S PRIVATE WATTER?"



#### HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!



"A WORD IN SEASON," ETC.

"NEVER MIND, MEASTER!—UP YE GETS AGEN. YOU WOON WERRY HIGH OFF THAT TIME!"



GREAT WESTERN, 3 A.M.

WHY THE DEVIL DO YOU ALWAYS FARE WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME, SIR, HAY?  
WHY THE DEVIL DO YOU ALWAYS LEST AT ME, SIR, WHEN I'M FAR-HAY-REPAIRING?



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—JONES'S DRESSING-ROOM.

(The Customer has forgotten to send Jones's Jack Boots.) Jones: "CALLED AM 17 I CAN'T PLAY CHARLES XII IN PATENT LEATHER BOOTS WITH GREEN TOPS! I MUST HAVE YOURS!"  
(Brown, who plays 2nd Officer, don't see it)



#### FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Unemployed Party who has not received the donation he begged for. "YAM!  
I TRICKED YER LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW!"



#### FLATTERING.

Old Lady the modest Gossip. "LOR, SEE, I DO LIKE TO HEAR YOU PRAISE  
EXTRINSEIC!—YOUR LANGUAGE IS THAT WONDERFUL PLUG!"



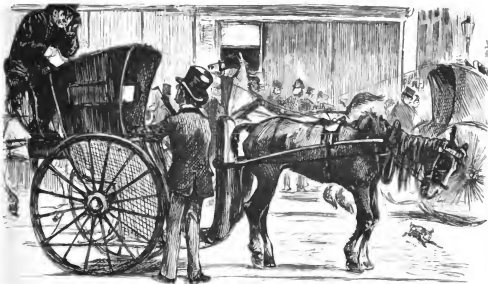
#### A STOPPER.

Universal Vendor. "DE US A CHRISTMAS-BOR, GUYNOR! I ALLUS HAS MY  
TEETH DRAWED 'ERE."  
Prestidigitator. "ALL RIGHT, MY MAN! STEP INSIDE, AND I'LL TAKE ONE OUT  
FOR NOTHING."  
[Universal Vendor does not seem to see the pull of it.]



#### THE IDLE SERVANT.

Master. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A  
VERY LONG TIME SERVING ME THIS LETTER--AND I MUST MUST UPON RIDING  
IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN GOING AWAY YOUR 'MIS-SPRAK SIR!'"  
Domestic. "GOD-BID-N! IF YOU PLEASE, MI ME ANO ANOTHER BUTLER WAS  
A LOOKING AT PUNCH, NOO-HOO!"



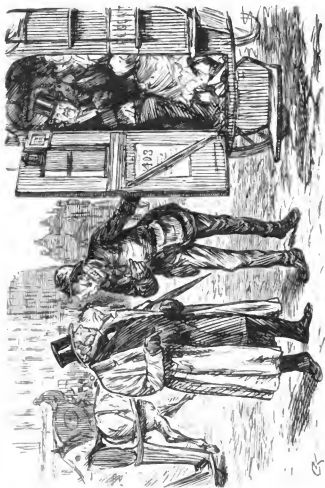
**DON'T LOOK TOO MUCH BEFORE YOU LEAP.**

JINKING IS THING, AND NEVER RIDES IN HANSOM CABS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE WELL-KNOWN TENDENCY THE HORSES THEREOF HAVE TO GOLT, KICK, AND OTHERWISE MISCONDUCT THEMSELVES. BUT ONE DAY HE SEES A HORSE WITH A CERTAIN "JE NE SAIS QUOI" ABOUT IT THAT INSPIRES HIM WITH CONFIDENCE; AND HAVING ASCERTAINED FROM THE DRIVER THAT SAID HORSE IS NOT TOO FRESH, AND MADE HIM PROMISE NOT TO LET IT GALLOP, HE ENTERS THE VEHICLE—



**THE RESULT!**





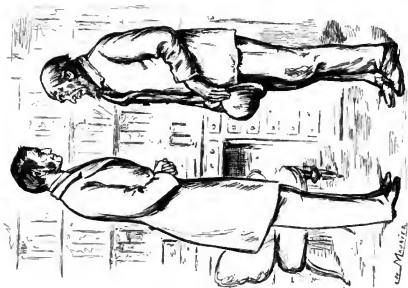
"LE JEU NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE."

Our Gent (staring and to pay fees). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDLED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY POSSIBLY HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SLIT IN THE DOOR!"  
 Conductor. "BUT IN THE DOOR—WELL, 'FAINT LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BUS UPSIDE DOWN FOR SURPRISE!"



#### A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

The Professor (repeating his wife's proper food by chance). -- WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I  
THINK I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN HE MARRIED MARIA, I HADN'T A POINT TO BLESS MYSELF WITH, LET  
ME TELL YOU. "NO, MY LOVE! BUT YOU HAD A MAGNIFICENT INTELLECT, AND ENDOWED ME WITH  
THESE."



#### DIAGNOSIS.

"I CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM, MY GOOD FELLOW! YOU'RE  
SUFFERING FROM AGE!"  
"SCARET! WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE FATHER MEDICAL GENT HE TOLD ME!  
I BOLD HIM I'D NEVER BEER BEER THE PLACE!"

# WHIST.

(Cut in by Dumb-Grange Junior.)



POLE, CAVENDISH, AND HOYLE.



CUT FOR DEAL.



PLAYING A TRUMP.



TAKING CUMBY AND FOLLOWING SUIT.



A MISSED EEL.



COMMANDING CARDS.



A RUBBER.



HONOURS DIVIDED.



RETURNING THE LEAD.



TURN UP CARD.



GAME IN HAND.



DISCARDING A WEEK'S SOOT.



WOUNDED PRIDE.

Small Boy: "NOW, THEN, YOU SEE! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AROUND A MINNER O' PARLIAMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"



URGENT.

Street Boy: "I SAY, COONKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FINNY O' 'EM ALL, ROUND THE SQUARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLECEMAN COMES."



**"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."**

*Old Lady* "OH, AH! YES, IT'S THE WAITS. I LOVE TO LISTEN TO 'EM. IT MAY BE FANCY, BUT SOMEHOW THEY DON'T SEEM TO PLAY SO SWEETLY AS THEY DID WHEN I WAS A GIRL. PERHAPS IT IS THAT I'M GETTING OLD, AND DON'T HEAR QUITE SO WELL AS I USED TO DO."



**A FINE DISPOSITION.**

*Affectionate Husband.* "COME, POLLY, IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!"



# SHARP—RATHER!

First Boy. "I SAY, BILL, WHAT 'A YER GOT IN THAT WALLET?"  
 Second Boy. "HOW D'YER KNOW MY NAME WAS BILL?"

First Boy. "OH, GUESSED IT."  
 Second Boy. "THEN YER 'F GUESS WHAT'S IN THIS 'ERE WALLET!"



# MIGHT BE WORSE.

Darling Daughter. "OH, PA, WHAT D'YOU THINK? MA'S LOST TEN POUNDS!"  
 Daughter. "HUSH—SH, PA! SINCE SHE'S BANTING I MEAN—AVERDUPOISE OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, YOU KNOW!"

Papa. "WHAT! THE OLD —"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"IT'S VERY ODD - BUT I CAN'T GET RID OF MY PICTURES. THE HOUSE IS FULL OF THEM!"  
 "CAN'T YOU GET YOUR UNDER TO GIVE 'EM AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA, OR SOMETHING?"



STUDIES IN REPARTÉE.

SHE. "HOW SILENT YOU ARE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?"  
 HE. "NOTHING!" SHE. "ECCENTRIC!"



#### TERRIBLE SITUATION.

Hostess "I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO A CHARMING PARTNER—MR. TRIMMLES, MISS MUDDLEWORTH"  
*(In a whisper to him.)* "SO CLEVER! WROTE THAT CAPITAL ARTICLE ON SPONTANEOUS CEREBROSITY  
 IN THE LAST SIXTH-MONTHLY!"



#### AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Nurse "THERE'S YOUR CAKE, MISS GEORGEY NOW, MASTER BOBBY, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE  
 BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?"

Master Bobby "I'LL HAVE A DEVILLED TURKEY'S LEG, WELL PEPPERED, AND SOME BEER, IF  
 YOU PLEASE."



### TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

*First Costermonger.* "I WONDER A RESPECTABLE COVE LIKE YOU, BILL, CARRIES YOUR OWN GILLYFLOWERS: WHY DON'T YER KEEP A CARRIAGE LIKE MINE?"

*Second Costermonger.* "WHY DON'T I KEEP A CARRIAGE? WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T CHOOSE TO WASTE MY HINDUS IN MERE SHOW AND FASHIONABLE DISPLAY!"



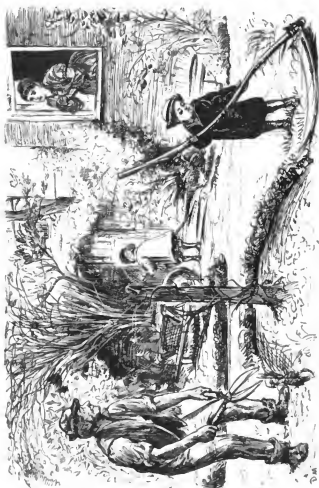
### PLEASANT!

*Scene—A bleak Scottish Moor. Time—New Year's Day. Train gradually stops.*

*Excited Passenger.* "NOW, THEN, GUARD, WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING HERE FOR?"

*Philosophical Guard.* "FACT IS, THE WATTER'S GANE AFF THE BILE. HOOVER, IT'S JIST POSSIBLE TH' EXPRESS BEHN'LL BE LATE."





# EACH FOR HIS OWN.

"GARDENER! GARDENER! LOOK!! THERE'S MY LITTLE BOY PLAYING WITH YOUR SCYTHE!!"  
 "LORDLESTER MUM! I DON'T MIND! HE WON'T HURT IT!"



#### "SAILING DIRECTIONS,"

Our fleet (in the vicinity of the docks).—Can you direct me to CHARMING Gossamer?—Accident Marine. "CHARMING Gossamer? LET'S SEE, WANDER ABOUT NORTH-WEST BY NORTH—YOU KEEP THE SUN ON YOUR WEATHER SIDE AND YOU'LL JUST ABOUT FIND IT!"

[Old Salt hurries off]



#### SUPPORT.

Exp. "GOSSET I NEVER SEE YOU AT CHURCH, LOUISE. AS A LEADING MAN IN THE PARISH, YOU OUGHT TO BE ONE OF THE PILLARS—"  
Squire. "WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IF I'M NOT A PILLAR, I'M ONE OF THE BUTTRESSES—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE, YOU KNOW!"



AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER  
IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.

*Prodigy.* "MAMMA, LOOK DERE! DERE PAPA!"



A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

*Emily (to her mother).* "MY GOODNESS, EDITH, WHAT SHALL I DO?—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."



PERSONAL.

Grampa. "HULLO, GODFREY MY BOY! 'DEEN SKATING?"  
 Godfrey. "YES, GRAMPA"; BUT IT'S NO USE FOR YOU TO TRY. IT WON'T  
 BEAR YOU FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT!"



ROTTEN ROW NORTH.

'Amptstet Cavalier. "WOULD YOU BE SO KIND, MUM, AS TO FETCH 'IM A GOOD WHACK 'TH YOUR RUMBERELLER?"



VERY MUCH CARED FOR.

*Chorus of Ladies (the comely Curate).* "O, MR SWEETLOW, DO TAKE CARE! DON'T GO UP!—  
SO DANGEROUS! DO COME DOWN! O!"

*Rector (sarcastically).* "REALLY, SWEETLOW, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER LET A  
MARRIED MAN DO THAT?"



#### A FACT.

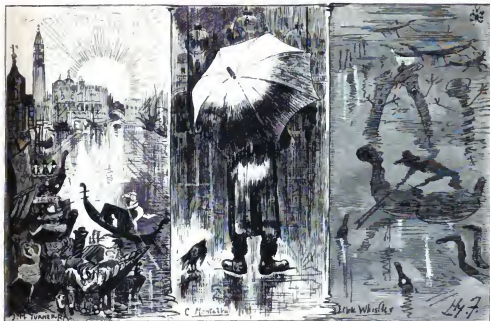
Salvation Army Black Man (to Farmer in opposite corner of Third-class Carriage). "HAVE YOU BEEN BORN AGAIN, MY FRIEND?"

Farmer. "DON'T KNOW HAVE YOU?"

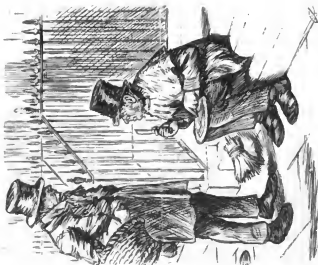
Black Man. "YES, I HAVE."

Farmer. "WELL, THEN, IF I'D BIN YOU, I'D 'A BIN BORN A WHITE 'UN!"

(Collapse of Black Man.)



DIFFERENT PEOPLE TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS.—VENICE ACCORDING TO THREE ARTISTS.



# "NOT THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES."

Old's Head Men. "WHAT A VER GUT FOR DINNER TO-DAY, JOE?"  
 Ousting-Jammer. "ON A BIT OF ROAST MEAT, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 8 IN  
 THE GREAT STRE-AM-AN' YER WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!—NOT A MODEL O' STUFFIN  
 —AA, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!—AND (WITH A SHUF) CALLS  
 THEMSELVES RESPECTABLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!"



# AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

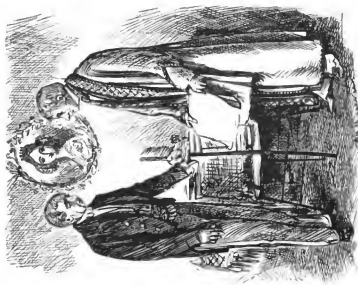
(One that might be compared with.)

Bloody and Disgraced Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth living).  
 "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER THIRTY!"  
 Universalistic Every Body. "IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR NECESSITY THAT  
 YOU SHOULD BE ALIVE TILL THIRTY?"



"FALSE SAILING."

THE "WHAT OVER, MATE! YOUR BETTER TAKE IN A REEF OF YOUR TAILPOLE; OR I'M SORRY IF YOU WON'T HAVE THE MATE OUT O' YER."



"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

"WHAT! COME TO LEAVE US, JAMES?"  
 "YEL, SIR, I'M VERRY SORRY, SIR, BUT I REALLY CAN'T PUT UP WITH MISSUS ANY LONGER!"  
 "AH, JAMES! THERE HOW LONG I'VE PUT UP WITH HER!"





THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—  
CAB HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, DRIVER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTH'N, SIR. HE'S ONLY A LITTLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"



"THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."

Constable (to Old Wiggins, who has come down on a piece of Orange peel and a slide). "THERE NOW, I 'OPES YOU'RE SATISFIED!—SERVES YOU JOLLY WELL, RIGHT?—IF I CATCHES YOU A SLIDIN' ON THE PAVEMENT AGAIN, I'LL RUN YOU IN—SHARP!"



#### HIGHLY CONSIDERATE.

*Little Smith (debonairly).*

"OBJECT TO SMOKING?"

*North Bride.* "NAE IN THE LEAST, IF IT DOES NA' MAK' YE SAC!"

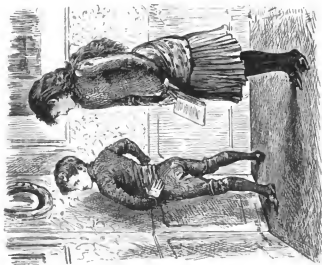
(As Little S. said, he "cut the old cat for the rest of the journey.")



#### A STRAIGHT TIP.

*Spinster (Visitor).* "AEE OLD FELLOW! WHY, MORGAN, HE'S FRIENDS ALREADY!" (Pause) "HE QUITE LOVES ME!"

*Morgan.* "LOD! BLESS YER 'ART, MISS, 'E KNOWS THE RIGHT BORT, 'E DOES! IF 'E CUD SPEAK, 'E'D SE AFTER SAYING, 'REMEMBER ME AN' JAN'— (THAT'S ME, MISS)—WHIN YER GOES AWAY, 'E'S ARTFUL, 'E IS—VERY!"



#### SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION.

Elmer (to Jack, who has been put into the corner by the New Courtesies). "I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU, JACK!"  
 Jack. "BOSH! WHO CARES! THIS AIN'T A REAL CORNER, YOU KNOW!"



#### ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

First Undergraduate (rushing off). "WILL THIS DO, DUST? 'MR. SMITH PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO MR. JONES, AND WISHES HE HAD A CAP WHICH ISN'T MINE. SO, IF YOU HAVE A CAP WHICH ISN'T HIS, NO DOUBT THEY ARE THE ONE'S!"  
 Second Undergraduate. "OH, YES—PASTHASTE!"





**SEASONABLE WEATHER—SO DELIGHTFUL!**

*Old Gent. "HOW, YOU BOYS! I WILL NOT HAVE—" (Snowball!)*



**ACCOMMODATING.**

*Old Crossing Sweeper "CHRISTMAS-EVE, YOUR 'ONOUR! I'M BLUE WID THE COULD!"  
 Beware! but Hermetically Buffeted-up Old Gent. "BUT, MY GOD! OREASHYRE, HOW  
 THE DOODIE D'YOU STOSE IM—"  
 Old C-S. "AH, DO, SIR, AND I'LL SING YE A LITTLE SONG WHILE YOUR 'ONOUR'S  
 UNBROODIN!"*



#### SPORT!

Cockney Sportsman (eager, but disappointed). "I SAY, MY BOY, SEEN ANY BIRDS THIS WAY?"

'Cute Rustic (Slowly anxious to make a bag). "OH, A RARE LOT, GUVNOR—A RARE LOT—JUST FLEW OVER THIS 'ERE 'EDGE, AND SETTLED IN THAT 'ERE FIELD, CLOSE TO SQUIRE BLANK'S RICKS."

[Cockney Grateful Sportsman buys a shilling, and goes hopefully after . . . a flock of Starlings!]



FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."

"A—DO YOU PLAY, MISS VAN TROMP?"—"I GUESS NOT." "A—DO YOU SING?"—"WELL, NO, DUKE. I'VE BEEN TAUGHT NO PARLOUR TRICKS!"



TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"DON'T YOU ADMIRE ROBERT BROWNING AS A POET, MR. RITZSHOOK?"

"I USED TO, ONCE, BUT EVERYBODY ADMIRES HIM NOW, DON'TCHERKNOW—SO I'VE HAD TO GIVE HIM UP!"



A TOO FAIR ONE.

MR. "I DECLARE, MISS ANGELINA, YOU TREAT ME WORSE THAN YOUR DOG!"

MRS. "OH, MR. DE MOOYNS, HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? I'M SURE I NEVER MAKE THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU!"

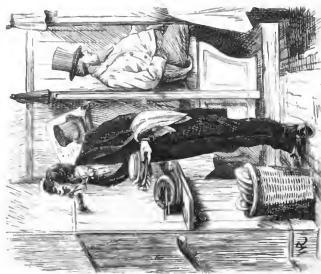


"IN THE DIM AND DISTANT FUTURE."

First Sportsman (cantering along easily): "I SAY, WE SHALL SEE YOU AT DINNER ON THE NINETEENTH, SHANT WE?"

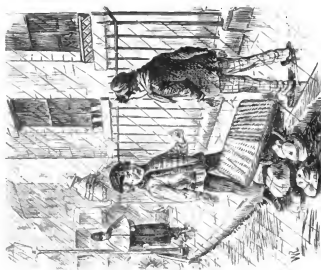
Second Otto (whose horse is very fresh, and bolting with him): "IF THE BEAST GOES ON LIKE THIS,—HANGED IF YOU'LL EVER SEE ME AGAIN!"





# FREAKS OF NATURE.

SAID. "NOW THEN, LOOK SHARP! HERE'S THAT BUTCH-CHOP A BLIND  
WITH BAGE AT DEN NEP WATIN', AND A BEEFSTEAK COME AWAY IN A TOWER-  
ING PASSION!"



# AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"NOW THEN, SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WY YOUR LARKIN! I WOULDN'T CARE  
BUT—HOLD UP! USE THE CUSTOMER'S WISDOM!"



**LITTLE AND GOOD.**

Scullion. "HOW DO THESE FOLK COME TO, BOY?"  
 "Och, 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em."  
 Scullion. "YES, YES, BUT I MEAN WHO'S THEIR MASTER?"  
 "Och, 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em."  
 Scullion. "HOW, THAT THESE LITTLE 'UN, HE'S A VARMINT TO FIGHT!"



**"IS IT POSSIBLE?"**

Spill (holding Jewish Member of Manufacturing Union). "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS—AH—TOOK YOUR HAT TO A GENTLEMAN—"  
 Factory Ltd. "PLEASE, SIR, I DON'T KNOW AS YER WAS ONE!"



**TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.**

*Professional Poacher.* "PRAPS YOU ENT AWEER, YOUNG GENTLEMAN, THAT THIS HERE BIT O' WATER IS STRICHLY RESERVED."



**RATHER AWKWARD.**

*Engle Young Bachelor (making call)* "WELL, MASTER FRED, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM."

*Too Candid Young Hopeful* "OH, BUT I DO, THOUGH! YOU'RE THE CHAP MA SAYS WOULD BE SUCH A GOOD CATCH FOR OUR MARY!"

[Tadlow.]



### CATCHING A TARTAR.

*Flippant Cockney.* "ARE THERE MANY FOOLS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD, MY LAD?"  
*Nondescript.* "NOT AS I KNOWS OM, ZUR! WHY, DYER FEEL A BIT LORZOME, LOKE?"



### "EVERY EXCUSE."

*Brigson (excited).* "HALLO—THERE GOES A—"  
*His Most (clutching his arm).* "GOOD HEAVENS!—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX?"  
*Brigson.* "MY DEAR FLEEN! WHY-WH-WHY NOT? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS SEASON—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE RODE!"

*(Runs with his gun.)*



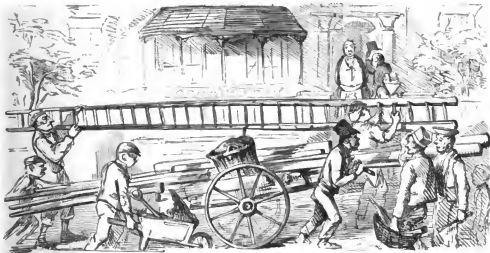
**"BY AUTHORITY."**

Street Boy (sternly). "PLICE-SERGEANT SAYS AS YOU'RE T HAVE YOUR DOOR-WAY SWEEP  
IMMEDIAT; AN' (more meekly) ME AN' MY MATE'S WILLIN' TO DO IT, E'I"

# MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BEDROOM. MR BRIGGS REPLIES THAT THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS THE BETTER, BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER--AND HE WILL SEE ABOUT IT.



MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.



NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST. MR BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT FIVE A.M.  
THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.



JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS WHO THINKS MR. B. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES.

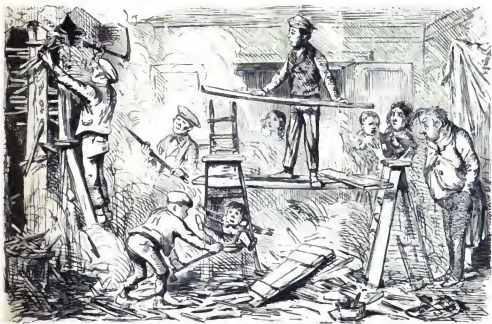


TABLEAU REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE.





*Scene—Principal Barricade at Mr. Briggs's House.*

OWING TO THE INCOMPLETE STATE OF THE ALTERATIONS, MR. BRIGGS IS OBLIGED TO ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW. THE POLICEMAN MISTAKES HIM FOR A BURGLAR, AND ACTS ACCORDINGLY. IN MR. BRIGGS'S HAND MAY BE OBSERVED A FINE LOBSTER, WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT HOME TO CONJULATE MRS. B.



THE GATES HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.



#### A DILEMMA.

"NOW IF I JUMP IT, I SHALL CERTAINLY FALL OFF; AND IF I DEMOUNT TO OPEN IT,  
I SHALL NEVER GET ON AGAIN."



#### YOUNG NIMROD.

Aunt. "WELL, CHARLIE, YOU'LL COME WITH YOUR SISTERS, AND SPEND THE DAY ON MONDAY, WON'T YOU?"  
Charlie. "NOT ON MONDAY, AUNT KITTY. I NEVER DINE OUT ON A HUNTING DAY."



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &C.

*Editor of Times.*—IT'S VERY VULGAR TO SAY "YOU BE SLOWED," TO EACH OTHER, LIKE THOSE MEN DO. "SHUT IT, UNCLE FRED!"  
*Uncle Fred.*—"I BELIEVE IT IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED SO, MY DEAR!"  
*Editor of Times.*—"YES, INDEED! ETHEL AND I, YOU KNOW, WE ALWAYS SAY, "YOU BE SLOWED!"



**DEAR OLD DONKEY!**

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO OBSTINATE! THERE'S THE OLD PARTY WHO JOKES AT THE FABLES OF AT THE "BELGRAVIA"—HE WILL MEET ON GRASS HIS OWN BELTED WATER, AND GIVES US A SHOWER-BATH ALL ROUND!



**"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."**

Perhaps Old Lady / at Scotch Junction in a Fog! — "AM MAE MA BUNDLE—AM  
AM MAE MA TEENY—BUT FAS THE DEESIDE MEL-ROD!"



SHARP, RATHER!

Boy. "TWO 'A' MY 'ERRORS."

Shopkeeper (severely). "O WHAT, BIRT IF YOU—WHAT, BIRT?"

Boy. "WELL, IF TA' GOT 'EM!"



AWFUL!

First Punch and Judy Man (to inward dills). "HULLO, BILL, COULDN'T THINK WHAT 'AD BECOME O' YER. RETIRED FROM BUSINESS? WHERE 'A YER BEEN? WHY! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YER?"

Irascible Punch and Judy Man (in a whistling whisper). "BEEN LAID UP, JOE, WERY QUEER, GOT OVER IT NOW, THOUGH."

First Punch and Judy Man. "WHAT, HAVE YOU 'AD A COLD?"

Irascible. "WUSS, 'AD A HACCIDENT, SWALLOWED THE CALL!"



#### OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes helping himself to another glass of that Fine old Madeira: "HAI! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOUCE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS."



#### A "WARM CORNER" FOR JONES.

JONES: "I SAY, BROWN! HAND IT, YER KNOW! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY HEAD OFF THAT TIME. BROWN (who has bagged Jones's bird into the bargain): "WHY DIDN'T YOU SUCK YOU FOOL?"



# EGGS-ASPERATING!

George about to enjoy the first new laid Egg from the recently set up Fowl house. "WHY—  
CONF—THEY'VE BOILED THE PORCELAIN NEST-EGG!"



# "TOO BADI!"

The New Code. "WELL, I DECLARE! HERE I'VE BEEN AND GIVE' SIX QUINEAS FOR A NEW DRESS TO KEEP UP THE 'RESPECTABILITY OF THE 'OUSE, AND HERE'S MISS, IN A DOWDY THIRTY SHILLIN' 'ULSTER', A-COMIN' FROM THAT THERE 'LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE ECONOMICAL MILLINERY ASSOCIATION'!"



# HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT'S HE TO DO?



# "EXCLUSIVE DEALING."

*Irish Landlord (boycotted).* "PAT, MY MAN, I'M IN NO END OF A HURRY. PUT THE PONY TO, AND DRIVE ME TO THE STATION, AND I'LL GIVE YE HALF A SOVEREIGN!"

*Pat (Nationalist, but needy).* "OCH SHURE, IT'S MORE THAN ME LOVE IS WORTH TO BE SEEN DROWNING YOU, YER HONOUR. BUT—(silly)—YER HONOUR WOULD JIST DROVE ME, MAYBE IT'S MESELF THAT MIGHT VENTURE IT!"





A POTENTIAL SON-IN-LAW.

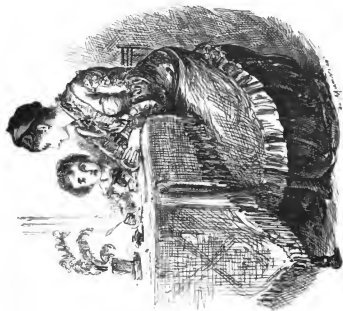
Amorous Mother of Many Daughters. "PAPA DEAR, DO GET MRS. LYON HUNTER TO INTRODUCE YOU TO HIS WIDOW. YOU MIGHT THEN ASK HIM TO CALL 'YOU KNOW'—  
 PAPA DEAR. "WHAT FOR?"  
 Amorous Mother. "WELL, MY LOVE—YOU KNOW THE CUSTOM OF HIS COUNTRY!—HE MIGHT TAKE A FANCY TO SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AT ONCE!"

C. M. Mason



#### ONE MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bob Langley (with modest blush). "O, JACK! O FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE! O FOR A TRUE-HEARTED WOMAN ONCE, ONLY IN ONE'S LIFE, TO THROW HER ARMS ROUND ONE'S NECK, AND TELL ONE SHE LOVES ONE!"  
 Little Joe Horner. "Just if you had as much of that kind of thing as I have, old man, you'd be precious tired of the whole concern!"



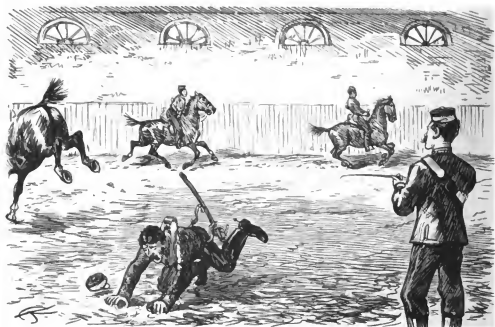
#### AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Gossamer (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLAT ON MY COOP-BOOK, I USED TO CRY."  
 Tommy (horrified). "WHAT? REALLY?"  
 The Gossamer (told more impressively). "YES—REALLY CRIP!"  
 Tommy (told more terrified). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"



# SHARP'S THE WORD.

*Alive Old Gent (loquiter). "UM: I'LL TAKE SOME HARICOT MUTTON, AND—ER—  
—HAVE YOU ANY ASPARA—"  
Waiter (like thunder). "ARIDG AN 'GRASS!"*



# THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

*Riding-Master (to Sub-Lieutenant, who has come a Cropper). "NOW, THEN, SIR: WHO TOLD YOU TO DISMOUNT?"*



### A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter: "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"



### DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

Hunting Man (to his friend, arrived on a visit). "LOOK, OLD FELLOW! THAT'S THE MARE I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON TO-MORROW. SHE'S QUITE FRESH, YOU SEE. HAD TWO OF MY MEN OFF YESTERDAY, AT EXERCISE!"



### HUNTING SKETCH.

THE CAST SHOE, OR LATE FOR THE MEAT.



### AFTER THE PARTY.

*Elderly Coquette.* "AND I'M SURE YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS SAT UP EVER SO LATE, TALKING US OVER! NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE HID MYSELF BEHIND A SCREEN AND HEARD IT ALL!"

*Horrid Boy* "NO, YOU WOULDN'T!"



#### INNOCENT ENJOYMENT.

CLARA: "DID A GOOD STROKE O' BIRTHNETH YESTERDAY. MO! THO! TREATED THE BIRTHNETH TO THE MOOTH-HALL LATHT NIGHT—STHOOD HER A BOTTLE O' THOEDONE, AND SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THAPAGG!!—TOOK IT DOWN BEAUTIFUL!"



#### AN UNTIMELY EXPOSÉ.

*He would cull for her the first Primrose of the year, in memory of their early loves.*

SHE: "HECTOR! HECTOR! DON'T STOOP: HERE ARE THE DE LARKINGES COMING UP THE GARDEN!"

*['T was the nearest match we had in Tweeds!]*



#### AN ALARMING INTRUDER.

LITTLE BOLDWIG (he had been dining with his Company, and had let himself in with his latchkey—to  
Gigantic Stranger he finds in his hall), "COME ON! I'LL FIGHT YOU!" (Fiercely.) "PUT YOUR  
SHYCK DOWN!!"

(But his imaginary foe was only the new Umbrella-Stand—a present from Mrs. B. I.)



#### THE RULING PASSION STRONG AT DINNER.

LEONCE WILKE (thoroughly famished with Sporting Major's talk in Champagne). "SEVENTY-FOUR, SIR?"

SPORTING MAJOR (glances at his look, after a half meal of Rheims). "SEVENTY-FOUR, SIR?"

DASH IT! WOULDN'T TAKE TEN TO ONE ABOUT ANYTHING!"



#### IN POSSESSION.

LADY (who starts to sit down). "WELL, YOU BET IN MY LAD, DARLING?"

BRIEF. "BANK YOU—'VE GOT A CHANCE!"





#### THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

LEOP. "WHAT A BORE! JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUESTION TO JENNY JONES,  
HERE'S MY MURSE COME FOR ME!"



#### LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

SURPRISE. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

FRANK. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; I'LL PROMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT."



#### AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

S288. "YES: I'VE JUST BOUGHT A CAPITAL ESTATE IN SURREY. JOIN OUR PARTY? SHOOTING OVER A THOUSAND ACRES!"

*Flute (moderately).* "A THOUSAND ACRES? OH, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO HIT AT THAT DISTANCE!"



#### DETECTED.

*First Violin (after the Quartette in C Major—unsatisfactory somehow).* "HULLO!—HARK!—THERE!—I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! THIS COMPOUNDED TEA-KETTLE'S BEEN SINGING & PLAT ALL THE TIME!"



"READING WITHOUT TEARS."

Teacher. "AND WHAT COMES AFTER 8, JACK?"  
 Pupil. "11!"

Teacher. "AND WHAT COMES AFTER 1?"  
 Pupil. "FOR ALL 'TAT WE HAVE RECEIVED," 84, 84.



#### INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

THOMAS. "NO, CHARLES—NEVER. I HAVE LONG DETERMINED TO ROUTE MY LIFE TO CHARITY, IN FACT, TO BECOME A BETER IN AN ANGELIC NUMBER."  
 CHARLES. "WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL BUY MYSELF FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE DAYS IN A—IN A—A MONASTERY!"



#### "A WISE SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE!"

JOHN PAPPEL (half-made Man, who has been selling forth to his Eldest Son the advantages of a Commercial career). "HURRA, DAD!" CRYE SATY. YER REAR YOUNG PUPPET! IT WAS 'HURRA PUPPET'—'HURRA POUND' WHEN I BEGAN LIFE!"

"HAMLET" À LA SAUCE DUMB-CRAMBO.



"OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID  
FLESH WOULD MELT!"—Act i., Sc. 2.



"I COULD A TAIL UNFOLD."—Ibid.



"WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS  
THERE!"—Ibid.



"METHINKS I SCENT THE MORNING  
HAIR!"—Ibid.



"BRIEF LET ME BE!"—Ibid.



"LEND THY SERIOUS EARNING TO  
WHAT I SHALL UNFOLD!"—Act i.,  
Sc. 5.



"TODAY, OR NOT TODAY? THAT IS  
THE QUESTION."—Act ii., Sc. 2.



"THE KING, SIR?"—AY, SIR, WHAT  
OF HIM?"—"IS IN HIS RETIREMENT  
MARVELLOUS DISTEMPERED."—"WITH  
DRINK, SIR?"—"NO, MY LORD,  
RATHER WITH DOLLAR!"—Act iii.,  
Sc. 2.



"OH, MY OFFENSE IS RANK!"—  
Act iii., Sc. 3.



"PUT YOUR BONNET TO HIS RIGHT  
USE—"TIS FOR THE HEAD."—Act v.,  
Sc. 2.



IMPUDENCE.

"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING!"



AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Genl. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND  
LOOK SHARP."

Waiter. "OH, YES! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY  
LOOK SHARP."



# IRISH HOUSEKEEPING.

Bachelor. "MARY, I SHOULD LIKE THAT PIECE OF BACON I LEFT AT DINNER YESTERDAY."  
 Irish Servant. "IS IT THE BIT O' SHAOON THIN? SHURE I TOOK IT TO LIGHT THE FIRES!"



# PROVOKING!

"THAT'S IT, GUVNOR! DO IT!! GIVE IT 'M!! YER HOU'RELL SOON BE UP!!!"



# "THE UNSEEN WORLD."

Exquisite fun! (with his hat on end). "VERY STRANGE! BUT I COULD ALMOST  
 HEAR FOOTSTEPS—FOLLOWING ME DOWNSTAIRS!"

[Bolted into his bedroom, locked the door, and wrote to the "Allentown" next day.



# "MATTER!"

Forty Old Sam for reading Professor Tyndal's Speech. "DEAR ME! IS IT  
 POSSIBLE! MOST STYRONIARY!" (Hence down the Street)—"THAT I SHOULD HAVE  
 BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PHYSIOLOGICAL ATOMIC GLOOMIE'!"



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST,"

WHEN HIS DENTIST WILL SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.



JUST THE VERY THING!

Young and Man Sporting Wife (who has driven to her first meet). "OH, CHARLIE, TIEY IS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT! COULDN'T YOU TAKE HER WITH YOU? SHE WOULD SO ENJOY A RUN WITH THE OTHER DOGS!" !!





#### THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

*The Principal (from the City, through the Telephone, to the Foreman at the "Works")* "HOW DO YOU GET ON, PAT?"

*Irish Foreman (in great awe of the instrument).* "VERY WELL, SIR. THE GOODE IS SENT OFF."

*The Principal (knowing Pat's failing).* "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DRINK THERE?"

*Pat (startled).* "OGH! LOOK AT THAT NOW! IT'S ME BREATH THAT DONE IT!"



THE SOCIABLE.

"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I!"

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to the late *Laurin*.)



CAVE CANEM!

£R. "AREN'T YOU AFRAID MY BIG DOG 'LL EAT YOU?"

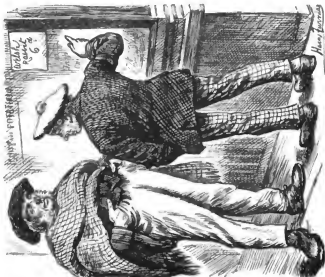
Stranger. "HE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A MEAL OFF ME, MY DEAR!"

£R. "MY BIG DOG LIKES BOREST!"



#### PARRIED.

Famously Parried (the Parried), who is not believed to be a rigid Abolitionist.  
 "AM, MR. BESSIE! FOLKS STAND IN SURRENDER PLACES, I'VE HEARD!"  
 Mr. Bessie (the Bessie) was in a frightful state. "SO I BEL, SIR; BUT I'M  
 BLEST IF I CAN!"



#### A THRIFTY MIND.

Henry Velder (ignorant of the nature of this particular philosophy). "AM, DONAL,  
 MON, WE HEN WEL, HEY THE MARKET FOR SURRENDER. WE HEN GET THE  
 BARBERS FOR THE BEEH WHEN WE GET BACK TO GLASGOW!"



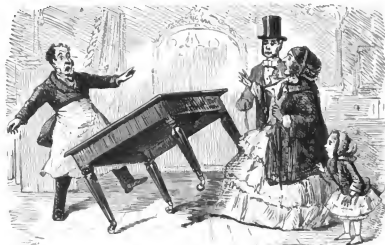
A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Deplorable Liberal. "BU' DON' YER BEE GLASHION WAS GON' TO 'BOLISH TH' INCOME-TAXIN'?"  
 Jocular Tory. "O, BOTHER THE TAX! LET'SH 'AVE THE INCOME FUST!"



A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE (IN RESULT).

"HULLO, JIM, WHATEVER MADE YOU COME OFF?"—WHY, THE BRUTE BUCKED!"—BUCKED! NONSENSE, MAN, SHE ONLY COUGHED!"



### REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE-TALKING.

*Table (together).* "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAHOOGANY, BUT I'M VENEREERED AND SECOND HAND."

*[Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time, and vanishes in a blue flame.]*



### ALARMING.

*Hairdresser.* "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE HAIR, SIR!"

*Cont. (very uneasy).* "INDEED! AH! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

*Hairdresser.* "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE HAIR FOR THE ATMOSPHERE!"



AT THE SESSIONS.

Counsel: "DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH, MY GOOD WOMAN?"  
 Wife (with a black eye). "I DID OUGHT TO, SIR! WHICH MY 'USSAN' 'S A COWN' GARDEN  
 PORTER, SIR!"



"SOMETHING WRONG!"

Wife (in a Bers' reel). "JOANNI! YERE A SAUR AHINT!"



**"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."<sup>14</sup>—"The Talking Cak."**

*Scene—Tea-Room at Fancy Ball.*

*Uncle John (who is chaperoning his Niece). "WHAT ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"*

*Pretty Niece. "OH! I AM A SALAD, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONIONS, AND RADISHES, AND BEETROOT. NOTHING WANTING, IS THERE?"*

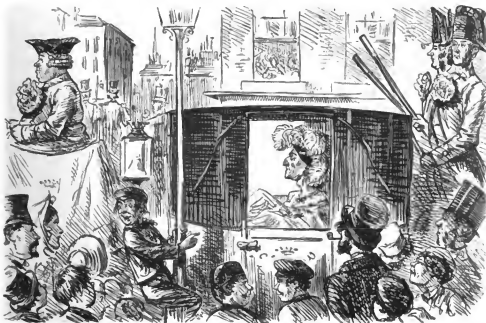
*Uncle John. "HUI—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE DRESSING, MY DEAR!"*



**EMPHATIC.**

*Boy (to Nurse):* "WHAT DO YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"

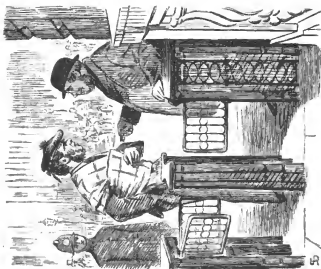
*Nurse:* "ARK AT YOU, HALFRE! I DONT SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL', I SAID, SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL'!"



**THE DRAWING ROOM.**

*Grateful Boy (on Lamp Post):* "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE BUD!"





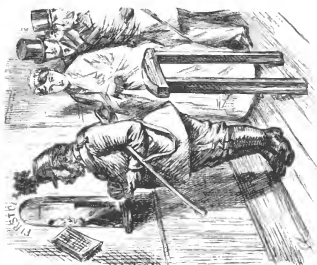
"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."

Scotch Emigrant: "YE OMMA CHARGE A BARBEE AT A 'THE BRIDGE IN  
TOWN—O YE Y'?"

Tell Reader: "GOD NO—BLACKFRANKS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."

Scotch Emigrant (repeating): "GOD NO—BLACKFRANKS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."  
Tell Reader: "GOD NO—BLACKFRANKS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."  
Scotch Emigrant (repeating): "GOD NO—BLACKFRANKS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."  
Tell Reader: "GOD NO—BLACKFRANKS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."

ENGLISH JUST TO DIRECT ME TO LONDON BRIDGE?"



"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN!"

Number Captain (sneakily): "OFFICERS TICKET!"  
Gentleman: "GOVERNMENT TAILORS HIGH ON THE LINE, SIR. YOUR  
BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEERUP!"

[The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes  
advantage of the suggestion.]

the attendance and  
"It's a shame  
V.B."



**DINING OUT IN A HUNTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.**

*First Foxhunter.* "THAT WAS A FINE 40 MINUTES YESTERDAY."

*Second Dile.* "YES; DIDN'T SEEM SO LONG, EITHER!"

*Corset is puzzled, and wonders—do they allude to his lecture in the School-room?*



**AN ADVOCATE FOR PROGRESS.**

*Galley.* "WHY, SIR, IT AIN'T O' NO USE STOPPING, BECAUSE THE LONGER WE STAYS, THE WORSE WE'LL GET IT!"



# HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT WILL HE DO? QUITE A TOSS-UP.



# JUST OFF!

"RIDE HER ON THE SHAFPLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!"

"HANG YOUR CURB AND SHAFPLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!"



**WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK!**

*Miss Margot. "DITES-MOI, THÉOPHILE, CONNAISSEZ-VOUS PARIS?"*

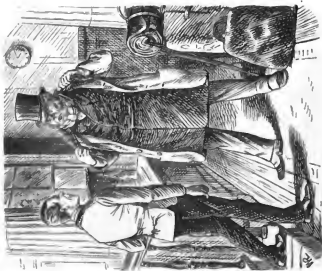
*Monsieur Théophile. "SI JE CONNAIS PARIS!!!!!!!"*



**CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.**

*JOHN. "OOR-FOUND IT ALL! SOMEBODY'S TAKEN MY HAT, AND LEFT THIS FILTHY, BEASTLY, SHABBY OLD THING INSTEAD!"*

*STEW. "AND BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT THAT HAPPENS TO BE MY HAT!"*



#### CLEARING A DIFFICULTY.

*Frenches Traveller.* "I SAY, BOOTS, I WANT TO CATCH THE 4.15 TRAIN  
BRING ME A GAIL."  
*Boat.* "YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR. A GAIL COULDN'T DO IT."  
*Frenches Traveller.* "GOD-FORGET YOU! BRING TWO GAILS, THEN!"



#### DE MORTUIS.

*Quadrant's Firing Miller.* "A WUNDER YE COULD BE SAE CRUEL AS TAE  
WEL, THAT WOMEN WEE CALFT!"  
*Practical Brother.* "WEE! YE SEE, YET'L NO SAY THEM LEVIN'!"



#### LOCAL OPTION.

Captain of Doyle Steamer (to Buler, as they signed their Petition). "BLACK ANGEL, DONALD, BLACK ANGEL" — (he was interrupted in the Liquors sold) — "THEY'RE DRENCHEN MAIRS YENDS!"



#### "THE HARP IN THE AIR."

Irish Castleman (who has vainly endeavored to secure a jig to the effect Music of the Telegraph Wire). "SHORE! SHORE! SHORE! YARE YE GANT PLAY A MUI NOW CAN A JENTLEMAN DANCE—(No!)—YARE YE DONT MAKE THREE?"



#### THE PREVAILING TOPIC!

*Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting). "OH, ALL RIGHT, & 'T WASN'T FOR THESE EAST WINDS—"*

*Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing). "TWIN! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRATULATE YOU, I'M SURE, TO REALLY NO IDEA YOU WERE—AND HOW ARE THEY—ALL THREE?—I HOPE—"*

*Stumpson (testily—large family already). "I DIDN'T SAY THESE TWINS"—(shouting)—"I SAID THE EAST WINDS!"*



# SO SIMPLE!

Sylvanus. "FOXES ARE SCARCE IN MY COUNTRY: BUT WE MANAGE IT WITH A GRAD NOW AND THEN!"

Urbane. "OH—ER—YES. BUT HOW DO YOU GET IT OVER THE FENCES?"



# TROP DE ZÈLE.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "OH, WHAT A VERY CHARMING BABY! I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"

Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!"

Jones. "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR YOUNGEST?"





"NAE THAT FOUI!"

Quinty Gairdner (who thought he'd got a (quinty of a new Gairdner). "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THAT? UNBROUGHTFULLY HYDRATED AT TWO HOURS OF THE MORNING! ARET YOU AWARE OF YOURSELF?"

Gairdner, "—BROUGHT! (HE.) NA, NA, NA NA! BAE DRINK AS THAT COMES T'! AN' SEE YINNA WEE! WHAT AN' ANNOY!"



#### A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very Disappointed Did Lady (from the extremely remote country). "DEAR ME! HE'S A  
VERY DIFFERENT-LOOKING PERSON FROM WHAT I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED!"



#### VERY LIKELY.

She (to pretty Rumplestiltskin). "OH, MARTHA, DID YOU SEE? THAT POLICEMAN  
WRINKLED HIS EYE AT ME!"



#### LIFE IN LONDON.

*Isabel.* "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"  
*Aunt (who inclines to embarrassment).* "OH, YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOCK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."



"TOO BAD, THOUGH."

*Cad to Omnibus running from the "Mother Shipton" to the Bank.* "MOTHER SHIPTON, MUM? YES, ALL RIGHT, MUM. DON'T YOU 'WRY, MUM. (*Aside to Driver.*) THE VERY OLD LADY 'ERSELF, I DO BELIEVE, JEM!"



### TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Nurse: "I CAN NOT ALLOW BUTTER AND JAM, TOO, ON YOUR BREAD, MASTER ALFRED. IT IS VERY EXTRAVAGANT."

Master Alfred: "IF CAN'T BE EXTRAVAGANT, MARY, IF THE SAME PIECE OF BREAD GOES FOR BOTH."



### TRYING!

"NOW, LADIES, IF YOU PLEASE! LOOK STRAIGHT IN MY FACE WHILE I COUNT FIFTEEN, AND PRAY DO NOT LAUGH!"



#### PRECAUTION.

Constable (to Citizen in degraded condition in the gutter). "NOW THEN, DE UP! 'WUNT  
LIE THERE—"

Citizen. "ARE YOU 'PLEESH'LY?"

Constable. "GET UP, SIR! YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!"

Citizen. "SH?"—(solemnly).—"EN SH-H-TOP TH' TRAFFOII!"



# "THE MISS!"

GIRL. "EH, MON! BUT IT'S FORTUNATE THERE'S BEEF IN ABERDEEN!"



# CUTTING.

Chappie (after missing his fourth Stag, explains). "AW-FACT IS, THE-AW-WAVING GRASS WAS IN MY WAY."  
 Old Stalker, "HOOT, MON, WAD YE HAE ME BRING OUT A BOYTHE?"



# AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

"WELL, BEAUFORT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TO-NIGHT? 'MORNING PAPER' AGAIN?"  
 "NO, CELIA, I HAVE SPENT A MOST INSTRUCTIVE EVENING WITH THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.'"  
 "THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY'?"  
 "THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY' ARE YOU MEAN?"  
 "HOW RICE! AND WHERE DO THEY 'ANTHROPOLOGIZE,' BEAUFORT?"



**INCONVERTIBLE.**

"AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"  
 "I'M NOT OLD AT ALL, I'M NEARLY NEW!"



**THE PENNY TOYS.**

Street Vendor (to Nervous Old Gentlewoman, who has a horror of Rabbits): "THEY ALL ON 'EM JUMPS, MUM! ONLY A—!" [So did the Old Lady.]





**"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."**

FRANKED ARTICLE. "DO YOU SELL ANATOMICAL PLATES, W?"  
 OLD LADY. "BLESS THE BOTT! NO, WE DON'T KEEP NO CHOCOLAY NEW!"



**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**

REMARKED. "DRAT THE SOTTERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE  
 ALWAYS A-WOODING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRIMELINE."



# "HARMLESS."

Cockey Sporting Gent. "BUT I THINK IT'S A 'UN!"  
 Bandy (the Rapper). "SHOOT, MAN, SHOOT! SHE'LL BE NO MUCKLE THE  
 WARR O' YE!"



# CIRCUMFERENCE..

Tailor (addressing Customer of "Opinions" girth). "WOULD YOU HOLD THE  
 END, SIR, WHILE I GO ROUND?"



#### PROGRESS.

*Young Rustic.* "GRANPA, WHO WAS SHYLOCK?"

*Senior (after a pause).* "LAUK A' MUSEY, SO, YEDU GOO TO SUNDAY SKEWL, AND DONT KNOW THAT!"



#### A GOOD EYE FOR BUSINESS.

*Serly Old Flymer.* "NICE LOOKING MARE THAT, SIR. GO NICELY FOR DER WIFE, SIR!"



#### SNOB SNUBBING.

Sir Gorgus. "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, YER LADSHIP! I CAN ASSURE YOU WHEN LADY M.'S A DRIVIN' ABOUT LONDON IN ONE OF 'ER HOPEN CARRIAGES, SHE 'ARDLY DARES LOOK UP, FOR FEAR O' BEIN' SOMEONE SHE KNOWS ON THE TOP OF A HOMINIDUS!"

The Lady Geraldine Beaumont. "YES, VERY SAD! BY THE WAY, I'M AFRAID SHE'LL OFTEN SEE PAPA THERE, BUT NEVER RE, YOU KNOW! MAMMA AND I ALWAYS GO INSIDE!"



#### A FAIR RETORT.

Mrs. Montjoy Belasse (after several collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A GOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford, (the famous Gibraltar Quasi). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHT MEN THAN ONE WOMAN ANY DAY!"



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," ETC.

*Ethel.* MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID YOU TELL RICHARD YOU "WEREN'T AT HOME" JUST NOW? (*Pause.*)

"MUMMY, I MEAN—"

*Mamma.* "WHEN MR. FUSBY DODDENIDGE CALLED? WHY, ETHEL DEAR, BECAUSE HE BORED ME."

*Ethel.* "OH!" (*After thoughtfully considering the matter with regard to her Governess.*) "THEN MAY I SAY I'M NOT AT HOME WHEN MISS KRUX CALLS TO-MORROW? FOR SHE BORES ME AWFULLY!"



### THE TRIALS OF AN ANXIOUS "JUNIOR."

PROMPTING A DEAF AND TESTY "CHIEF" IN OPEN COURT IS NOT HIS IDEA OF PERFECT BLISS.



### DEAR CHILD!

Papa (to Friend from Teen). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO! GET A GEE, AND COME OUT WITH THE HOUNDS!"  
 Little Daughter. "OH, PAPA, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL OFF, AS YOU DID THE OTHER DAY!"



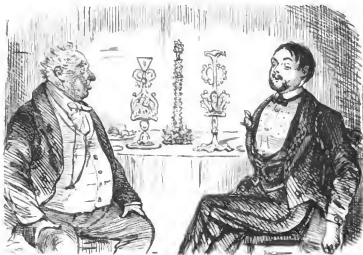
#### A SAVING CLAUSE.

*The Vicar's Daughter.* "GOOD MORNING, MRS. TAYLOR. IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW YOU AT CHURCH! YOU REALLY OUGHT TO ATTEND MORE REGULARLY!"  
*Mrs. T. (quizzically).* "YER, YER, MRS. IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS AT CHURCH! BUT—(cheerfully)—I NEVER GOES TO CHAFEL!"



#### DIVISION OF LABOUR.

*Aunt Mary.* "WELL, TOMMY, SHALL I CARRY YOUR BAT AND STUMPS FOR YOU?"  
*Tommy.* "NO, AUNT, TANKS! BE TARRY BAT AND 'TUMPS. 'OO TARRY BE!"



#### ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"



#### A PARADOXI

Stodious Lodger: "IT'S A PITY, MRS. PRODDING, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MATHEMATICS, OR YOU'D READILY COMPREHEND HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS THAT THIS STEAK WHICH I SENT FROM TABLE LAST NIGHT A RECTANGULAR PARALLELOGRAM, IS NOW AN IRREGULAR PENTAGON!!"





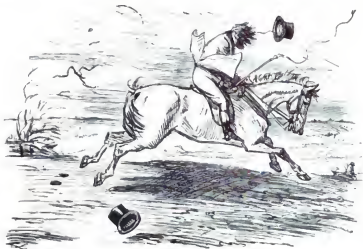
#### EVIDENT GENIUS.

*Emma (Mamma's volunteer Secretary). "HOW IS THIS TO BE ANSWERED, KITTY? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY—(Reads)—MRS. FITZMODE AT HOME ON THE BOTH INST.—FROM FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK."*  
*Kitty. "WELL, I SHOULD WRITE AND SAY MAMMA DID NOT KNOW MRS. FITZMODE HAD BEEN AWAY, BUT WONDERS SHE SHOULD RETURN TO STOP ONLY TWO HOURS!"*



#### A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"O LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"



### THE SPORTIVE ELEMENTS.

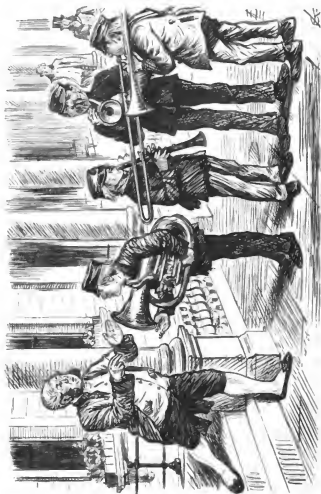
FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.



### PLEASANT!

Nervous Groomer. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"

Robert. "LOW BLESS YER—NO, SIR! I NEVER THROWN A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE, AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NIGHT LAST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS IT WAS, AS I WAS A-DRIVIN' A GENT 'AS MIGHT BE YOU' FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THROWN DOWN THIS WERRY OSS IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE."



"PREVENTION'S BETTER THAN CURE."

JAMES (sotto): "HERE--HERE--HERE'S THE SHILL! QUICK--QUICK--OFF WITH YOU!"

Barnes (sotto): "HERE'S SOME FOR YOU!"

JAMES: "WELL, NOT JUST YET! BUT THERE PRECIOUS SOON WILL BE, IF YOU DON'T KNOCK OFF!"

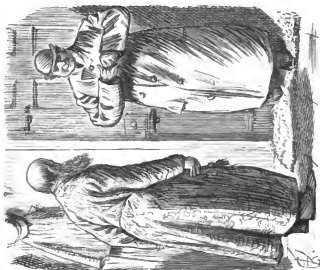


#### DISGUSTING FAMILIARITY.

First, (the first of his class). "CONF— WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU WIPK THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BRING IT UP?— JUST GET A CLOTH, AND WIPK—"

Second, (the second of his class). "I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU TO ORDER ANY ENLIGHTENMENT, BUT—"

[General laughter. The first rushes off, and writes to the Committee.]



#### "LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

First. "NOW, LOOK HERE, MY BOY, I CAN'T HAVE THESE LATE HOURS!

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET ME STAY OUT AFTER DARK."

Second. "HUMPH! 'NICE SORT OF FATHER YOU MUST HAVE HAD, I SHOULD SAY."

Third. "DEUCED BROT BETTER 'THAN YOU HAVE, YOU YOUNG—"

[Cheers himself, and scuff]



# NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

*The Hospitable Jones.* "YES, WE'RE IN THE SAME OLD PLACE, WHERE YOU DINED WITH US LAST YEAR. BY THE BYE, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WOULD COME AND TAKE POT-LUCK WITH US AGAIN ON THE—"

*The Impulsive Brown* (in the eagerness of his determination never again to take Pot-luck with the Joneses). "MY DEAR FELLOW! SO SORRY! BUT WE'RE ENGAGED ON THE—A—ON THE—ER—ON TH—THAT EVENING!"

*Poor Jones* (pathetically). "WELL, OLD MAN, YOU MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME TIME JUST TO NAME THE DAY—"



MR. PUNCH ON THE ROAD.



WHAT MR. PUNCH DID IN THE EASTER RECESS.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW: NOT A BIT OF IT! HE JUST POPPED OVER, AND HAD A FEW DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL BOLCE FAR RIENTE AT VENICE.



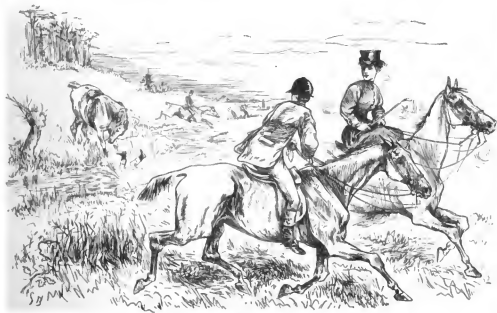
THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY? PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING  
THEY MOSTLY DO!"



#### TAKING CHANGE.

Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG, I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."  
 Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE—  
 THAT I WON'T! HERE POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.



#### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

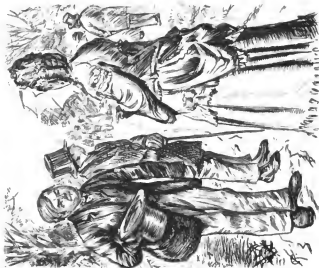
Whisperer. "MASTER TOM HURT? BLESS YOU, NO, MUM! THE OLD MARE AND HIM NEVER MISSED THAT BROOK!"





#### EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Employer (for his way to business on Monday morning): "AN, SAUNDERS, I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF!"  
 Saunders (repulsed): "BUT I CAN'T, SIR, BECAUSE I'M ALL ALONG O' THEM 'ERE MAKER COFFERS—I 'HAIRE YOU, SIR, 'ERE WASN'T DROP O' WATER IN OUR SHIRT ON ALL VENTUREDAY!"



#### "A WORM WILL TURN."

Miss Duffell (confronted at the Bazaar, who plays the Organ at Church, and catches up the Choir): "MR. JOHNS, YOU ALWAYS TAKE UP THAT 'LEAD' IN THE ANTHEM SO DREADFULLY FLAT!"  
 Mr. Johns (with a bloody nose in a towel): "WELL, WE DEW MISS, BUT— YOU SEE MR. WANDLES AND HE AIN'T SING REPEL, MISS!"



#### HEADS OR TAILS?

Elmer. "HIDEOUS PUPPY! NOW CAN YOU SAY SO? HE'S GOING TO THE DOG SHOW, IF I CAN MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH CLASS TO ENTER HIM IN—BULLS OR PUGS?"

Charlie. "AY, JUST SO. IF HE'S PUG, HIS HEAD WON'T DO, AND IF HE'S BULL, HIS TAIL WON'T DO."



#### A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgianian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "WHY, I RECOLLECT YER WHEN YER WOS LIVIN' IN THE REGENCY PARK!"



# PROPHETIC!

*Guests late for Dinner, the delicious odour of the Haggis, just coming up, met him in the Hall.*

*"A—H!" (On second thoughts.) "E—H! I'LL BE DEAD THE MORN!"*



#### MEDICAL.

Regimental Doctor (to Man with Sprained Foot). "UM! KEEP YOUR LEG IN THIS POSITION, AND I'LL SEND YOU SOME WHISKEY LOTION."  
Patient (persuasively). "SURE, DOCTOR, THEN YOU'LL LET IT BE HIGH!"



#### AN INOPPORTUNE FLIRTATION.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS ON THOUGHTS OF LOVE."



**THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.**

Master Alfred. "DON'T, BABY!—YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, GIRL! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH!"



**PRESENCE OF MIND.**

Driver. "RUN ROUND, JACK, SIT ON HER HEAD, AND CUT THE TRACES."



#### A REAL DIFFICULTY.

"WELL, DEAR, IF THIS IS THE USUAL STYLE OF THING IN DERBYSHIRE, THE FARMERS HAD BETTER WRITE UP 'NO THOROUGHFARE' AT ONCE; THEN PEOPLE WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO."



#### HORRIBLE SUSPICION IN HIGH LIFE.

*Scene—Belgravia.*

First Aristocratic Butcher-boy. "HULLO, BILL! DON'T MEAN TO SAY YERVE COME DOWN TO A PONY?"  
Second Ditto Ditto. "NOT DEEACTLY! OUR CART IS ONLY GONE A-PAINTIN'."



A WHISPERED APPEAL.

"MAMA! MAMA! DON'T BOULD HIM ANY MORE! IT MAKES THE ROOM SO DAMN!"



### OH! HORROR!

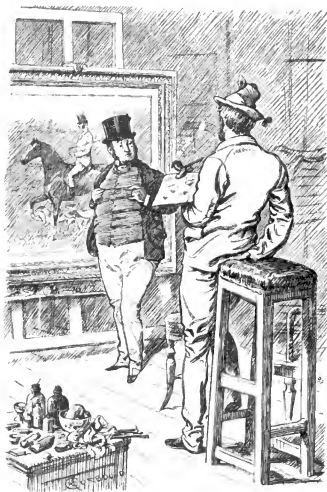
Tommy (clutching—on his way home from Church). "WHAT DID YOU TAKE OUT OF THE BAG, MAMMA! I ONLY GOT SARDINES! LOOK HERE!"



### A NEW TEST.

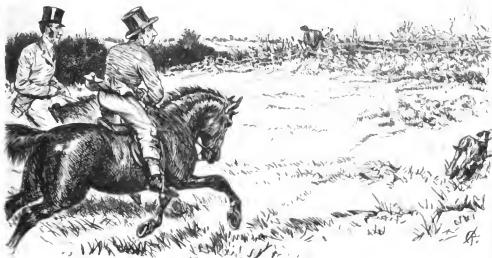
Am't (in alarm). "SURELY YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU, TOMMY?"  
Tommy (in doubt). "P-P-P-PEEL ME!"





PRIVATE VIEW.

Stud Groom (who has looked in). "COMES OF A HARTIS' FAMILY MYSELF, OR MY MOTHER  
MARRIED AN 'USE PAINTER."



#### DELIGHTS OF THE CHACE.

Hunting Man (who has mounted his friend, M'Gizen, from London). "KEEP HER HEAD STRAIGHT. SHE'S AS LIKELY AS NOT TO REFUSE THIS, IF—"

[M'Gizen, from the depths of his soul (not a gate to be won) hopes SHE WILL.]



#### CIVILISATION.

"I SAY, GUVNER—YER AINT SEEN A COVE WITH MY SECOND MOKE, AR YER?"



#### AGE CANNOT WITHER.

*Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger).* "OIM SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, AND JERY WAN  
O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, BOW!"



#### A QUESTION OF TASTE.

*Jerry:* "JOLLY DAY WE HAD LAST WEEK AT MCFODDARTY'S WEDDING! CAPITAL CHAMPAGNE  
HE GAVE US, AND WE DID IT JUSTICE, I CAN TELL YOU—"

*Sam (who prefers whiskey):* "EH—M, MUN, IT'S A' VERA WEE! WEDDING AT YE'EN TIME O'  
LIFE. GIE ME A OUDE SOLID FUNERAL!"



# EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

*(Volunteers are to thoroughly search all Farm Buildings, &c., on the line of march.—GENERAL ORDERS.)*

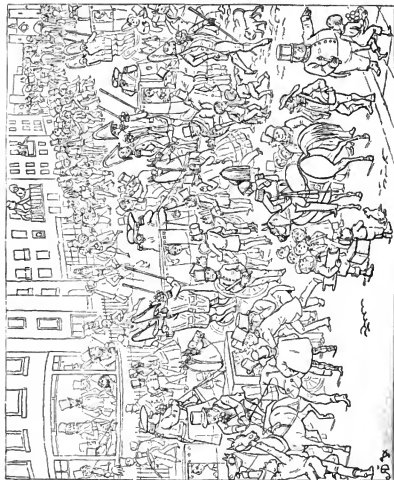
*Energetic Volunteer Officer. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! WHY DON'T YOU SEARCH THESE FARM BUILDINGS?"*



"OFF!"

*Sergeant O'Leary. "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, PAT ROONEY, DYE NAME BY NOT DOUBLIN WID THE SQUAD?"*  
*Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'TWAINT A FAIR START!"*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF YE ENGLYSHE.

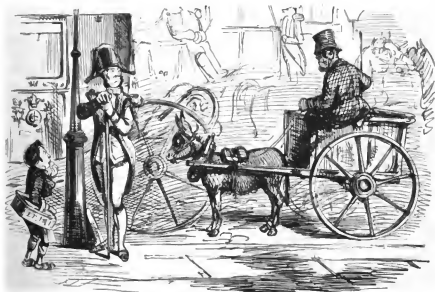


A DRAWYNGE-ROOM DAY.



### THE OPERA.

Door-keeper: "REG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"  
 Snob (excited): "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"



### FAMILIARITY.

"NOW, THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"



EH?

*Street Boy (furtivum). "WHO SHOT THE DOG!"*



THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

*Little Girl, "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"*



"SEVERE."

*Dainty Old Gent.* "HAVE I LIKED MY DINNER?—NO, I'VE NOT! SO DON'T GIVE WHAT I'VE LEFT TO THE CAT, SM: BECAUSE AS SHE'S SURE TO BECOME PIE, I SHOULD LIKE HER TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH, AND NOT BE POISONED."



"DON'T MENTION IT!"

*Itinerant Hawker (to the unfortunate Artists who are taking away their Pictures rejected by the Royal Academy).* "BUY A RAZOR, GENTS—BUY A GOOD RAZOR!!!"

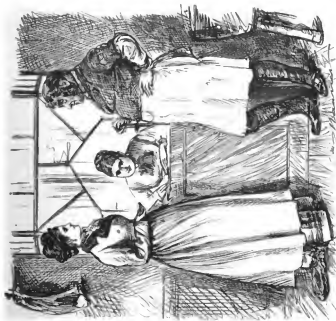




#### AN IRISH MODEL.

Mrs. Magillivray (to her daughter). - "WHY, WHY, ROBERT, WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR PAST TO COME IN AND THE MILK!"

ROB. - "O, BARE, YIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADOW I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JENTLEMAN--A FINE ARTIST, WHY, AND HE ASKED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSCAP, AND O, MOTHER MAVORNEL, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S BEED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"



#### DOWN ON HER.

Baldy: "YOU'VE NOT BEEN 'AWAY' SO MANY 'JOTS THIS LAST WEEK OR TWO, MA'AM."

Lady (who has been dabbled in American law, but does not dare say so): "ER—NO—"

ER—WE'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL OF GAME SENT US LATELY BY SOME FRIENDS IN THE

NORTH, YOU KNOW!"

Baldy: "INDEED, MAYBE! NOW, WHAT SORT OF GAME DO THEY SEND YOU IN THE

MONTH OF APRIL, MA'AM?"



#### "A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"NOW, MISS, YOU'VE SEEN ME SHAVE, SO YOU MUST JUST BEDADDLE,

PLEASE, AS I'M GOING TO TAKE MY BATH."

"I WON'T TELL IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT, UNCLE HOWARD. LET ME STAY,

PLEASE."

"WELL, NOBODY WOULDN'T GO INTO COLD WATER, UNCLE, IF THEY WAJNT

MADE TO, I SUPPOSE. NOBODY DON'T MAKE YOU DO THEY?"



### DRAWING THE LINE.

*Judge.* "REMOVE THOSE BARRISTERS. THEY'RE DRAWING!"

*Chorus of Juniors.* "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP, WE'RE ONLY DRAWING—PLEADING!"



### ONE FOR HIM.

*Major Spoonbridge.* "AND YOU RIDE SO WELL, AND—ER—YOU DRIVE SO WONDERFULLY WELL, AND—ER—YOU DANCE SO—ER—BEAUTIFULLY, AND YOU—ER—PLAY LAWN-TENNIS SO—ER—EXQUISITELY, AND—ER—OF COURSE YOU FISH ALSO?"

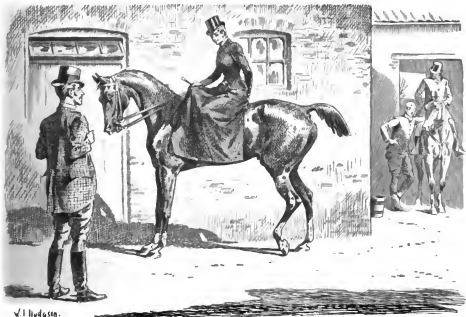
*Mrs. Dasher.* "NEVER FOR COMPLIMENTS, I ASSURE YOU; AND CERTAINLY NOT IN SHALLOW WATERS!"



**"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY," ETC.**

Old Gentleman (to Groom). "WHY, MARTIN, WHAT THE DEVIL HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

Groom. "YOU TOLD ME YOU'D WANT SOMETHING TO GO A CANYASSING—AND I THOUGHT THE OLD 'UN 'UD DO FOR THAT!"



J. I. Hudson.

**RATHER SMART ALL ROUND.**

Lady D. (who has been trying a Horse with a view to purchase). "AND DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT HE'S QUITE UP TO MY WEIGHT, MR. SPANISH?"

Spanish. "LOR! MY LADY, HE'D CARRY TWO OF YOU!"

Lady D. "WHAT? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I'M ONLY HALF A HORSEWOMAN?"

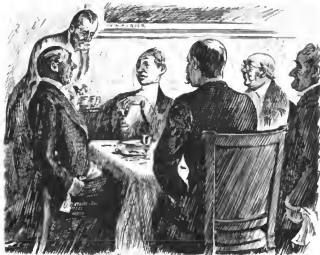
Spanish. "BY NO MEANS, MY LADY. BUT ANOTHER LIKE YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD LOOK SO WELL ON THE OTHER SIDE!"



#### THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

Artist (to Customer, who has come to buy on behalf of a large Furnishing Firm in Tottenham Court Road). "HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOU? 'SUMMER!'"

Customer. "HEN—SUMMER! WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS WE FIND THERE'S VERY LITTLE DEMAND FOR SUMMER GOODS JUST NOW. IF YOU HAD A LINE OF FUTURE FATS NOW—THAT'S THE ARTICLE WE FIND MOST SALE FOR AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS!"



#### COMING OUT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST.

Young Sanderson (proudly conscious of the general attention): "OH YES, IT'S IN SOUP. YOU KNOW I KNOW THE PLACE WELL. THEY GIVE YOU A CAPITAL DINNER FOR EIGHTEENPENCE—WINE INCLUDED."

Host (proud of his cellar): "AND IS THE WINE DRINKABLE?"

Young Sanderson: "OH YES—VERY GOOD—BETTER THAN THE WINE WE'RE DRINKING NOW!"



#### COMPLIMENTARY.

Dreadful Old Man (who only believes in Professional Music): "I HOPE YOU AMATEUR GENTLEMEN TAKE A REAL PLEASURE IN PERFORMING!"

Chorus: "CERTAINLY WE DO!"

Dreadful Old Man: "THEN, AT LEAST, THERE IS SOME COMPENSATION FOR THE TORTURE YOU INFLICT!"



"A GOOD JOB OF IT!"

*Optician.* "AND HOW DO YOU FIND THE GLASS EYE I PUT IN FOR YOU, SIR? SATISFACTORY, I HOPE—"

*Old Gent (gloriously).* "SATISFACTORY! 'PO MY LIFE, SIR, I—I FREQUENTLY CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE GLASS ONE WITHOUT TAKING IT OUT!"



A NATURAL OBJECTION.

*Mamma.* "OH! WON'T YOU KISS YOUR UNCLE, JULIE?"

*Julie (unused to the Bengal Cavalry Beard).* "I DON'T KNOW WHERE, MAMMA!"



"TOUCHING."

*Shoemaker (affected to tears).* "THEN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD O' THE DEMISE O' 'IS BREKE 'GNESS (said) COUNT PUMMELWITZ, SIR,—VERY OLD CUSTOMER OF OURS, SIR—AND WHEN YUVE (said) MADE A NOBLEMAN'S BOOTS SO MANY YEARS YOU FEEL, RE'LLY LIKE ONE O' THE FAMILY!"



A DELICATE HINT.

*Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend).* "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK!"

*Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly).* "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SEE 'E DRINK!"





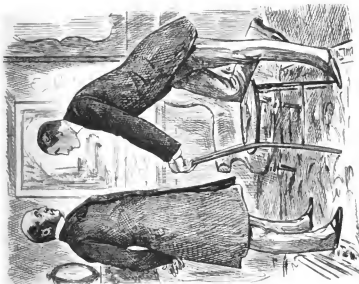
#### A SWEEPING REFORM.

Grading Sweep: "WOTS THIS HERE? NOT! DO AWAY WITH THE 'CLEAN-  
YOUR-DOOR-STEP' HANAPLOO, AND MAKE IT A PAID PURFESSON! I WANT, I HELP  
ME, THEY'LL BE DON' AWAY WITH ME AND MY BROOM NEXT, AND FRAPS 'AVE  
THE CROSEN'S SWEEP BY WASHMENTY! YAH!"



#### PROCEDURE.—A FACT.

Old B. P.: "AN—I SAY, ROOMS. 'XTRAORDINARY THING ALL THE HEATS  
TAKEN AT THIS EARLY HOUR!"  
Official (of many years' standing, who doesn't suppose of novel changes):  
"YOU SEE, MR. IT'S ALL THESE EYE NEW MEMBERS' EARLY IN THE DAY  
THEY'RE 'ERE, AND THEN, WHEN THE GENTLEMEN COMES DOWN IN THE AFTER-  
NOON, THERE AIN'T NO ROOM FOR THEM!"



#### TU QUOQUE.

Any Candidate. "AND I ONLY MAPPED ONE THING IN THE GEOGRAPHY PAPER. COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHERE THE STRAITS OF MACABAR WERE!"  
 Fond Father. "OH, I SAY, YOU DON'T TO HAVE KNOWN THAT PARENTS—THE STRAITS OF MACABAR!"  
 Any Candidate. "WELL, I DON'T, ANYHOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE THEY, DAD?"  
 Fond Father. "OH—WHERE ARE THEY? OH—EA—THEY'RE—WELL, THEY'RE—"  
 —BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO LUNCH?"



#### SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantages of remembering a Celebrity.)

She. "OH, NOW DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON? HAVE YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUNNED ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIE!—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."  
 He. "A—A—A! FIRST AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME IS TETTERBY THOMPSON!"



# SHE WAS "SORRY SHE SPOKE!"

Home Farmer (turning the Road). "A PRETTY TIDY LOT, MARR?"  
 With considerably the same). "AYE, BUT THEY WOULD NA BE THERE, MAIRIE WEDNITE NO FOR MY SHAGE!"  
 Husband (turning). "WHOT, LASS, GIN IT BE DOOM TO THAT W'Y 'TIL IF IT HAD NO' BEEN FOR YOUR MONEY, MAYNAP YE WID NA BEEN HERE."  
 VERBELY!"



#### HYPERBOLE!

Auctioneer (selling Town Property). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, THE VERY ATMOSPHERE'S WORTH THE MONEY!"



#### CALLING OVER THE ROLL OF FAME.

Sergeant. "TUOAL MTAVISH!"

Togal (hurrying up, too late for parade). "HERE!"

Sergeant (indignant). "HERE! WHERE? YOU'LL ALWAYS CRY 'HERE!' WHEN YOU'RE ABSENT."



"SE NON È VERO," ETC.  
*Old Lady.*—"OH, MR. HOGGLES, YOU'VE STUFFED MY PARROT VERY BADLY!  
 ALL THE FEATHERS ARE COMING OUT ALREADY!"  
*Traillist.*—"WEE, LOOK BLESS YER, MUM, THAT'S THE PUFFETION O'  
 STUFFIN'! YOU KNOW THE HOUTLY REASON'S NOW A COMIN' ON MUM!"

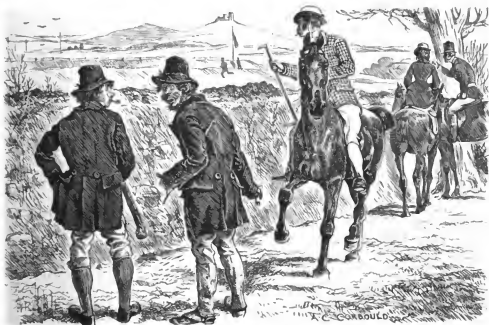


CAUSE AND EFFECT.  
*Palmer.*—"YOUR DOGS VERY FAT, SIR. PRAY WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"  
*Traillist.*—"WELL, HE HAS NO REGULAR MEALS; BUT WHENEVER I TAKE A  
 GLASS OF ALE, I GIVE HIM A BISCUIT, YOU KNOW!"



### AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

*Disparaged Party who sees his way to supply "A Sketch on the Spot" to the Illustrated Papers: "BEG PARDON, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PIECE OF INDIA RUBBER?"*



### A CAPITAL PLACE.

*Scene—Irish Steeplechase Course. Just Before the Race.*

*Veteran Sportsman (to Country Gentleman). "BEGORRA, JACK, THIS 'UD BE OUR SPOT; WE'D BE APT TO SEE A CORPSE HERE!"*



#### TIT FOR TAT.

Captain Pullen (having just effected a "Swop" with his Friend). "NOW, I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, OLD MAN. THAT HORSE YOU'VE GOT FROM ME IS A BIT OF A CRIB-BITER!"  
 Friend. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT, OLD CHAP. YOU'LL FIND MINE TO BE A CONFIRMED RUNAWAY!"



#### AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY PLANTS OF ANY KIND, ALIVE OR DEAD, INTO ITALY, AND THE OFFICIALS AT THE ITALIAN DOGANA (CUSTOM-HOUSE) NEAR MENTONE HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD THAT AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH A ROSE IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE, HAS STROLLED BY, TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA. SO THEY ARE AFTER THE UNSUSPECTING CRIMINAL!



# ALLOWED TO STARVE.

THE SUCCESSFUL FASTING-MAN

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED!!!

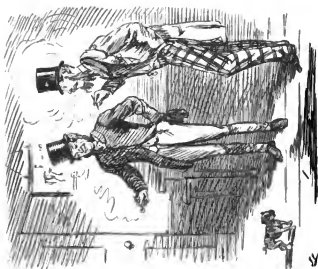


# SO FRIVOLOUS!

Wife. "BOLDIRON, I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

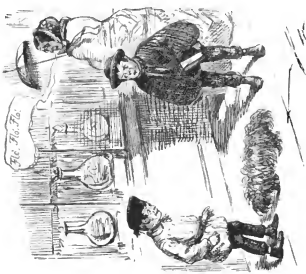
Belmont (flippantly). "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR, SO LONG AS IT'S A FUNNY BONE!"





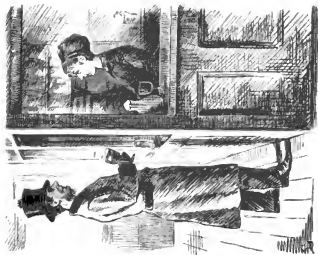
#### CANINE.

PAIRED. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD SHAW A BARKER?"  
 FAKER. "NOT SHAW A BARKER? WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'QUARTY TO HIM!"



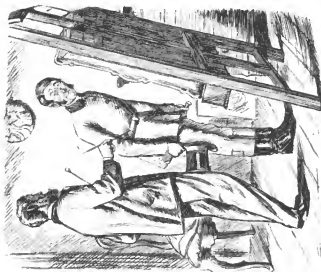
#### WHAT IS IT?

FIRST BOY (ING J.). "I TELL YER ITS 'DYS HERE—I SEEN IT MOVE!"  
 SECOND BOY. "I SAY ITS AT THE END, YER STOOPING—I CAN SEE 'IS CARR!"



#### DRAWING IT MILD.

CUSTOMER. "LA, WASS! IF YOU WAN'T NO WEAR IN THE WEEST, WHAY A LOT MORE BEER YOU'D SELL!"



#### A DISTINCTION.

FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL IN THE 4TH. "THINK IT'S LIKE MY FATHER, THOUGHT?"  
 FRANK (the Earl's groom). "AN! THAT IT BE, MY LORD; BUT (staring at a  
 flapping companion), IT'S WERY EASY TO SEE IT WAIN'T DONE BY A ARTIS; MY  
 LORD; I MEAN ONE O' THEM FELLOWS AS LETS THEIR LYIN' BY IT!"



# SOCIETY.

Mrs. M. "WELL, DECIDEDLY, I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT A PARTY THIS YEAR, AS USUAL?"  
 Mrs. N. "YET WE SHOULD LIVE ONE IF YOU PLEASE. IT'S ANXIOUS ACCEPTING OF INVITATIONS, IF WE DON'T SEND OUT MORE IN RETURN!"



"AULD EDINBRO'!"

Saxon Traveler: "THIS IS TOO SAD, WAITER! I TOLD YOU WE WANTED TO GO BY THE 5.30 TRAIN, AND HERE'S BREAKFAST NOT READY!"

Giltie Waiter: "A WEE, SIR, FAC' IS, THE COOK TAKS A GLESS!"



REPLETION.

Robert: "PUDDING OR CHEESE, SIR?"

Abstracted Editor: "OWING TO PRESSURE OF OTHER MATTER, 'REGRET WE ARE UNABLE TO FIND ROOM FOR IT!"



*Water (aroused by the Horse pulling up). "WHY'S THE MATTER, GUIDMAN? ANYTHING WRANG?"*

*Peter (bringing his Faculties to a Focus). "LET US JUST CONSIDER THE RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES. WAS OUR JOHN IN THE GIG WHEN WE STARTET FRAE AROISHAIG?"*



*"OUR JOHN" WAS IN THE GIG—WHEN THEY STARTET!*

**AFTER THE PARTY.**



THE WEDDING-DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!



THE WEDDING-DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL SUNDLE OF A PARADISE FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!



#### TESTAMENTARY!

*Country Parson (who, in his poor old Parishoner's last illness, had charitably sent him a can of Milk every day from the Vicarage). "WELL, MRS. POWLEY, AND HOW HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE YOUR SAD LOSS?"*

*Wife. "YES, SIR—POOR (ZAAK!)—HE'S A ODNE! BUT AFORE HE WENT, SIR, HE LEFT THE QUART O' MILK TO COME TO ME DAILY. POOR DEAR!"*



ALL THERE!

"NOW, THEN, OLD FELLER, TUCK IN YER TUPPENNY—DO YOU THINK I'M A AGGROBATT?"



CONSIDERATE CRITICISM.

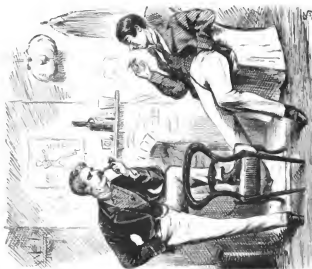
Reste (to his Friends), "NA—AL, THAT'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWTHIN', I SPOOD, GEORGE!"





#### MISSING THE POINT.

Legal Advisor (speaking technically) "IN SHORT, YOU WANT TO MEET YOUR  
CREDITORS."  
Innocent Client "HANG IT, NO! WHY, THEY'RE THE VERY PEOPLE I'M MOST  
ANXIOUS TO AVOID!"



#### GOING CHEAP.

Charley (to his Country Cousin). "GONE UP TO THE DENNY THIS YEAR,  
TOM?"  
Tom (recalling the victim of some absurd hoax). "OH, YES! ROBINSON HAS  
PROMISED TO GET ME A SEAT IN ONE OF THE RURAL SOCIETY'S DRAGS!"



#### A HOPELESS CASE.

*Lady (who has been studying every possible description of hat and bonnet for the last half hour).*  
 "YES, THEY ARE ALL VERY PRETTY. AND NOW CAN YOU HELP ME TO REMEMBER WHAT I  
 INTENDED TO HAVE AT FIRST?"



#### VERY LIKELY!

*Admirer.* "HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"  
*Boy.* "O YES—H DESSAY. AND YOU'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARBER!"



VERY PARTICULAR.

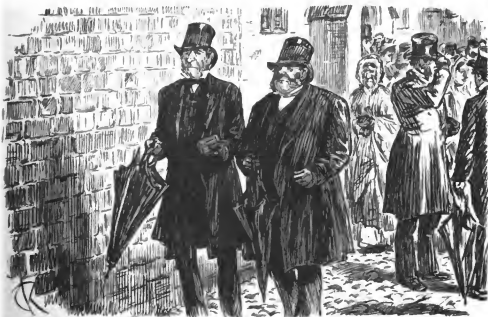
\* First Railway Porter, "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BELL?"  
 Second idio, "NONE, HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HIMSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"



#### LOOKING FORWARD.

Clerk. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"

Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"



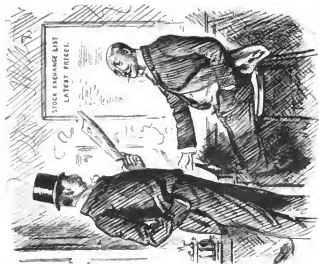
#### CONSCIENCE.

U. P. Elder. "THE MEENISTER NEEDNA' SEEN THAT HAUND EN HES DISCOURSE THEER 'PLANTY O' LEEARS I' PEEBLES FORBYE ME!"



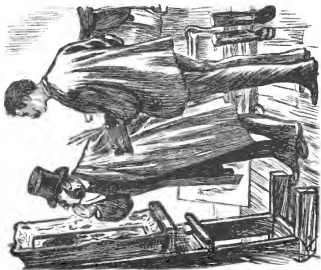
#### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Lafayette Robinson (see page 400). "THANKS: NOW IS IT OMNIBUS MEN ARE SO MUCH CIVILER THAN IM TOLD THEY USED TO BE?"  
 Confidant. "YOU BET, LAF. THERE'S SO MANY DECAYED ARISTOCRACY TRAVELS BY US NOWADAYS THAT WE PICK UP THEIR MANNERS!"



#### MONOPOLY.

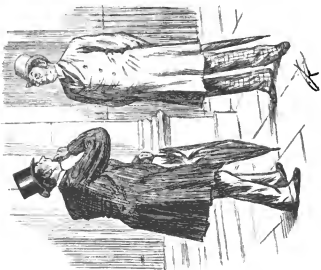
First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper). "HELLO! POLICE BAD ON WEST END GAMBLING CLUBS! AM—QUITE HURRY—THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING GOING ON HERE."  
 Second S. E. M. "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SEE TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!"  
 First S. E. M. "COME WITH YOU!"



#### "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

ARTH. "OH, SO YOU THINK THE BACKGROUND'S BEASTLY, DO YOU? PERHAPS THE GAYLIE ARE BEASTLY TOO, THOUGH I FLATTER MYSELF....."

Freddy Gills. "OH NO MY DEAR FELLOW! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY SHOULD BE!"



#### THE AMATEURS.

EDWARD ROKIE. "AH, I SAW YOU WERE AT OUR 'THEATRICALS' THE OTHER NIGHT. HOW DO YOU LIKE MY ASSUMPTION OF HARET?"

CAROL FRING. "MY DEAR FLAIR—GREATEST PRIZE OF ASSUMPTION I EVER SAW P M' LIFE!"



#### SLIGHTLY MIXED.

*Parson (to Candidate for Sunday School): "HAVE YOU BEEN CHRISTENED MY BOY?"*

*Boy: "YESH, SHIR. GOT MARKS IN THREE PLASHES ON MY LEFT ARM!"*

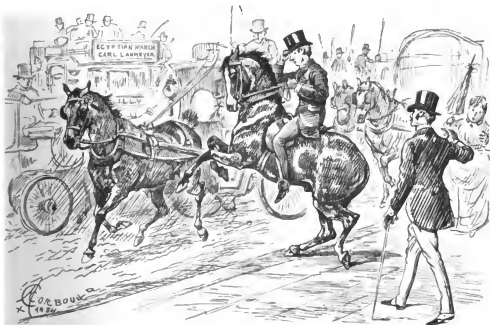


#### STARTLING!

*Constable (to Nervous Passenger, arrived by the Ramsgate Train). "I'VE GOT YER—e!"* *Ger-acious Heavens!* "I" thinks little Steery with a thrill of horror.  
*"Takes me for somebody that's 'wanted'!"*—"A CAL. BIR!"



IT'S A GREAT THING FOR A MAN TO KNOW WHEN HE'S WELL OFF.



IGNORANCE AND NO BLISS.

Friend. "I SEE YOU RIDE UPON THE CURB."

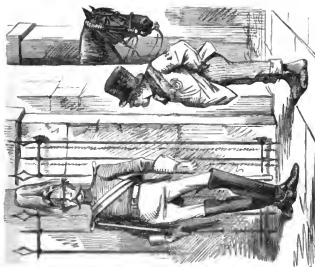
Young Gent (jerkily, in difficulties). "NO—DON'T—KLEP AS FAR—FROM—PAYMENT AS—TRAFFIC—PERMITS. WOA! STAND STILL!"





# CULTURE!

Our (Regular) Duellman for first Monday in May. "NOW, SETSY, VIGH IS IT TO BE, MY DEAR?—THE HAND-MAY, OR THE GRUVHÖR?!"



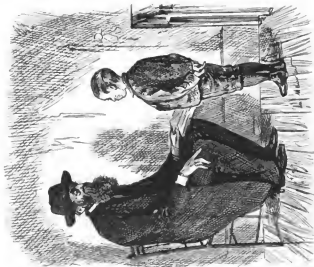
#### DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

HELPS. "NOW, THEN, YOUNG FELLOW—WHO ARE YOU STARRING AT?"  
 RIDGE. "WHY SHOULDN'T I STARE AT HER? I FEEL FOR HER!"



#### LATEST RAILWAY MARVEL.

GAIL. "I SAY, PORTER, WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START?"  
 JIM PORTER. "THE NEXT TRAIN! SURE, THE NEXT TRAIN HAS COME TEN  
 MINUTES AGO."



**NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.**

*Parson* "BETTER FEE THAN TAUGHT, I FANCY, DOY?"

*Boy.* "EEL, I DE; COS I FEED MYSELF, AND YOU TEACHES ME!"



**TEMPTING.**

*Mother* Just (sneaky). "RUN AWAY, HARRY, DARLING, AND GET ME MY WORK-BOOK, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A CEE!"

*Harry, slyly.* "THEN I WON'T GO."



# CONDESCENDING.

Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "IF YOU'D LIKE TO SMOKE, YOU KNOW, GOYHOUR, DON'T YOU MIND ME, I RATHER LIKE IT!"



# "TRYING."

Country Photographer (removing Cap from the Lens). "QUITE STEADY, NOW, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

[Not so easy with a Lively Wasp threatening your Nose—and the Negative is a Failure.]



#### A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

*Rude Boy* "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—OYE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"



#### A FACT.

*Mistress* "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."  
*Cook (in astonishment)* "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU 'AVE YOUR OWN WAY IN  
 'MOST EVERYTHINK!"

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL.



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, HAVING RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A BALL, AND NOT BEING "UP" IN THE POLKA, TAKE A FEW LESSONS FROM A PROFESSOR



WISHING TO LOOK KILLING ON THE OCCASION, THEY GET THEIR HAIR DRESSED.



SENSATION AMONG THE PUBLIC ON THEIR ARRIVAL.



THE "LIBRARY" AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL.



"MR. ROBINSON!"



MR. ROBINSON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE TO THE LADIES



UNFORTUNATE EVENT! BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON ARE ALL STRUCK WITH THE YOUNG LADY.



THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS MR. JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE WAS UNDECIDED AS TO WHICH OF THAT ROW HE WOULD ASK TO DANCE



ROBINSON IS HERE SEEN NOT ONLY AMUSING HIMSELF, BUT CAUSING AMUSEMENT TO OTHERS.



"MISS SMITH—MR. BROWN"



ROBINSON BEHOLDS BROWN POLKING, AND OH! HOW HE WISHES HE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO IT.



BROWN SITS WITH HER UPON THE STAIRS, BECAUSE "THE COOLNESS THERE IS SO DELICIOUS."



FRACTIC BEHAVIOUR OF ROBINSON, THIRSTING FOR ICE, AFTER EIGHT QUADRILLES



THE PARTNER OF JONES'S AFFECTIONS BEING CARRIED OFF BY A HEAVY DRAGOON, HE 'JONES' HATES THE WORLD FROM THAT MOMENT



WE NEXT SEE HIM AT SUPPER



WHAT THE HEAVY DRAGOON DID TO JONES IN HIS WRATH JONES, GROWN RECKLESS WITH HATRED, JEALOUSY, AND CHAMPAGNE, HAVING INTIMATED THAT HE WAS A "PERSON."



#### IMPORTANT.

Little Boy "HERE, YOUNG 'UN, JUST HOLD MY HOOP WHILE I GO AND TRANSACT A LITTLE BUSINESS."



#### THE GREAT TOBACCO QUESTION.

Experienced Smoker (No.). "CIGARS? POOR!—CIGARS ARE ALL VERY WELL FOR BOYS, BUT GIVE ME A PIPE!"



#### HEART-BREAKING.

Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"  
Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEA-SHOOTER!"



#### MIGHT VERSUS RIGHT.

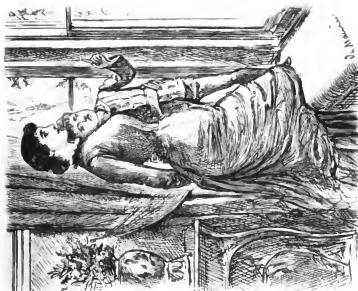
Wardman. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"  
Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION-HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."  
Wardman. "YOU TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? THEN ON YOU MIGHT!"





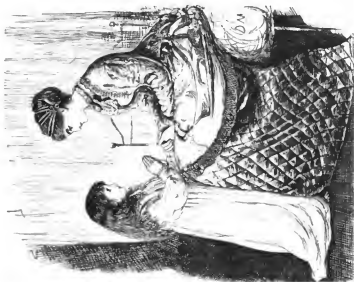
# THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Visitor at Country House.—"BY THE BYE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I WAS THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE?"  
 Small Daughter of the House.—"NO, WHO WERE YOU?"



#### NATURAL HISTORY.

"LISTEN, MOTHER! WHAT'S THAT?"  
 "IT'S THE COO-COO, DARLING. DON'T YOU KNOW THE COO-COO?"  
 "OH, YES! THE COO-COO'S THAT ACROSS THE ROAD! DON'T THEY LAY ITS OWN EGGS?"



#### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

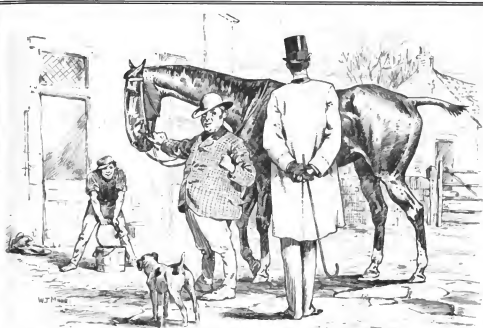
"NOW, JESSIE, SAY YOUR PRAYERS LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"  
 "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY MUST I PRAY SUPPER, AND HOLD MY TONGUE, AS PAPA DOES?"



#### A STUDIED INSULT.

Box-Office Keeper at the Imperial Music Hall (to Farmer Murphy, who is in Town for the *Islington Horse Show*). "BOX ON TWO STALLS, SIR?"

Murphy. "WHAT THE DEVL D'YE WANT? D'YE TAKE ME AN' THE NISSUS FOR A PAIR O' PROZE 'OSSER? D'LL HAVE TWO SATES IN THE SHRESS CIRCLE, AND LET 'EM BE AS SHRESSY AS POSSIBLE, MOIND!"



**SO CONVENIENT!**

Dealer's Man (confidentially). "NICE 'OSS, SIR. JUST BUIT FOR SIR. NICE PERMISSIOUS 'OSS, SIR!—YOU CAN SIT ON HIM A'WOOT ANYWHERE!"



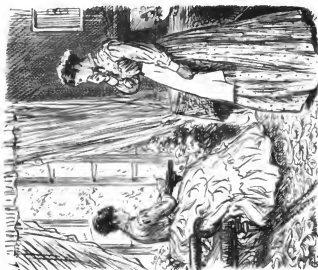
**NICE FOR HIS BOOTS!**

"OH, CAPTAIN PINKTOP, I'M AFRAID MY SADDLE'S LOOSE! WILL YOU GET DOWN AND TIGHTEN THE GIRTHS?"



# RATHER 'CUTE.

Small Mr. Sharp Passenger. "LOOK HERE! YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT CHANGE JUST NOW!"  
 Girl. "TOO LATE, SIR! YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR TICKET!"  
 Passenger. "BUT I'VE WELL, IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME; BUT YOU GAVE ME HALF-A-SOVEREIGN TOO MUCH! 'TATA!"  
 [Exit.]



# "HAI HAI THE WOOLIN' OT!"—Old Song.

Young Mistress (drum): she had seen an affectionate jangling at the garden-gate.  
 "SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"  
 Jane (apologetically). "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, M'UM!"  
 Mistress. "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—GENTY YOU—GENTY HE—TAKE A HUSB, JANE?"  
 Jane. "O, M. ONLY AS A FRIEND, M'UM!"



#### ADJUSTMENT.

Bedmaster (who has a deal of trouble with his Gaiters). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR—" "CHURCH! OLD GAITERS!" "CUT MY CORNS, SIR—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR OF BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"



#### "ON THE FACE OF IT."

Host. "I DON'T LIKE THIS LAVETTE HALF SO WELL AS THE LAST, BUNNIE. HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE?"  
New Butler. "WELL, SIR, FOR MYSELF I DON'T DRINK CLARET: I FIND PART AGREED WITH ME SO MUCH BETTER!!"



#### AT A HORSE FAIR.

Dealer. "NOW, GUVNOR, SAY YOU'LL 'AVE 'IM FOR THIRTY-FIVE BOB. YOU CAN'T GET  
A GOOD SOUND YOUNG 'OSS LIKE 'IM FOR LESS!"



#### REFLECTED GLORY.

Visitor. "AND WHO ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Cuthbert (with conscious pride). "I'M THE BABY'S BROTHER!"



### A HINT FOR THE PARK.

WHY SHOULDN'T A GOOD OLD ECONOMICAL FASHION BE REVIVED IN ROTTEN ROW? WHY NOT? IT'S ENTIRELY A MATTER OF A PILLION.



### "THE 'BLOCK SYSTEM.'"

*Affable Old Lady (to Ticket Clerk—Morning Express just due). "NO, I'M NOT GOING UP THIS MORNING, BUT ONE OF YOUR PENNY TIME-TABLES, IF YOU PLEASE, AND CAN YOU TELL ME?"—(Shouts from the Crowd, "NOW THEN, MUM!"—if the 10.45 STOPS AT DRIBBLETHORP JUNCTION, AND IF SHANDY'S BUS MEETS THE TRAIN, WHICH IT ALWAYS DOES ON MARKET DAYS, I KNOW, CAUSE MY MARRIED SISTER'S COUSIN, AS IS A FARMER, GENERALLY GOES BY IT. BUT IF IT DON'T COME 'TODAY AS WELL AS WEDNESDAY, I SHALL HAVE TO GET OUT AT SHROTHORP AND TAKE A P.V., WHICH RUNS INTO HONEY, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU'RE BY YOURSELF LINE. IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LOOK OUT THE TRAINS—AND CHANGE FOR HALF A SOVEREIGN, IF YOU PLEASE. OH NO I'M IN NO HURRY, AS I AIN'T A GOIN' TILL NEXT WEEK, FINE MORN—"*

*(Bell rings. Position observed)*





#### OPERA FOR THE MILLION.

One of the Million. "NOW THEN, EVERY COME ALONG! WE SHALL LOSE THE HOPEFULITY!"  
 Another says. "NOW, NOT A PRECIOUS 'VIRY YOU'RE IN. CAN'T YER WAIT TILL A GUY'S DRESSED?"



#### TOUCHING.

Grown its (Mr. Catchem). "WELL, GUY'S, WHAT HURTS THE MATE?"  
 (Mr. Catchem (singing)). "AM, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIONATE MATE! ONE JUST SEEN THE FOUR-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON 'EM! BEAUTIFUL TEAM! AND DRIVEN BY REGULAR TIP-TOP SWILLS! IT'S BEEN ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!"  
 Its released by them.



# PLEASANT!

Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"

Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"



# PERIL!

Gruff Voice (behind her—she thought she heard her own name). "SHE'S A GETTIN' OLD, BELL, AND SHE SARTANY A'NT NO BEAUTY! BUT YOU AND I'LL SMARTEN HER UP! GIVE HER A GOOD TARRIN' UP TO THE WAIST, AND A STREAK O' PAINT, AND THEY 'ONT KNOW HER AGAIN WHEN THE FOLKS COME DOWN A' WHITSUN. COME ALONG, AND LET'S KETCH 'OLD OF HER, AND SHOVE HER INTO THE WATER FUST OF ALL!"

Was Isabella. "OH! THE HORROR WRETCHES! NO POLICEMAN IN SIGHT! NOTHING FOR IT BUT FLIGHT!"

(Is off like a bird!)

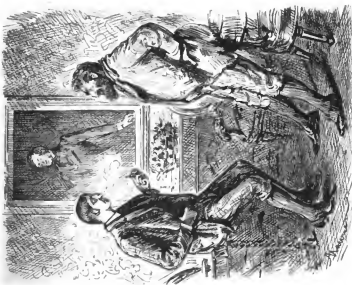


MR. ATKINS AT HIS EASE.



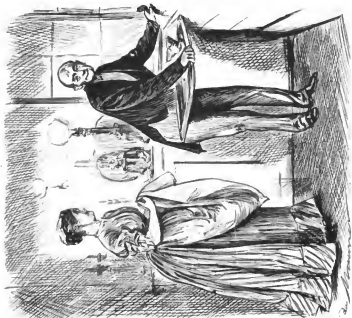
ENCOURAGING, VERY!

Cockney Art-Teacher (newly arrived and nervous—after a long silence). "IF YOU SHOULD SEE A CHANCE  
O' GIVIN' ANYTHING CORRECTLY—DO SO!" [Collapse of expectant Student.]



#### PROGRESS.

*Angry Boon (to Edgerhead Sen.).* "I CAN'T SAY I THOUGHT MUCH OF MY FATHER'S OPINION. BUT, MY GEORGE! YOU BEGAN TO LOOK UPON ME AS SIMPLY A BOSS (1807)!"



#### CULINARY CULTURE.

*New Cook.* "IF YOU'RE GOING UPSTAIRS, MR. FIDDLEB, YOU MIGHT JUST TELL MY LADY THAT IF SHE CAN'T WRITE THE 'HEAD' IN FRENCH, I SHALL BE VERY 'LADY' TO DO IT FOR HER!"



STANDING NO NONSENSE.

'Arry. "PHEW!"—(the weather was warm, and they had walked over from 'Amersmith.)—"BRING US A BOTTLE O' CHAMPAGNE, WAITER."

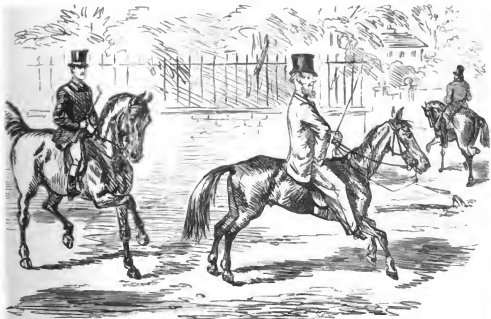
Waiter. "YEESS—DEY, SIR?"

'Arry (laughing, to put a stop to this familiarity at once). "NEVER YOU MIND WHETHER WE'RE DEY OR WHETHER WE AIN'T!—BRING THE WINE!"



### JOLLY FOR JONES.

Jones (tugging his favourite Scene). "ADDIO LEON . OR . A . AD . DIO—" [But suddenly stops  
 Cad (with asperity). "WHAT NOW?"  
 Driver. "WHY, YOU HOLLERED."  
 Cad "GO ALONG WITH YOU IT WAN'T ME A-HOLLERIN'— [Jones tacit for the rest of the journey



### STOLEN PLEASURES.

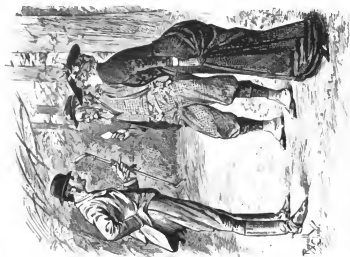
PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.



#### THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Tolson (who has given his friends, dropped his *ix*, and got into Society REAR), "FACT IS SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, DUCHESSE. IT'S NOT AMUSIN', AFTER SPEAKIN' A PLEASANT EVENIN', TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN HOBNOB-ING WITH A SHOPKEEPER, OR BITTIN' NEXT HIS WIFE AT DINNER, YOU KNOW?"

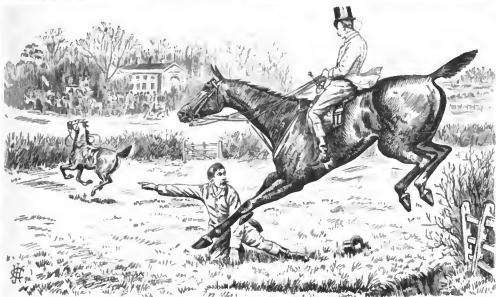
HER OFFER. "OH, DEAR ME! WHY, MY HUSBAND'S A SHOPKEEPER, HE TOLD- ME THAT GREAT GRAY BACKWARD MARCHING HE CONDUCT STREET-AND THE YOUNG LADY COMES TO THE CONVENT OF THE ECONOMY OVER THE WAY, THAT'S MY MOTHER, THE DUCHESSE OF HALLCATELST." [Tolson feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.]



#### SOCIAL PROBLEMS NOT HAPPILY SOLVED.

HUSBAND. "OH, SIR JOHN, SO GLAD YOU HAVE CALLED--AND SO KIND OF LADY DASHWOOD TO HAVE ASKED US TO HER PARTY--BUT WE ARE QUITE IN A FIX WHEN TO COME, BECAUSE THE CARD SAYS 'EARLY AND LATE.'"

SIR JOHN. "OH, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU. SEND YOUR WIFE VERY EARLY INSTEAD, AND YOU CAN COME AS LATE AS YOU LIKE." [Tolson looks at the card and says:] "THANKS! THANKS! THANKS! VERY MANY THANKS!"



#### HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a "Point to Point" Race.)

Fallen Competitor (to his Boon Friend, who now has the Race in hand). "H, GEORGE, OLD MAN! JUST CATCH MY HORSE, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!"



#### PLEASURE & APPETITE.

Uncle Harry. "NOW, TOMMY, WHICH AM I TO GIVE YOU?—THE PONY, OR THE CALF?"

Tommy. "OH, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE THE PONY" (Purse). "BUT, UNCLE HARRY?"

Uncle Harry. "WELL, TOMMY?" Tommy. "I'M AN awfully FOND OF VEAL!"





"LUCUS A NON LUCENDO."

"TUSAL, MAY YE GOT A LIGHT?"

"YES, TUSAL; BUT IT'S OUT."



A SOFT ANSWER.

Irishman (old man). "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"  
 Waiter. "YES, SIR, BUT THE CHOP IS HOT AND WHICH I THINK YOU'LL FIND  
 IT'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"



"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

Young Housewife. "I'M AFRAID THOSE SOLES I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WERE NOT FRESH. MY HUSBAND SAYS THEY WERE NOT RICE AT ALL."

Big Game Fishmonger. "WELL, MAM, THAT BE YOUR FAULT—IT BEANT WHILE I'VE OFFERED 'EM VEE EVERY DAY THIS WEEK, AND YOU MIGHT A 'AD 'EM O' MONDAY IF YOU'D A LOVED!"



"EXEMPLI GRATIA."

Ancient Bawler (to credulous Fishmonger). "A FINEAL LONG NELLO! BLESS VEE, I KNOWED HEE; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANTS THE TIME I'VE ASED HIM FOR A BIT O' BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTRY O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I AINT GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME. 'BUT HERE'S A BULLUP FOR VEE,' SAYS HE!"



IN DIFFICULTIES.

*Effe* (who can't make her sum come right). "OH, I DO WISH I WAS A RABBIT SO!"

*Maud*. "WHAT FOR, DARLING?"

*Effe*. "PAPA SAYS THEY MULTIPLY SO QUICKLY!"



**REVOLTING MEANNESS!**

Nurse examining Christmas Present, just received. "LOU, MA'AM, IF MR. MAGSTINDY HAIN'T SENT DEAR BABY THE BUP HIS COCHIN-CHINA FOWL WON AT THE POULTRY SHOW!"



**"AWEARY! AWEARY!"**

Miss Certalage (who has been studying Schopenhauer, and has come to the conclusion that there is nothing but sorrow in life, paddy). "AH, MAJOR Ethel. "OH NO, AUNT DEAR, I'M CERTAIN YOU WON'T!"

Frederic Hopkins



#### GEOLOGY.

*Scientific Pedestrian*: "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HERE?"

*Excavator*: "DUNNO WHAT YOU CALLS 'FOSSILS.' WE FINDS NORT HERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"



#### HARD LINES.

*Bus Driver* (12:30 p.m., in a hoarse whisper): "I'M LIKE THE PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!"

*Prossic Passenger* (startled): "LIKE THE—WHAT?"

*Bus-Driver*: "PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!—NO REST FOR ME BUT THE GRAVE!"

[And then he explained how he'd been on the Bus from 9 in the Morning, with two pelling horses, and rheumabos in both shoulder blades!



"PLACES OF AMUSEMENT"!

Country Parson (who had been invited to Afternoon Tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury).  
 "LAMBETH PALACE—AND I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER LA——"

Cobby. "LAMBRA PALACE! WHY, TA DOOHT OOPEN TILL 'ALF-PAST EIGHT!"



### INGENIOUSLY PUT!

"HOW MASTER BOBBIE IS GOING TO BE A GOOD BOY, AND WATCH BABY, WHILE I GO AND HARK GREAT, BIG, PIERCE, MR. SOLDIER NOT TO RUN AWAY WITH MASTER BOBBIE."



### IN THE SEASON.

James: "YOU DO A DEAL O' SHOPPIN', DON'T YOU, CHARLES?"

Charles: "YEE, AND A GOODISH BIT O' HOPERA; BUT THE HEARLY MORNIN' CHURCH SERVICE TAKES IT OUT O' ME MOST!"



### THE GREAT BOON.

*Superior Being (!)* "YOU'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIVORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"



### QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

*Stout Passenger (obstrepiously).* "HOY! HOY! HOY!"

*'Bus-Driver.* "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YER, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER WITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"





#### AT THE ACADEMY.

FOURD LADY (indignant). "NOW, I TOLD YOU, PAPA, THIS WASN'T THE FASHIONABLE HOUR. WE'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THESE HORRID PICTURES TO LOOK AT UNTIL THE PEOPLE COME!"



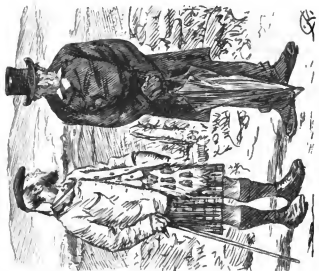
#### SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF AGOOS STARRING OUT HIS BEAUTIFUL, HIGH CHEEK BONES AT THE SIGHT OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE MARCHIONESS'S BRILLIANT SMITH BEHIND HIS BACK? IS GETTING ALL THE CREDIT FOR THEM, BY MERELY OPENING HIS MOUTH AND GESTICULATING TIDILY WITH HIS SHOULDER.



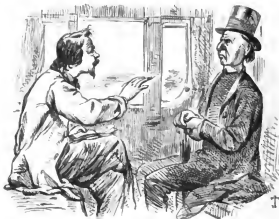
#### COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Dugli: "DO YE HEAR THAT SAWREY MCNAS WAS TAKEN UP FOR STEALIN' A COO?"  
 Dugli: "HOOT, HOOT, THE STERT BOOIE! COULD HE NO ROOHT IT AN' NO PAID FORTY."



#### "VITA FUMUS."

Togli: "WHUWELL YE HAE DEEN TILL, TUGAL?"  
 Togli: "AT YA BISTARCHES FUMUSAL—"  
 Togli: "AW IS YA THROON DEED?"  
 Togli: "DEED IS HE!"  
 Togli: "LOO, BOW! FOW! ARE AYE DEEN HOO THAT NEVA USED TO DEE ADORE!"



### A GOOD JUDGE.

Enthusiastic Artist. "MY DEAR SIR, KEEP THAT EXPRESSION FOR ONE MOMENT! YOU'VE GOT SUCH A SPLENDID HEAD FOR MY PICTURE OF THE 'CANTING HYPOCRITE!'"



### "BLOOD'S NOT EVERYTHING."

The Gentleman riding. "THAT'S A VERY FIRST-RATE PONY OF YOURS, MY FRIEND—BROUGHT YOU UP THE HILL BEAUTIFULLY!"

The Gentleman driving. "AH, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MASTER. WHY, HE 'AD A GREAT GRANDFATHER AS WON THE DARDY, THAT LITTLE 'ORSE HAD! BUT THERE NOW, WHAT'S THE USE O' 'AVING GOOD BLOOD IN YER VEINS, WHEN YOU 'AS TO WORK FOR YER LIVIN'?"



# GREAT ATTRACTION.

*Scene—Derby Race-course.*

"NOW, THEN, LADIES, HERE'S YER CHANCE! TIF WERRY 'OSS 'ER ROYAL 'IGHNESS RODE LAST DERBY!"



# DERBY DAY, (TIME 11 A.M.)

*Swell, from Coach No. 1.* "NOW, MY MAN, YOU MUST LOOK SHARP, OR YOU'LL SEE NOTHING OF THE RACE!"

*Coster.* "WHO ARE YOU A-TALKING TO, MR CRUTCH AND TOOTHBRICK? HOW DO YOU KNOW BUT WHAT I HAIN'T A-GOING TO THE HOAKS?"



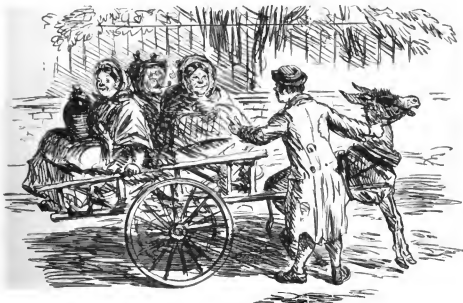
DAY BEFORE THE DERBY.

Cutlermacher (No. 1). "AX YER PARDON, MISS, BUT I MUST GET YE TO TAKE A DOUBLE LOWANCE O' UMBELS TODAY, AS TOMORROW'S THE DERBY."



A FRIEND IN NEED.

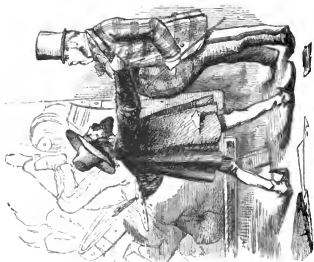
"DEAREST ROSALIND, NOW DELIGHTED I AM TO MEET YOU! ONE MOMENT LATER, AND MY NEW BONNET WOULD HAVE BEEN UTTERLY RUINED."



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

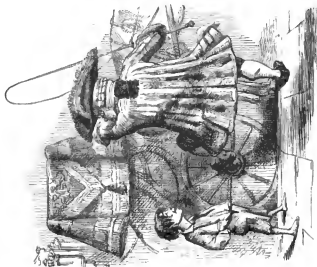
Mrs. Bonaparte Brown. "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSON, IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT, IN HER OWN CARRIAGE."

Mr. S. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS SARIER—YOU MUST TISM THE SARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"



#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

OUR FRIEND. "OH! MY DEAR OLD BOY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! MY MODEL HAT'S COME, AND I'M IN A REGULAR FIX; SO, FRANK, YOU WOULDN'T MIND BEING MY DEAD ARTISTMAN FOR AN HOUR OR SO."



#### THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

BACKWARD LITTLE BOY (TO QUEST'S GARDNER). "I SAY, COACHY, ARE YOU FROGGED?"



TU QUOQUE.

Mumse. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE, ANYWHERS ARTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"



A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Old Lady (wistfully, but with dignity, to the Constable's scandalous suggestion). "IT'S NOTHING OF THE KIND, PLICEMAN: THAT I CAN ASSURE YOU; BUT I HAVE UNFORTUNATELY ENTANGLED MY FOOT IN MY CRINOLINE, AND CAN'T GET IT OUT!"





**A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.**

*Mistress (to applicant for situation, who has been dismissed from her last place). "SO YOU'VE JUST LEFT? DIDN'T YOUR SITUATION SUIT YOU?"*

*Maid. "OH YES, 'M. SITUATION SUITED ME VERY WELL. IT WAS ME, HUM, AS DIDN'T SUIT THE SITUATION!"*



# CULTCHAM!

*Ignorant Youth.* "MAY I—A—OFFER YOU HAPPY THOUGHTS, FROM PUNCH?"  
*For Gorton.* "A—THANKS; BUT I HAVE PROVIDED MYSELF WITH THE 'PENSÉES  
 OF PASCAL.'"



# RECIPROCAL.

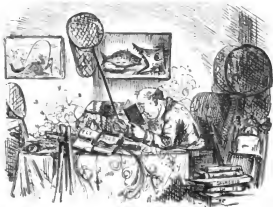
*Sporting Gentleman.* "WELL, SIR, I'M VERY PLEASED TO HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, AND HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF HEARING A CHURCH-  
 MAN'S VIEWS ON THE QUESTION OF TITHES. OF COURSE, AS A COUNTRY LANDOWNER, I'M INTERESTED IN CHURCH MATTERS, AND—"  
*The Parson.* "QUITE SO—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ER—BY THE BYE, COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WORTH SAYING?"



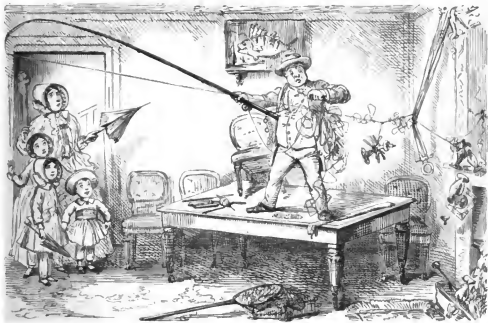
**INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENTS.**

*English Workman (to Scotch Ditty). — "I SAY, SANDY, HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PHOTOGRAPH DONE YET? 'CAUSE WHEN YOU DO, MIND YOU HAVE IT TAKEN 'PLAIN,' AND NOT 'VINETTE,' OR ELSE I'M BLESST IF IT'LL BE LIKE YER!"*

# MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE  
"GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING



HE IS HERE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING HIS TACKLE IN ORDER, AND TRYING THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS LINE.



MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN—



HAVING HOOKED A "FISH" HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY.



ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, WHILE  
THE FISH SULK AT THE BOTTOM.—



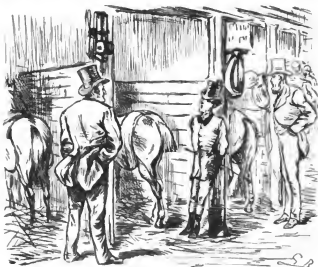
THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.



AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE, MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!



HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ADVERTISED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A QUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.



**STRICTLY ORNAMENTAL.**

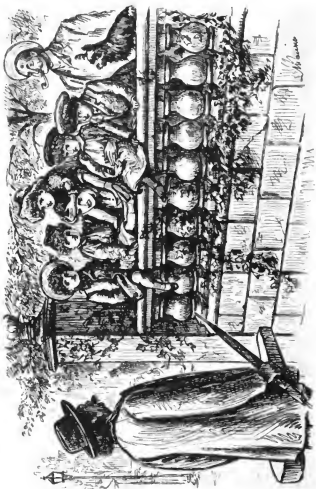
*Farmer (at the Horse-and-Man-Show). "ARE YOU HERE TO LOOK AFTER THIS PONY?"*  
*Small Groom. "NO, ANOTHER MAN DOES THAT. I'M HERE FOR SHOW WITH THE PONY."*



**SHOWS HIS BREEDING.**

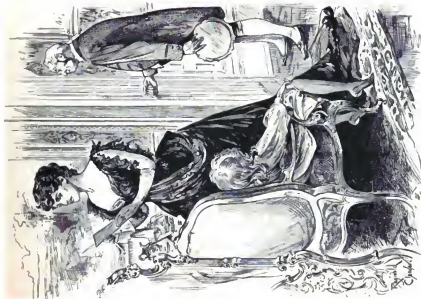
*Equestrian (to Policeman on the look-out for a Stolen Horse). "HOW DID I COME BY 'IM?" WHY, BRED 'IM MYSELF, TO BE SURE—DOWN A LITTLE PLACE OF MY OWN."*





# HAPPY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Triggs. "AND NOW IS YOUR CONCERT GETTING ON, HERE WE'VE BEEN!"  
 Edmund Valerius. "FEARFUL, AS FAR AS DE BEZUGSANGE IS CONCERNED—BETHOVEN—SCHUMANN—BRAHMS! BUT DE TICKETS DON'T SELL!!  
 ACHT! PY ZE VAX. MRS. TRIGGS, YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAV ZOCH A KING AS A MODERATELY REPARABLE PERFORMER ABOUT YOU ZAT YOU COULD  
 LEND ME FOR ZE OCCASION—JAY! CONCERTINA!—PANTHON!—POHNS!—JAZZING WILL PLEASE ZE PRINCE BOLD, IF ZE BEHEMERS IS GREYER  
 VIVE ZEAS OUT!"



# QUITE UNANSWERABLE.

GINA, "MAMMY BEAT! WHY DO YOU POWDER YOUR FACE, AND WHY DOES THOMAS  
 POWDER HIS HAIR? I DON'T DO EITHER!"



# LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

"I SAY, COUSIN CONSTANCE, I'VE FOUND OUT WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL YOUR MAMMA  
 'MITE'..."  
 "WHY, GUY?"  
 "BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND A DATE FOR YOU GIRLS!"

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,



(1) WHEN YOU ARE WALKING, AND THE  
SUMMER SHEDS HER TEARS,



(2) IF A FRIEND SHELTERS UNDER YOUR  
UMBRELLA,



(3) YOU WILL BOTH GET WET,  
THE BEFORE—



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Lecturer (on the Classical Essayists of the Last Century—most interesting). "WE TALK OF FOOD FOR THE MIND, AS WELL AS OF FOOD FOR THE BODY,—  
NOW A GOOD BOOK—"

Sporting Man (interrupting—he found it rather slow). "EAK, EAK!—ANY GENT WANT TO DO ANYTHINK OVER THE HARBOT CUP?"

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,



(a) SHOE YOUR TIME, AND PRESENTLY  
CALL TO YOU



(b) ANOTHER FRIEND, WHEN—



(c) YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL GET WET,  
BUT YOU WILL KEEP DRY!

[Verbum sap. sat]



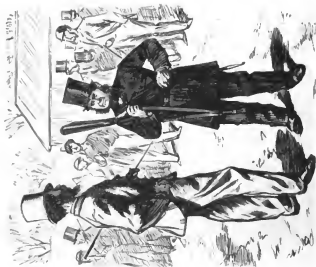
A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT.

Guard (to Excited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Starting). "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."

Stalwart Aberdonian. "A' MAUR!"

Guard (holding him back). "YE CANNA!"

Aberdonian. "TELL YE A' MAUR—A' WEEL!" (Gripping Guard.) "IF A' MAURNA, YE BANNA!!!"



#### **RATHER AWKWARD!**

*Frisbie and Langford, to his disgust and fear (silly). "LOOK HERE, MRS. LANGHAM, IF YOU COME DOWN UPON ME SO SHARP AT BRILL, I'LL-- BLOWED UP! DON'T HASS YOUR REPT!"*



#### **POOR OLD THING!**

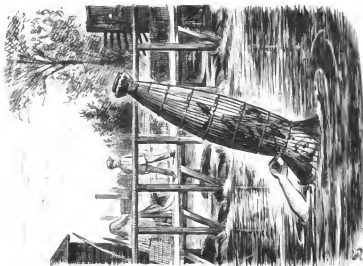
*Oh Mrs. Jamborough (who has come up with J. to see the fallacies). "THOSE HARRY ACCORDING UNLADIES MAY BE VERY COMFORTABLE; BUT LAUDS! THEY'RE INMATION TO YOUR GENERALIZED, MY DEARS. HAIN'T ALL IN KNITS WITH 'EM."*



**THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.**

"WELL, I THINK YOU WILL SUIT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"SHAKESPEARE, MA'AM, BUT NO RELATION TO THE PLAY-ACTOR OF THAT NAME!"



**"FEELS OVER HEAD."**

POTTLES, WHO GOES IN FOR STEEP DIVING, HAS GOT IN A HOLE THIS TIME  
AND NO MYSTAKE!

MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKESPEARE.



"AND IF A MAN DID NEED A POISON NOW,

HERE LIVES A CAITIFF WRETCH WOULD SELL IT HIM."

*Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.*



"WHAT ARE THESE?

SO WITHER'D, AND SO WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE?"

*Macbeth, Act i., Scene 2.*



#### AN ENVIOUS PARTY.

Conductor (with a sneer). "WHEN YOU A' DONE ADMIRIN' YERSELF IN THAT PLATE GLASS WINDER, PRAPS YOU'LL GO ON WITH THE BUS!"



#### REACTION.

Overweight Old Lady. "HU! OMIGUS! HU!"

Hearse-Driver (unbending). "ALL RIGHT, MUM! MOST 'APPY, MUM! DIRECTLY, MUM!"





# REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

*Scene—A Drawing-room in "Passionate Friendship."*

*Fair Kathetic (suddenly, and in dearest tones, to Emily, who has just been introduced to take her in to dinner). "ARE YOU INTERESTED?"*



### WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?!!

*First Stranger laughs.* "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT A BEASTLY THING THIS INFLUENZA IS, EH? I'M JUST GETTING OVER IT."

*His Waiting Friend.* "AH! YOU'RE RIGHT, MY BOY! I'VE HAD IT TOO, AND THE WORST OF IT IS IT PULLS A FELLOW DOWN SO FEARFULLY!!"



### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

He. "OH, IF I'D ONLY SEEN A BEAR!"

She. "IF YOU HAD BEEN, YOU COULDN'T GROWL WORSE THAN YOU DO!"



#### OVERHEARD AT BUFFALO BILL'S.

Did suffer "UOH! I'M TIRED TO DEATH OF BEING HUNTED! BLESSED IF I'LL RUN AWAY FROM THOSE BLANK CARTRIDGES AGAIN!"

Branch. "YES, YOU BET! AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO QUIT BUCKING. IT'S PERFECTLY SICKENING HAVING TO DO IT FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END!"



#### HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!



#### MAXIMS FOR THE BAR.

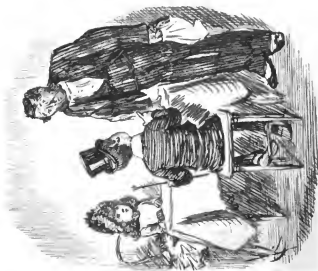
"NEVER MISS A CHANCE OF INGRATIATING YOURSELF WITH THE JURY, EVEN AT THE EXPENSE OF THE JUDGE."  
(AN OPPORTUNITY OFTEN OCCURS AFTER LUNCH.)



#### COMPLIMENTS.

*The Court* (thinking aloud): "HU—M—MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM—!"

*The Witness* (overhearing): "EXCELLENT JUDGE!"



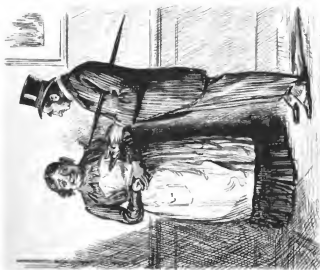
# TREAT AT "THE COLINDERIES."

The Boy "CLASS O' SHERRY AND BUTTERS AND SOME MILK AN' WATER  
FOR THE LADY!"



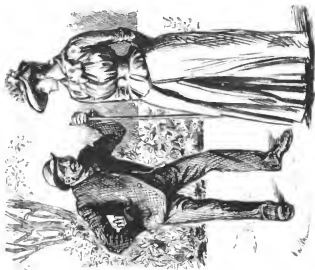
# TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

First. "MICHAEL, DON'T I TELL YOU TO BEGINT THE BEST CLARITY?"  
Michael. "YOU DO, MORN."  
First. "BUT THE BEST?"  
Michael. "NO, MORN, BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!"



#### UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

Old Bapchelor (only called for himself), "MRS. BATH, I DIDN'T CARE FOR THAT  
LEAD OF MUTTON I BOUGHT YESTERDAY. IT HAD A QUEER FLAVOUR!"  
Landlady. "OH, EH, IT WAS A BEAUTY! AND SO DELICIOUSLY TENDER!"



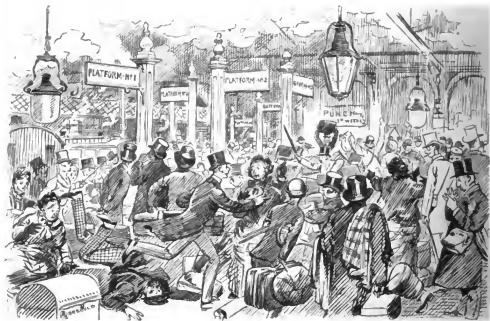
#### SONGS OF THE SUMMER.

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, MURPHYS!"

"YES, MISS; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCOO IS A-OLLEEN; EVERY BODY!"



SYMPTOMS OF A BANK HOLIDAY.



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION. Puzzle—to FIND THE TRAIN YOU WANT, OR ANYONE ABLE TO GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION.



**A TRYING MOMENT.**

*Little Snuggles. "BY DANCE!"*



**A SEVERE SENTENCE.**

*She. "YES, DEAR, I'M AFRAID COOK WANTS JUDGMENT."*

*He. "JUDGMENT" SHE WANTS EXECUTION!"*





### A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Gentle Person (to hard-driving Old Farmer): "WELL, SURELY, MURDERER! YOU WERE RELIEVED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMONS ALMS!"  
 Maggidge: "COMMONS ALMS, SAR! 'S TRAVE'S I STAND HERE, NEVER WAS INSIDE THE DOOR IN ALL MY LIFE, SAR! NEVER HEARD OF IT, SAR!"



# "WIDE AWAKE."

SAID, "TICKETS, PLEASE!"  
 SAID, "LET ME HAVE YOUR TICKET, AND LOOK SHARP!"  
 SAID, "MAY BE, I'VE BEEN AN' GIVE FIVE BOB FOR MY TICKET, AN' I  
 WANT A GAWN TO GIVE US UP TO YOU IF THEE WANTS TO TRAVEL. WHY  
 DON'T 'E BUY ONE YOURSELF?"

SAID, "WHY-A-T?"



# VERJUICE!

FATHER'S WIFE (looking over his shoulder). "WELL, YOU HAVEN'T DRUNK HALF  
 OF 'E BAKER'S ORANGE!"  
 FATHER (gruffly). "THANKS, MUM—ALL THE SAME, MUM. BUT I WANT SO  
 THIRSTY AS I COULDN'T 'E WITH, MUM!"



#### A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

*Mamma.* "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

*Shocking Boy.* "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"



#### A TERRIBLE THREAT.

*Master Jack.* "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"

*Charlotte.* "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"

*Master Jack.* "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"



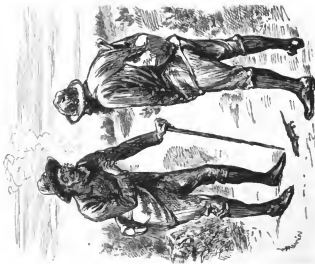
AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

*Ethel (to Papa, who has been to Ipswich).* "YOU'VE NOT MISSED MUCH, PAPA. THERE HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MAN IN THE BROOK, AND TWO TUMBLES AT THE HURDLES!"



RURAL STUDIES.—YEOMANRY GOING TO DRILL.

*Nurserymaid.* "LOW, MARIA! DON'T THEY LOOK NOBLE?"



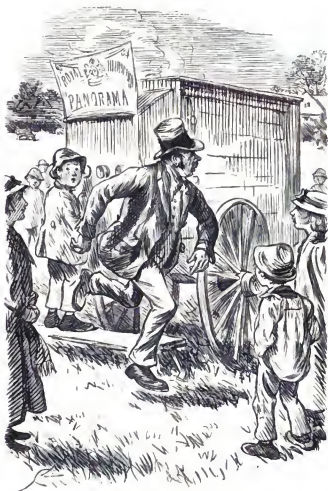
#### HABITUAL OFFENDERS.

WAGE: "I SAY IT'S A WAGER!"  
 GUY: "I SAY IT'S A JOKE!"  
 WAGE: "MY DEAR FELLOW, A STONK SO REFINELY DISTINGUISHED!"  
 GUY: "A WAGER'S STIFFLY APPROPRIATE. MY DEAR FELLOW!"  
 [Prosees unabashed to their Tent.]



#### TRUE MODESTY.

MR. SMITH: "I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT, MISS BROOKS!  
 I THOUGHT I WAS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN—"  
 MISS BRIDGE (with simplicity): "AND DID YOU APPEAR AS SHE IS GENERALLY  
 REPRESENTED, MR. SMITH?"  
 MR. SMITH: "I—I—I DUNNY LOON!"



### "STARTLING EFFECTS!"

*Peep-Showman.* "ON THE RIGHT YOU OBSERVE THE 'EXPRESS TRAIN A-COMIN' ALONG, AN' THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SIGNIFIES 'DANGER!'"

*Small Boy (with his Eye to the Aperture).* "BUT WHAT'S THE YALLER LIGHT, SIR?"

*Peep-Showman (slow and impressive).* "THERE AINT NO YALLER LIGHT—BUT THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SIGNIFIES—"

*Small Boy (persistently).* "BUT WHAT'S THE OTHER LIGHT, SIR?"

*Peep-Showman (losing patience).* "TELL YER THERE AINT NO—" (takes a look—in consternation).—"BLOWED IF THE DAMNED OLD SHOW AINT A-FIRE!!"



### TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unphilosophical little girl. "NOW, YOU A DORN, SILLY, IF YOU AINT QUET  
DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG, HOLY MAN!"  
[Impassive count of face in gorgeous array.]



### THE PHOTOGRAPH.

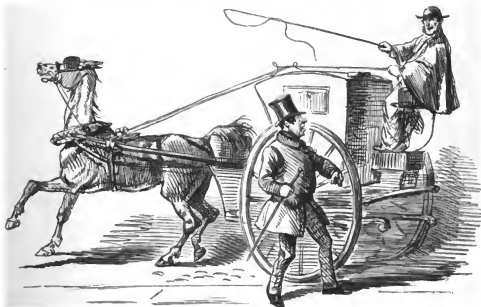
MEY, "WHY, THUMMAS, ITS THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"  
THUMMAS, "PRETTY THING, AINT IT? PITY THE VALLER OF THE UNIFORM  
COMES SO BLACK!"



**O B V I O U S.**

Costermonger. "NOW THEN, YOU--VERE ARE YOU A-DRIVING TO?"

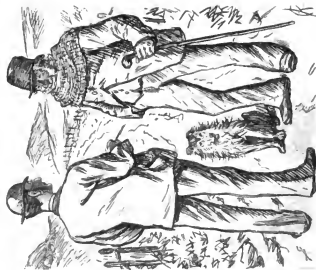
'Bus Driver. "WHY, CAN'T YOU SEE? TO PADDINGTON--I'M SURE IT'S WRIT UP BIG ENUFF!"



**A C C O M M O D A T I N G.**

Cabrio. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"





#### ZEAL.

SAME TOWNS. "MEN AT THE WORK?"  
 SAYS J. "HOW FAR IS IT?"  
 GIL. "YOUR SAY 'TILL BE FOURTEEN MILE."  
 SAYS J. "FOURTEEN MILE!"  
 GIL. "AYE, AND ANNU FUND O' THE PREACHIN'!"

GIL. "AYE."



#### ACADEMY PENCILINGS.

AFABLE STRANGER. "THERE, SIR, MY WORK 'UNG ON THE LINE AGAIN! SIR  
 FRANCIS CAN APPRECIATE A GOOD THING, SIR."  
 AFABLE STRANGER. "EH? WHAT? I THOUGHT MALLAS PAINTED THIS—"  
 AFABLE STRANGER (contemptuously). "POOH! 'E MAY HAVE PAINTED IT, BUT I  
 MADE THE FRAME!"



#### HAZARDOUS!

Husband. "IF COOK ISN'T PUNCTUAL TO-DAY, LOVE, GIVE HER A GOOD—BLOW HER UP WELL!"  
 WIFE. "MY DEAR CHARLES!—WELL, WILL YOU COME AND STAND BEHIND THE DOOR WITH YOUR LIFE-PRESERVER?"



#### "NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."

Materfamilias (just arrived at Shrimps—she Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?"  
 Nurse. "IT WAS AT FIRST, M'M THERE WAS NOTHING TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M. TILL THE NIGGERS CAME DOWN!"



TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"HOW YOU LAG BEHIND, DIBBY!"  
"WHICH TOE IS IT?"

"YES, MUMMY! MY POOR TOE IS SO SAG!"  
"MY ELDEST, MUMMY!"



#### EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Brown (Lieutenant Royal Superbe). "NOT TAKE MY CHECK? WHY, HANG IT! LOTS OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE STOPPED AT THIS HOTEL!"

Hotel Keeper, "YES, SIR, AND THEY'VE NONE OF THEM EVER PAID!"



#### A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Little Tommy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "OH! OH! OH!"

Kind Lady. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?"

Little Tommy "WHY, WHAT A BIG SKY THEY'VE GOT 'ERE, MISS!"



# HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(Relieving Guard.)

GARIB. "I SAY, LOBSTER, RUN IN, AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PLAY. I'LL HOLD THE GUN FOR YER!"



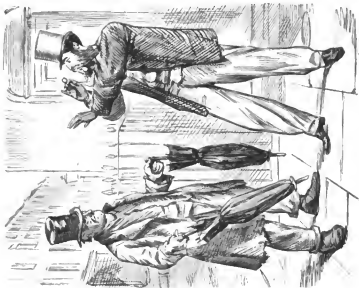
# VERY CRITICAL.

Cuddie Whisker, from Country Gardens. "I FEAR, MOTHER, MY HAIR HAS NOT BEEN DONE JUSTICE TO LATELY."  
 Joyous. "BETTER GET HOFF, DEN! BET HOFF, I SHOULD SAY!"



#### CANDOUR.

DAY FELLOW. "GOING TO INDIA, SIR? ON, THEN I COULDN'T SELL HIM, SIR, NOT OUT OF ENGLAND, SIR, NO, SIR. WHY, I SHOULD NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, TEN TO ONE—AND HE'S A REGULAR MANNITY TO ME!"



#### GROSS OUTRAGE.

"NOW, SIR, THINGS IS VERY FLAT, YOU SHALL HAVE THE TWO FOR 'ALFA-CROWN, THERE!'"



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND!



CRUEL!

Young Swell (sup.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"

Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, BR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"

Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—S MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"

Thompson (facetiously). "YES, BR.—BUT PERAPS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR PA!"

(Total collapse of Y. & S.)

# PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

## THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART I.



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON PREPARE FOR THE DERBY DAY.



BROWN PREFERS GOING ON HORSEBACK.



THEY HAVE A HAMPER FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S.



UNEXPECTED SITUATION OF ROBINSON.



JONES'S GREAT DIFFICULTY IS TO PREVENT THE "THING" UPSETTING.



AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS.



BROWN LOSES FIVE POUNDS AT THIMBLE-RIG, "JUST TO TRY WHAT IT IS LIKE."



BROWN TRIES HIS HAND AT KNOCK-EM-DOWNS.



# PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

## THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART II.



ROBINSON WILL CROSS THE COURSE



HE IS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT BACK AMID THE JEERS OF THE POPULACE.



B., J., AND R. ARE INVITED INTO A BOOTH TO TAKE A TURN WITH THE "NOBBY ONE."



ON PAYMENT OF ONE SHILLING ROBINSON HEARS HIS FORTUNE.



BROWN BEES THE RACE CAPTALLY



"FOR THE FUN OF THE THING," THEY LOSE A FEW POUNDS AT ROUGE ET NOIR.



"SOMETHING" MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO ROBINSON.



THEY SEE A FLIGHT OF PIGEONS, AND ARE SURPRISED THEREAT



PERPLEXITY OF BROWN WHEN ASKED WHICH "OF 'EM 'ERE OSES IS 'IS"



LAST APPEARANCE OF BROWN THE NIGHT AFTER THE GERRY.



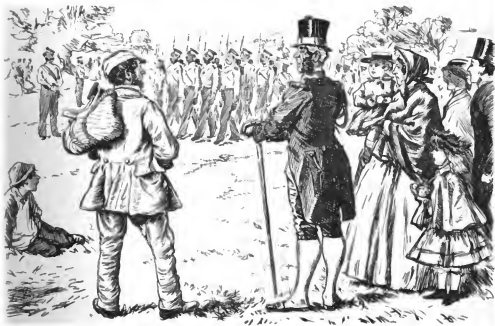
#### IN DIFFICULTIES.

*Park Keeper* "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGIN THE HACT O' PARLIAMENT A FISHIN'?"

*Prisoner* "PLEASE, S', AINT SEEN A FISHIN, S'."

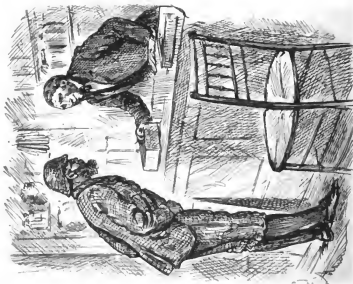
*Park Keeper* "BUT YOU'VE SEEN A HADIN' AND ABETTIN'."

*Prisoner* "OH NO, S'; 'PO' M' WORD, S'. AINT SEEN A BETTIN, S', AINT GOT NO MONEY, S'!"



#### THE "IMPERENCE" OF THEM LOWER CLASSES.

*First Bystander (British Workman) to Second Ditts (Gorgeous Flossky).* "WELL, BLOWED IF I WOULDN'T A'MOST AS SOON BE YOU, JOHNNY, AS ONE O' THEM FELLERS THIS 'OT WEATHER!"



#### PROMISING!

Twinkl. "HAVE YOU ANY DECENT COATS?"  
 Righted Over. "DECENT COATS? AY, HERE ARE DECENT COATS ENOUGH."  
 Twinkl. "ARE THEY HAWAIIAN OR MAILLART?"  
 Righted Over. "THEY'RE JUST FROM HAWAII!"



#### SELF-DENIAL IN EXCELSIS.

Grilla. "ARE THERE MANY RICH IN YOUR COUNTRY?"  
 Pridin O'Flanagan. "IS IT ORRISH YE HANE? SORRA THE ONE OF THEM  
 WOULD BE ALLOWED IN THE RUMINT!"



#### AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

*Distinguished Amateur (with good Method but small Voice, suddenly jumping up from Piano). "LOOK HERE, ALBY, I DO CALL IT BEASTLY BAD FORM FOR YOU AND BIKES TO TALK WHEN I'M SINGING!"*  
*Alby* "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN—AWFULLY SORRY—DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SINGING, YOU KNOW!"



#### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*"PLEASE LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MIDS, I KNOW IT'S HARD, BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A ROBERT!"*



#### OUR VILLAGE INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.

Husband (just home from the City). "MY ANGEL!—CRYING!—WHATEVER'S THE MATTER?"

Wife. "THEY'VE AWARDED ME—PRIZE MEDAL!"—(sobbing)—"P' MY SPONGE CAKE!"

Husband (soothingly). "AND I'M QUITE SURE IT DESERVES—"

Wife (hysterically). "OH—BUT—'T SAID—'T WAS—FOR THE BEST SPECIMEN—O' CONCRETE!"



### ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

*Bright Entor (at the Polling Station). "IT'S A STOUTISH MOND OF A MAN, WITH A BALD 'EAD, AS AN WISHES TO VOTE FOR, BUT ARN BLESSED IF AN KNOW 'IS NAME!"*



### "BENEFITS FORGOT!"

*Old Gentleman (he had been chased across the field by the infuriated animal, and only just scrambled over the Gate in time—gasping for breath).*

*"YOU IN—FERRAL UN—GRATFUL BEAST!—AN WE—VEEN VEGOTARIAN ALL 'LIFE!"*



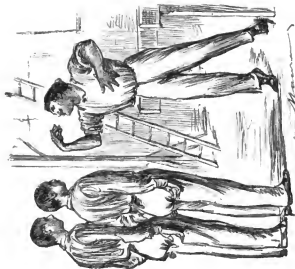
# "NO FEAR."

FATHERS—"TAKE CARE, DONALD—YOU'LL BE DROWNED!"  
 DONALD—"THROTTLED—IN A DUB LIKE THOU! IF I WAIL, I'D BE ASHAMED TO  
 SHOW MY FACE IN OMAN AGAIN!"



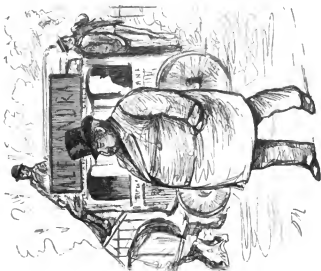
# "GROUND GAME!"

FIRST BORTIMEZ. "THEY'RE PUT-GATE ROASTED!"  
 SECOND DOTS (getting angry). "AN—OH, I SAY, VERRY"—(frustrating his lip in  
 anticipation)—"THE GRACULIV!"



#### GYMNASTICS.

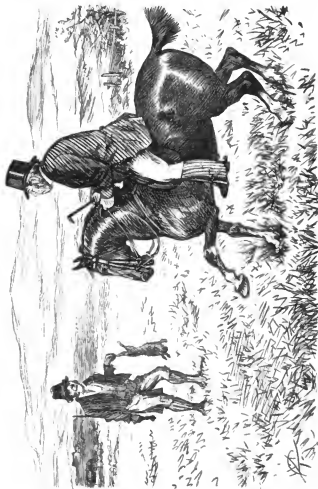
Profrase. "AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PUT YOUR RIGHT HAND TO YOUR LIPS, AND DRAW IT AWAY SLOWLY, AS IF YOU WERE PULLING A NAIL OUT OF YOUR MOUTH! LIKE THIS SEE!" (Shows them how.)



#### APPLIED SCIENCE.

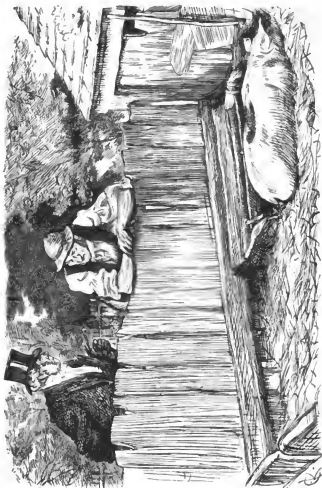
Driver (to Onlooker). "MY HEYER, SALL! SEE THAT OLD GENT WANT A 'SAVENLY WATERMUT' HED MADE, IF HIS 'ED WAS TOOK OFF, AND HE WAS 'OLLERED OUT!"





# GROUND GAME, ETC.!!

Squire (rather surprised). "HULLO, PAT! WHERE DO YOU GET THE HARE?"  
 Pat. "BRAND, SURE, THE CAPTAIN WAS WANDERING ABOUT, AN' I THOUGHT 'D TALK TO THE 'HARE'!"  
 Squire. "BUT DO THE KEEPER SEE YOU?"  
 Pat. "BLISS VEH HONOUR, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM EVER SINCE I CAUGHT IT!"

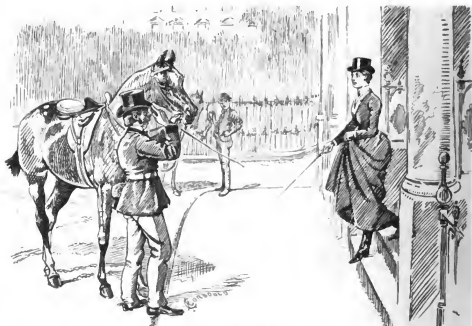


### A RUSTIC MORALIST.

Pastor (pointing his finger). 'AM UNCOMMONLY FINE PIG, MR. GOSNELL. I DECLARE!'  
 Contemplative Villager. 'AH, YEE SAYS, IF HE WAS ONLY, ALL OF US, AS FIT TO DIE AS HIM, BR!'



EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.



"RUS IN URBE."

*Fair Equestrian (from the Princess, her first turn in the Bow). "GOOD GRACIOUS, SAM! YOU CAN'T RIDE OUT WITH ME LIKE THAT! WHERE ARE YOUR BOOTS AND THINGS?"*  
*Country Groom. "LOW, MUM, I DIDN'T BRING 'EM UP. BUT IT DON'T MATTER. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"*



### A MIGHTY HUNTER.

*Captain Highway (showing his Steeds to Friend). "NOW THERE'S A GOOD-LOOKING ONE—CARRIED ME FOUR SEASONS—GAVE TWO HUNDRED FOR HER!"*  
*Friend. "CLEVER AT TURNER?"*  
*Captain Highway. "ER—!—I—DON'T KNOW!"*      *Friend. "GOOD AT WATER?"*      *Captain Highway. "WELL—!—I—CAN'T SAY!"*



LIKE HIS CHEEK.

"OLD YER 'OBL. BR?"



#### TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"

Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN'!"

Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."

Cabman. "WELL! WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT THIRPES!"



#### USED UP.

JOB. "NOW, THOMAS, AIN'T YOU READY? THE CARRIAGE IS WAITIN'!"

Thomas. "I AIN'T A GONIN'. IF WE'RE IS EQUAL TO CARRIAGE HEXEROISE IN THIS 'OT WEATHER, I AM NOT!"



SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."



THE COURSE OF TRUE, ETC., NEVER DID, ETC.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE ON



# OVER-COMBED!

Our Barker. "WHAT YOU WANT, SIR?—(raising his fingers through his coat) I want a bottle of my HAR-RETTO—"  
 Toward the rearward here. —"IS A BOTTLE OF MY HAR-RETTO—"  
 Customer (irritably). "WHA! I WANT, SIR, IS A SHORCE!!"  
 [The Commissioner taking this pertentious turn, our Barker drops it.]



# "NEM. CON."

First Britisher, at Boulogne (ready-looking party, evidently resident in Casual Asylums). "Oh, I DON'T CARE TO GO BACK TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY. THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE AGAINST ME."  
 Second Britisher (rejoicing—Tupper). "OOO! GRACIOUS! WHAT, THE WHOLE TWELVE OF 'EM?"



**SUBURBAN JOYS.—HAYMAKING.**

CHORUS "COME ALONG, UNCLE JACK, AND WE'LL BURY YOU!"

[Uncle Jack is dead, and no longer young. He has walked a mile and a half from the Station, in a black frock coat and under a drilling hat, along a dirty road, and the thermometer in the shade is more than we will trust ourselves to say.]

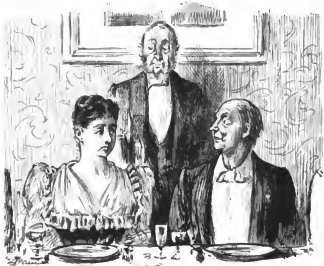




# OBVIOUS.

Buttons (fresh from the Country, evidently no French Scholar). "I SAY, MARY, THE GUYNOR AND MISSUS ARE DINING OUT TONIGHT. BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME MAKE OUT WHAT A R. A Z. A V. AND A P MEAN ON THIS 'ERE CARD!"

Smart Housemaid. "WHY, OF COURSE IT MEANS THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE RUMP STEAK AND FEAL PIE!"



#### IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

*Jones (Blue Ribbon—in abstemious Lady he has taken in to Dinner). "LOOK HERE, MADAM, WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON A BIT! EITHER YOU MUST HAVE A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE, OR, BY JOVE, I MUST!"*



#### GUSHING HOSPITALITY.

*(Time, 3 p.m.)*

*Hostess's Met. "HAVE COFFEE, OLD FELLA?"*

*Leisure Visitor. "NO—THANKS!"*

*H. H. "CIGARETTE, THEN?"*

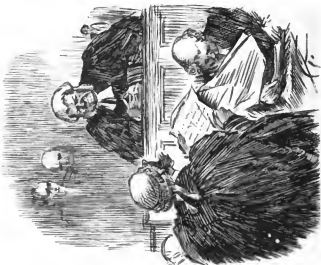
*His Visitor. "NO—THANKS. NEVER SMOKE NEGATLY AFTER BREAKFAST."*

*H. H. "CAN'T REFUSE A TOOTHPICK, THEN, OLD FELLA?"*



**VERY LIKE IT.**

Toto. "WHAT, WHAT, MUMBLER! NOW DO YOU TRANSLATE *je ne sçais pas*?"  
Master Kumbler (with some slight hesitation). "HALF TONY, WAG."



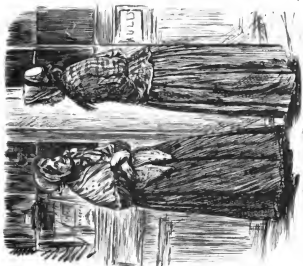
**"COUNSEL'S OPINION."**

Judge flustered, he persisted Junior. "BUT, IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE  
AS A GENTLEMAN IN COURT, I CAN'T TEACH YOU!"  
Junior (politely). "QUITE SO, MY LAD, QUITE SO!"  
[Proceeds.]



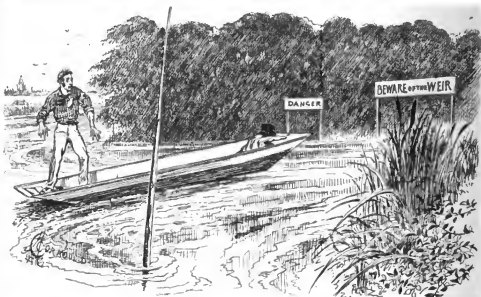
### AN AWFUL CRAMMER.

Proprietor of *Barring-house* (sitting at desk and). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. SHAMPRIT, BUT YOUR APPETITE IS SO LARGE THAT I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO CHARGE YOU A DOLLAR EXTRA. IT CAN'T BE DONE AT TWO SHILLINGS!"  
(Says. "NO!) FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DO THAT! I CAN EAT TWO DOLLARS WORTH EASY! BUT IF I HAVE TO DO THREE—I REALLY—AFRAID I SHOULD—BUT TILL TRY!"



### DELICATE HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

JIMMER. "COME NOW, BETTY, WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME? ANOTHER GOM? TO STAND SOMETHING OF AFORS WE SAVE FAVORITELY!"...  
BETTY. "NO, JIMMER!... I'VE STOOD FORN, AN I'VE STOOD FORN, AN I'VE STOOD KERRY PIES AND WELLS, AND ALSO I'VE STOOD FORN, AN I'VE STOOD ON AND HORRIBLES WITH HOTTIES AND SORE TO PULLER, NOT TO MENTION ALL MANNER OF SWEET STUFF... AN I'M BLOWED I'VE A GOM? TO STAND ANY MORE... THAT'S MY LITTLE GAME!"



#### RIVER PUZZLE.

YOUR PUNT-POLE STICKS—YOU LOSE YOUR GRASP OF IT. WHAT ARE YOU TO DO?



#### A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE.

Bishop (who has been assisting at a recent Lambeth Conference). "I AM OPPOSED TO SPORT BECAUSE I THINK IT LEADS TO RACING AND GAMBLING. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO STOP THE CLERGY IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD HUNTING TO SUCH EXCESS?"  
 Hunting Man. "YES, MY LORD! GOOD HARD FROST!"



### HIS FIRST ACHE.

"OH, MAMMY! I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN FRONT OF ME!"



### A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Dr. James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME?"

American Lady. "I QUERR NOT." (To her Daughter.) "SAY, BELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?"

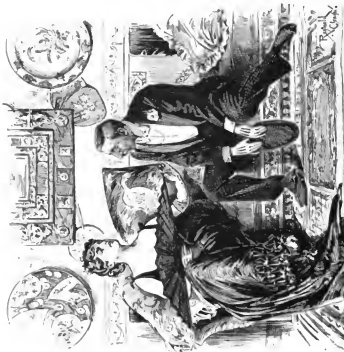
Fair Daughter. "WHY, MA, CERTHLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? IT WAS IN ROME WE BOUGHT THE LUBL-THREAD STOCKINGS!"

(American Lady is convinced.)



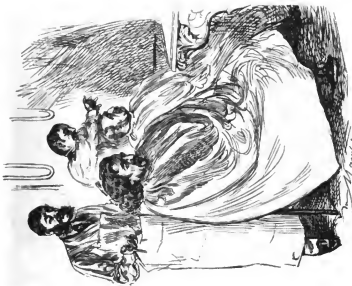
# ADVANTAGES OF MARSUPIALISM.

"I'M SO TIRE, MUMMY. I WISH YOU WERE A MARSUPIAL!"  
 "WELL, I CAN'T SAY."  
 "TO CARRY ME HOME IN YOUR POCKET!"



# "SED REVOCARE GRADUM."

Beady (with cool candour). "ON HER WORDS, I FREQUENTLY MAKE BETS, BUT I AM SO UNLUCKY!"  
 Sporting Topsy (trying to be sympathetic). "REALLY? BUT I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER HAVE WON ON—"  
 THAT IS—I MEAN—"



#### APPEARANCES.

Hardiman. "TRIMMINGS 'O' 'AIR, SIR! BETTER LET ME CUT THE  
SOLE OF IT NOW!" "WHY?"  
Enriest Volant. "WELL, YOU'LL EXCUSE MY SAYIN' SO, BUT IT MAKES YOU  
LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM FISHED CHAPS, YOU KNOW!"



#### PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

Wife of the Life Member for Tooting. "ARCHBISHOP, WHY WERE YOU SO GRUMPY  
AT THE HOUSE BROTHERS' TO-NIGHT?"  
L. M. for T. "BLOOM PEOPLE, SUCH A DINNER, FOR A MAN WHO HAS JUST  
LOST HIS SEAT!"  
Wife. "I'M SURE PARLIAMENT DON'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!"  
L. M. for T. "AT LEAST IT SPARED ME THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENING  
SIX TIMES A WEEK!"





#### TRAVELLER'S LUGGAGE.

*Elderly Passenger* "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN?"

*Young do.* "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY POCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"



#### IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

*Wid Civilian to Military Fellow Traveller.* "KNOW THAT OFFICER JUST GOT OUT, SIR? SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN AN IMMENSITY OF SERVICE."

*Military Fellow Traveller.* "DON'T KNOW, I'M SHAW, 'BLOODE TO THE OTHER BRANCH OF THE SERVICE, PRABABLY."  
[N.B. M. F. T. belongs to the Mounted Branch.]



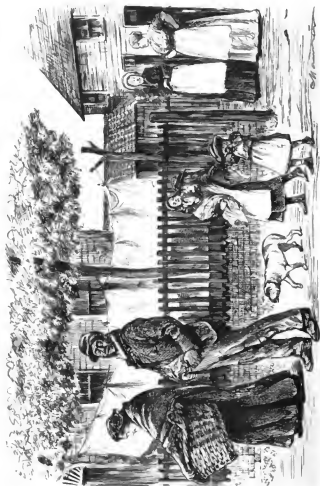
#### OYSTERS.

*Wineant Oyster Man.* "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!"



#### A QUIET REBUKE.

*Fare* (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is sitting). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"  
*Cab-Driver.* "SHURE, YER HONOUR. THINK—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WORK!"



**BAD GRAMMAR, BUT GOOD PLUCK.**

"NOW, THEN, FATHER, JUST LET ME KETCH YER A YINK O' MOTHER, THAT'S ALL!"

"I AINT A YINK O' NEES, GRAY YER!"

"NO; BUT YER WAS JUST ADOON' TO! LET ME KETCH YER, THAT'S ALL!"

[Scene and heard by ye artist.]



#### TASTE.

*Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter"). "NO, MISS! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S—BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!"*



#### A COMMON INTEREST.

*Rector's Daughter (invited to Tennyson's Ball at Big House). "I SAY, MISS TUCKER, WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO TRY ON OUR DRESSES? I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY BUSY?"*

*Miss Tucker. "YES, MISS, SO BUSY I HAVE NOT HAD TIME YET EVEN TO THINK OF MY OWN DRESS!"*



**A ROUGH CALCULATION.**

*Fanatical Conductor.* "WILL TWO OR THREE GENTLEMEN GET OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"



#### BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

*Mr. Brown.* "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"

*Jane.* "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"

*Mr. Brown.* "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO BREAD, THEN BRING ME SOME TOAST!" [Exit Jane in disgust.]



#### PRODIGIOUS!

*School-mistress.* "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIAN RUBBER BALL, IT WILL COLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

*Child.* "O YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH!"



#### TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

*Boy (singing).* "LOVERLY LUDY HEAL, OH LOVERLY LUDY HEAL, HUP  
I 'AD YOU BY MY SH-PPIDE, 'OW 'APPY I SHOULD FEEL!"



#### THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.

Highland English. "THE TOON, SASSO, I FELVE, AND LOTS O' COOF  
MEANS." Tourist. "Oh, YEE, LOT." English. "Oh, YEE."  
Highland English. "AM OAK, TOOT." Tourist. "Oh, YEE."  
Highland English (shouting). "TELL GET PORTER TAE YIN PANNY."  
Tourist. "YEE, O' WE LEE."  
Highland English. "CHA-O-LES!"  
[Speeches with admiration.]



#### TANTALUS.

Old Party. "I SAY, MY LAD, COULD YOU EAT ONE O' THOSE KIMMY-PHEE,  
IF YOU WERE OPTERED ONE?"  
Young Boy. "EAT ONE O' THEM KIMMY-PHEE? WHY, I COULD SWOLLER  
THE YOLE BLESSED LOT!"  
Old Party. "COULD YOU REALLY? NOW, I COULDN'T EAT ONE O' I WERE  
PAID FOR IT!"  
[Let Old Party.]



#### AN EXCELLENT EXCUSE.

THIS IS JACK SPARKLES, WHO USED TO BE SUCH A THOROUGH PRERAPHAELITE, AS HE CAME UPON HIM "AT WORK" THE OTHER DAY--AT LEAST HE CALLED IT SO. HE SAID HE HAD COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT "PAINTING WAS, AFTER ALL, MORE OR LESS A MATTER OF MEMORY, AND THAT HE WAS STUDYING SKIES!"



*First Angler (to Country Boy).* "I SAY, MY LAD, JUST GO TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."



*Country Boy (to Second Angler, in the Eastern Counties language).* "TWA' THERE SO' SANY HE WANT A WURRUM!"

#### LINGUA EAST ANGLIA.





#### A DISCREET HINT.

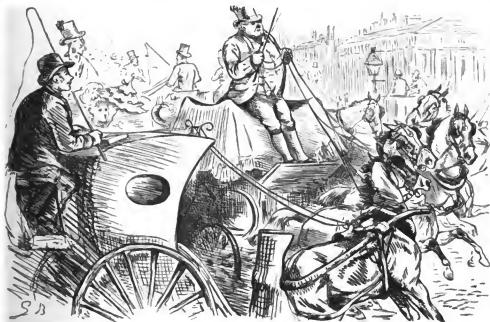
*Matilda (star-gazing). "HOW I WISH I COULD CATCH A FALLING STAR!"*

*Young Dubbs (whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year). "THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISS MATILDA. BUT—A—RIGHT I SUGGEST THAT YOU NEEDN'T GO FAR FOR A RISING ONE!"*



"WHERE, AND OH WHERE!"

Stout Party (Int.). "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! WHERE CAN THAT  
STUPID DOG HAVE GOT TO?"



IRREVERENT.

Eddy. "NOW THEN, GOVERNOR, WHEN YOU'VE DONE PLAYIN' WITH THEM ROOKIN' 'ORSES, PERHAPS YOU'LL GET ON?"

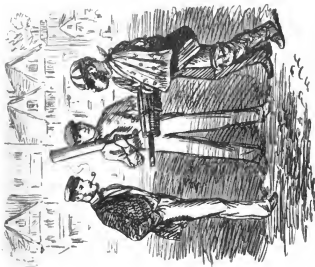


**A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.**  
*Ans.* "CAREFULLY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, 'ETHEL'?"  
*Ethel.* "I MAY THINK SO, AUNT, BUT I DON'T *FEEL* SO."



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

*Reidman:* "SOUTH MIDDLESEX OR NORTHERN, SIR? (Customer looks bewildered.) WHY, SIR, MANY COMPANIES, SIR, 'AS A RECOGNIZED STYLE OF 'AIR, SIR, ACCORDING TO THE INFO— (Customer frowns.) NOT A VOLUNTEER, SIR— I AM SO, SIR—THOUGHT NOT, SIR. LEASTWAYS I WAS A WORKERIN' TO MYSELF SPECIFICALLY I SEE YOU, SIR, WHAT COMPARE YOU COULD A BELONGED TO, SIR!"



#### CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

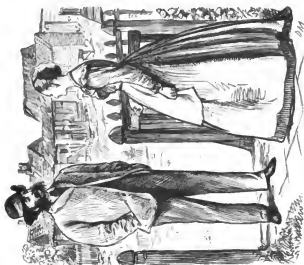
"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW?"

"WHAT DO YOU DO?"

"I AM A HONOR OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL HIT ME ON THE 'AID. THE SECOND 'AD ME ON THE KNEE; THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED ME OUT!"

*July 1888.*

"OH, YES, AWFULLY JOLLY!"



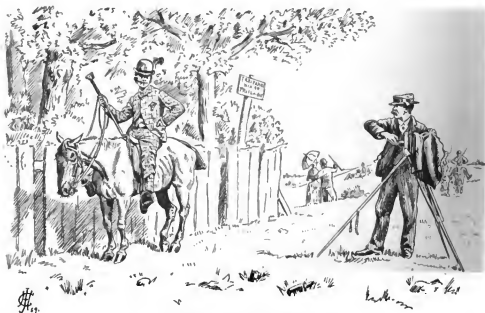
#### FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"MASTERS AWAY FROM HOME, SIR, WOULD YOU PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR NAME?"

"FAIR, AN' WHAT SHOULD I BE LAVY ME NAME FOR, BECA'D I WHEN HE KNOWS ME QUITE WELL?"



CAUTION TO PEOPLE ABOUT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED ON  
THE SANDS AT THE SEASIDE.



A BANK HOLIDAY STUDY.

"NOW, GOVERNOR, SING OUT 'TALLYO' AND 'I'LL THINK IT'S THE 'GUNDL'."



CLUB SKETCHES.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHY DOES BROOKS SHUG BROOKS?"—"BECAUSE BROOKS TOADIES BROOKS."

"WHY DOES BROOKS TOADY BROOKS?"—"BECAUSE BROOKS SHUGS BROOKS."



REFLECTED GLORY.

Shipman. "HERE! HI! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SAYSWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkey "I, HAM!"



"PRO AND CON."

Pressic Uncle. "LIKE TO BE A BRUDDLER! DON'T TALK NONSENSE, GEORGE!"

George. "WELL! I'D RATHER LIVE IN A NICE CAVE LIKE THIS ONE HERE, 'STEAD O' THOSE  
BEASTLY HOT LOGGINGS!"



#### THAMES FISHING.

*Fisherman (to Old Gentleman).* "THEY'RE A BIT AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL PITCH, SIR!"

*Old Gentleman.* "ACROSS THAT BIT O' WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER?"

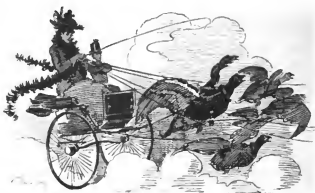


#### A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

*Mrs. T.* "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.; WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNED!"

*T.* "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"





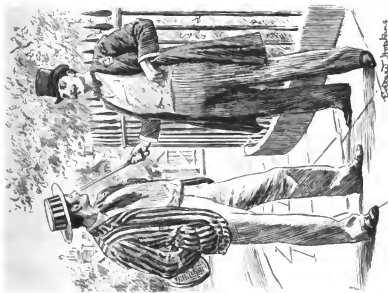
"GROUSE DRIVING."

THIS IS WHAT SHE IMAGINED IT TO BE IN HER DREAM OF THE 12TH OF AUGUST.



SUBURBAN PUZZLE.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. WHERE TO FIND A PLEASANT RIDE.



#### SO MATTER-OF-FACT.

JOHN (who prides himself on his French). "GÉNÉRAL, MON CHIEF, NOT TO BE ABLE TO ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TO-NIGHT I AM OBLIGED TO KILL."  
BROWN (who is so matter-of-fact, and never will understand John's French). "DINNO ON VEAL, ARE YOU? WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE; IF YOU COME TO ME, YOU'LL HAVE A LEO O' MUTTON!"

Edmund Spenser



#### NEVER SATISFIED.

GROVER HUBBARD. "HOW SLOWLY INFORMED NEWSPAPERS ARE! WHY, HERE THEY SAY, 'SIR THOMAS GRIMSBY ENTERTAINED US AND A NUMBER OF OTHERS AT DINNER LAST NIGHT!' ENTERTAINED! WHY, I NEVER WAS SO BORED IN MY LIFE!"

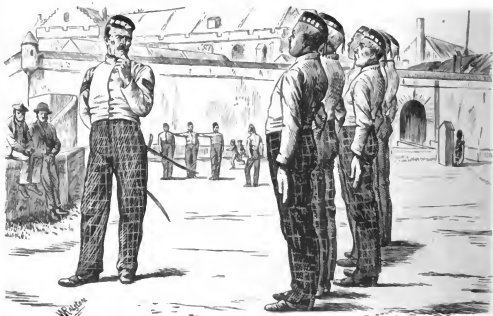


#### A BYE-LAW.

Guard. "SMOKING NOT ALLOWED, GENTS."

Swill. "O! AM I WHAT'S THE FINE?"

Guard. "A SHILLING, READY MONEY, TO THE GUARD, SIR. FORTY SHILLINGS TO THE COMPANY, PAYABLE BY INSTALMENTS AND AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE."



#### AWARE OF THE CRISIS.

Sergeant Muckelham (more in sorrow than anger). "HALT! O MAN NUMBER THREE, I WARNER TAE SUE YE! HOO CAN YE THINK FOREIGN POWERS CAN EVER RESPECT YE, IF YE WULL PERSIST IN STEPPIN' THREE INCHES LESS THAN THE REGULATION!"



IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO.



NOT SUCH DISAGREEABLE WEATHER FOR THE HAYMAKERS  
AS SOME PEOPLE THINK.



# RETROSPECTION.

*Scene—Aesthetic Neighbourhood.*

Converted Seltzer Man (plays First Concertina in Salvation Army Band). "POOTY 'OUSES THEY BUILDS IN THESE SUBURBS, MR. SWAGGET."

Mr. S. (Reformed Burglar and Banner-Bearer in the same). "AH! AND HOW 'ANDY THEM LITTLE BAL'CONIES WOULD 'A BEEN IN FORMER—"

[A warning flourish on the concertina, and Mr. S. drops the subject.



"DE GUSTIBUS," ETC.

Daisy. "BUT, MY DEAR, THERE ARE NO MICROBES IN TORACOD."

Joe. "UM—SHOWS THEIR SENSE!"

(Subject dropped.)



ALTRUISM.

Affable Stranger. "AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE?"

Snail Boy. "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"



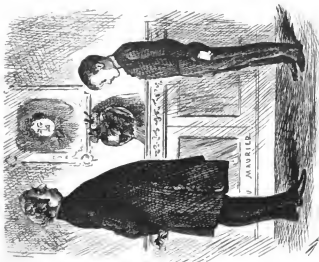
#### "THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."

THOMAS (in much-applauded costume). "WELL, DONALD, HOW DO YOU  
 LIKE 'TROUSERS'?"  
 DONALD (repulsive & dirty, who had never worn anything but kilts). "AWKEL,  
 SIR, I FIND 'EM VEEERY 'NCOMFORTABLE ABOUT THE SLEEVES!"



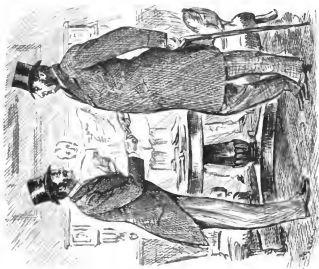
#### PRACTICAL.

FOOT FELLOW. "I SEE YE'VE PUT MY SON INTO GRAMMAR AN' JOGRAPHY.  
 NOOL, AS I NEITHER MEAN HIM 'TAE BE A MINISTER OR A TEA-CAPTAIN, IT'S O'  
 NAE USE. GE HAD A PLAIN BINESS EDUCATION."



#### NATURAL RELIGION.

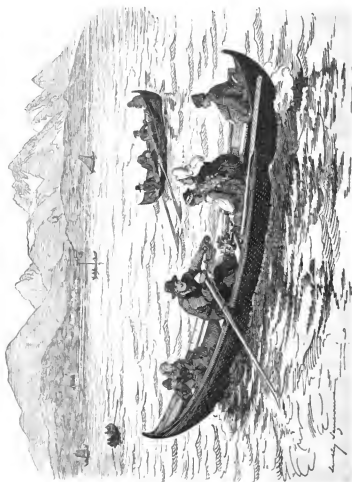
Sings (repeating delinquent Page). "WRETCHED BOY! WHO IS IT THAT SEES AND HEARS ALL WE DO, AND BEFORE WHOM EVER I AM BUT AS A CRUSHED WORM?"  
 Page. "THE USUAL, MY LORD!"



#### A HINT.

Dr Parley Radd. "OH—MR. GREGORY, I THINK! NOW GIVE DO?"  
 Gregory. "I HOPE I SEE YOU WELL, SIR POMPY, AND NEXT TIME YOU GIVE ME TWO FINGERS, I'M BLAST IF I DON'T PULL 'EM OFF!"





"THE CHURCH-GOING BELL."

SUNDAY MORNING, COAST OF NORWAY.



**CONFIDENCES OF A MATURE SIREN.**

"I ADMIT I'M NOT AS HANDSOME AS I USED TO BE; BUT I'M TWICE AS DANGEROUS!"



**LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.**

Jack (a Naughty Boy, who is always in disgrace, and most deservedly). "I SAY, EFFIE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE? I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ACCUSED OF SOMETHING I'D NEVER DONE!"



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.

"NOW THEN, SIR! SIT WELL BACK, AND LET HIM BUMP YOU, SIR."



AM GREEN.

A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAR!"



# THE UBIQUITOUS.

ART. "ULLO, 'ARRY! 'OW DID YOU COME DOWN?"

'Arry. "'OW? THIRD-CLASS TICKET—SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE—AN' FUR-GLASS  
CO'PINT! YAH-HA-HA!"



# JUST IN TIME.

Veteran Piscator. "HECH! BUT YON'S A MUDDLE PEEN LOUPE! AHINT ME!" (It was lucky he looked round!—his friend from London had preferred sketching on the banks, had stumbled over a boulder, and "Gone a Head" into a deep hole. He was galled at his last wick!).



# THE SHOOTING OF THE LAST GROUSE.

AN ALARMIST'S VISION



# ONE FOR HIM.

Sporting Uncle. "WHEN YOU GALLOP YOUR PONY LIKE THAT, CHARLIE, YOU SHOULD TAKE HIM ON THE TURF."  
 Charlie. "BUT, UNCLE BOB,—I HEARD PAPA SAY HE HOPES I'LL NEVER GO ON THE TURF,—LIKE YOU"



### A "SCENE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

*Ill-used Husband (under the Bed). "AVE! YE MAY CRACK ME, AND YE MAY THRASH ME, BUT YE CANNA BREAK MY MANLY SPIRIT. I'LL NA COME OOT!!"*



### REPRISALS!

*Tradesman (to Old Gentleman, who has purchased Lawn Mower). "VEE, SIR, I'LL OIL IT, AND SEND IT OVER IMM—"*  
*Customer (imperiously). "NO, NO, NO!—IT MUSTN'T BE OILED! I WON'T HAVE IT OILED! MIND THAT! I WANT NOISE! AND, LOOK HERE—PICK ME OUT A NICE RUSTY ONE. MY NEIGHBOUR'S CHILDREN HOOT AND YELL TILL TEN O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT, SO"—(sotto)—"I MEAN TO CUT MY GRASS FROM FOUR TILL SIX EVERY MORNING!!"*



FILIAL FRANKNESS.

Friendship Neighbor. "GIVE THIS NOTE TO YOUR MAMMA, GEDD, AND SAY WE SHALL BE QUITE A SMALL PARTY—ONLY OURSELVES AND THE RECTOR'S."

Gail. "OH, THEN, I'M SURE SHE 'WONT COME!"



# A NORFOLK DUMPLING.

Young Noddy (in expectation of a Gaffer). "WILL OPEN THE GATE."  
 Lady. "YOU ARE A VERY CIVIL LAD. YOU DON'T COME FROM THESE PARTS?"  
 Young Noddy. "YOURS A LAMB, I DEW!"





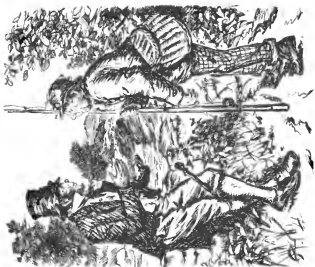
#### THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

*Fred Jarvis.* "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—BOREDOM NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT. I'LL BE BOUND!"  
 Ho, it's the Golden Book.



#### A GRIEVANCE.

*Fred (to Sam).* "CLARET! YES! YES! PUT IT DOWN, AND PRAY, SIMPSON, DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO!"



#### MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

*Edmund (to English Sportsman).—“Is it ‘throust’ or ‘jabber,’ the  
 MATTHEW’S STORY AND ‘EM’?”*  
*[“Regardless of dried truth, in his love of nonsense and generous desire  
 to please,” as our friend recorded in his diary after a blank day.*



#### MENACE.

*Little Angler (to her reticent son).—“KEEP STILL, YOU THESOME LITTLE  
 THING! IF YOU DON’T LEAVE OFF BRUDDLING, I’LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND  
 TAKE ANOTHER!”*



TROP DE ZÈLE.

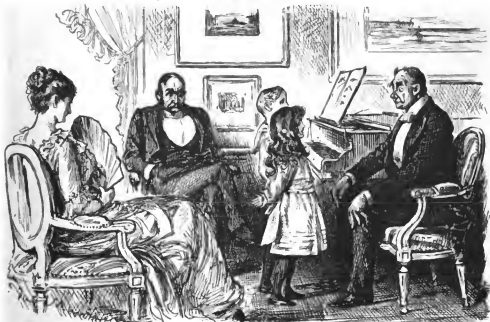
*Clerical Customer.* "I WANT TO BUY A NICE DIAMOND BROOCH FOR MY BETTER HALF."

*Over-anxious Shopkeeper.* "CERTAINLY, SIR. WE HAVE JUST THE VERY THING. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU ALSO FOR YOUR OTHER HALF, IF YOU WISH." [They did not trade.



FROM THE PARTICULAR TO THE GENERAL.

"I SAY, OLD CHAPPE—WHAT TREMENDOUS HIGH CHAIRS YOU'VE GOT—ONE'S FEET  
POSITIVELY DANGLE!"



AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

*Edie.* "GEORGE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

*Mr. Mitcham.* "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"

*Edie.* "WHY, GEORGE SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGE SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!' AND GEORGE SAID 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"



# SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

*July Angler.* "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL?"



# THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

*Brown (excitedly).* "HI, JONES!—NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"

*Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous).* "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH! DEAR—AS POSSIBLE!"

# MAZEPPA.—PART THE FIRST.



SCENE I.—THE HALL OF THE CASTLE. MAZEPPA AND OLENKA ARE SURPRISED IN A TÊTE-À-TÊTE BY THE JEALOUS COUNT AND HIS ATTENDANTS.



SCENE II.—COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE. AFTER SOME SLIGHT RESTIVENESS ON THE PART OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, MAZEPPA IS BOUND UPON IT, AND AWAY THEY GO.



SCENE III.—A DARK AND DREARY FOREST. TIME, SUNSET. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE PURSUED BY WOLVES AND BIRDS OF PREY.

## MAZEPPA.—PART THE SECOND.



SCENE I.—A WIDE PLAIN. SOUND OF HOOPS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE HAVING JUST PASSED BY.



SCENE II.—A DREARY WASTE. IN THE FOREGROUND LIES THE DEAD BODY OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, WITH MAZEPPA SITTING UPON IT. AROUND THEM HOVER THE RAVENS.



SCENE III.—GRAND TABLEAU. ENTRANCE OF A BAND OF COSSACKS, WHO ARE SO FASCINATED BY THE HANDSOME FORM AND ANIMATED APPEARANCE OF MAZEPPA, THAT THEY OFFER HIM THE CROWN OF THE COSSACKS, AND MAKE HIM THEIR HETMAN.



**DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.**

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CROQUET, AMONG DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!—THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c. &c.



**TEMPTING!**

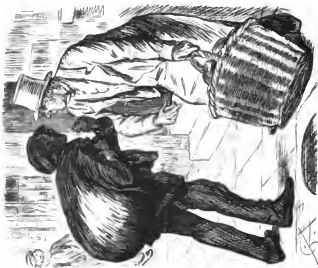
Ancient Mariner (to Browns, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it). "NICE NOW ON SAIL THIS EVENING, BIRT?"





# THE LABOUR QUESTION.

MAGNATE. "HALLO, JIM! NOT AT WORK?"  
COLLIER. "OH, WE'RE OUT ON STRIKE."  
MAGNATE. "WHAT FOR, THEN?"  
COLLIER. "AM OVERWHELMED BUT WE'LL NOT GIVE IN TILL WE GET IT!"



# A COLLISION.

MAN WITH BASKET. "NOM, THEN! WHO ARE YOU A-SHOWER OF? SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY BASKET!"  
MAN WITH BOWLER. "YOUR BASKET!—LOOK AT MY BAG!"



#### VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

*Sergeant.* "CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN?"

*Captain.* "WHY, THANKY, SERGEANT. IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING MY OTHER LEG A HITON OVER!"

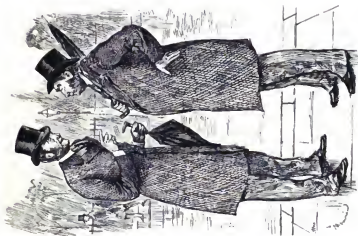


#### FROM THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

*General (to Colonel of Cavalry—slightly inclining to embonpoint).* "NOW, SIR! UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOT CAVALRY AT ALL. YOU ARE A SKELETON ENEMY!"

*(Stout Colonel does not feel the right man in the right place.)*





#### HOSPITALITY.

"BY THE BYE, MR. JONES, THEY'VE ELECTED YE AT THE DINNATHERUM, I'M HAPPY TO OBSERVE. WILL YE DO ME THE PLEASURE OF COMING WITH ME THERE NEXT THURSDAY?—THAT IS, AROUND OF ME, YE KNOW!"



#### A MATTER OF "COURSE."

Eminent German Specialist. "WAT WATERS ARE YOU BEEN IN 'S'ART OF TAKING?"  
English Study Patient. "WATERS! HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP, EXCEPT WITH MY TEA, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"  
[Upon which a mild course of Hockford, Kinsinger, Marvahal, and Karlsbad is at once prescribed.]



# TROPICAL.

Maid (to Irish Milkman). "MISSUS SAYS SHE'S SURE THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL O' WATER IN THE MILK LATELY, AND THAT O'—"

Pal. "AN' CAN YE WANDER AT IT, MY DEARY? SMALL BLAME TO THE COWS THIS THUR-SHY WEATHER, POOR CRATURES!"



# THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON

*Scene—A Suburban Drawing Party. Time—10.30 P.M.*

NEEDS (to little rustic maid, who has opened the drawing-room door and is staring vacantly round). "What is it, Sarah?"  
 SARAH - Oh, nothing, ma'am. It's only Miss Walker's maid, and Miss Richardson's page, and the footman for Miss Tompkins, and the carriage for the Miss Clarksones. But they was none of them to wait, as the Rev Mr Santley's here!"



#### SKIRMISHING IN PERSPECTIVE.

"A GOOD SKIRMISHER, IF THERE IS NO COVER, SHOULD HIDE BEHIND HIS BOOTS!"



#### OUR MANŒUVRES.

Captain of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize Picket Sentries of the Enemy). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"  
Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!"



#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

Country Magistrate. "PRISONER, YOU'RE DISCHARGED THIS TIME WITH A CAUTION; BUT IF WE SEE YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH!!"



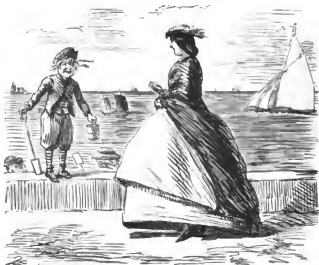
#### NOT TO BE MADE A FOOL OF.

Farmer. "NOO, IF IT'S A FAIR QUESTION, HOO MUCH 'ULL YE GET FOR THOSE EYE WHEN YE'VE FELMISHED THEM?"

Artist. "O, PERHAPS SIXTY GUINEAS, OR SO."

Farmer. "WHAA-A-T! DINNA TEL' ME, MAN, AL NO GET THAT FOR THEM LEEVIN'."





#### REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the third time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN SO JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"



#### THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T DRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"



"OTIUM CUM DIG."

THE ONLY MAN OF RANK IN TOWN. "AND HE DON'T SEE WHY HE SHOULDN'T JINE THE MISSUS AT MARGATE. FOR ANY BUSINESS THERE'S A GOMF."



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

*Paterfamilias (who is just beginning to feel himself at home in his delightfully new suburban residence) interrupts the wife of his bosom. "SEASIDE!"*  
*"CHANGE OF AIR!" "OUT OF TOWN!" "WHAT NONSENSE, ANNA MARIA! WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT ON EARTH CAN YOU WANT TO BE GOING*  
*"OUT OF TOWN" FOR, WHEN YOU'VE GOT SUCH A GARDEN AS THIS?*



#### A FAIR OFFER.

ALLEGIC BARKER. "NOW IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL PRECISELY SOON TURN YOU OUT!"  
 FIR (FIRE) A JELL. "TURN-ER-N ME OUT! IS IT TURN-ER-N ME OUT? THEN BRAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TURN-ER-N ME OUT!!"



#### "LET THE TOAST GO ROUND."

Good Templar. "VERY WARM, COACHMAN, HAVE A DROP?"  
 COACHMAN. "THANK YE, S-B. (DRINK) AUCH! O, MURDER! I'AM POISONED"  
 "WHAT'S THAT?"  
 Good Templar. "ONLY 'TOAST-AND-WATER'!"



# DRACONIAN.

*Serje—Police Court, North Highlam.*

Accused. "NUT, PRAISE, IT'S NA PROVIT!"

Justice. "HOOT TOOTS, TONAL, AND HEAR ME SPEAK! AWWL ONLY FINN, YE HAY-A-DOON THE DAY, BECAUSE IT'S NO YARRA WELLY PROVIT. BUT IF EVER YE COME BEFORE ME AGAIN, YELL NO GET APP UNDER FIVE SHILLIN'S, WHETTER IT'S PROVIT OR NO!"



# GLOCH) FYNE GRAMMAR.

*(A Sad Fact for the School Board.)*

Tidal. "DUG YELL EVER SEE THE 100-BA ANY MORE BEFORE?"

Fossil. "SURELY I WAA!"

Tidal. "AY, AY! MAYBE YOU WAS NEVER ON POUND TOO, AFTER THUS—"

Fossil. "I DOB."



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"MY LITTLE BOY, SIR, DIED WHEN HE WAS ONLY TWO MONTHS OLD. JUST AFTER HE HAD  
BEEN VACCINATED."

"HOW VERY SAD! HAD HE BEEN BAPTISED?"

"YES, SIR, BUT IT WAS THE VACCINATION AS CARRIED HIM OFF, SIR."



# COMFORTING!

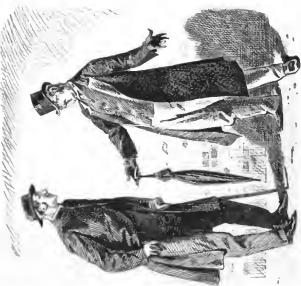
Wessos—cheerfully the has just blown a hole through the Squire's hat! "AHA, MON AMI! VOILA  
COMMENT DES ACCIDENTS ARRIVENT!"



# A MERE PREJUDICE.

Tourist. "I SEE YOU EMPLOY A GOOD MANY WOMEN ABOUT HERE, FARMER."

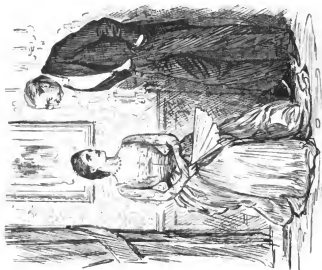
Farmer. "HAVE TO DO. HARVEST-TIME, SIR, BUT FOR MYSELF I MUCH PREFER MANUAL LABOUR!"



### A REAL CONVERT.

Local Preacher (giving an account to the Vicar of the Parish of a dispute he had had with the Leading Lights of his Society). "YER, SIR, AFTER TREATMENT THE LADIES O' THAT, I SAYS TO 'EM, 'FOR THE FUTURE,' SAYS I, 'I OUGHTN' UP ALL RELIGION, AND I GOES TO CHURCH!'"

W. J. HOODSON.



### TENDER PASSAGES.

His (tenderly). "YES, WHEN IT'S DONE AGAIN, YOU MUST REALLY SEE THE BLOODHOUND DOG!"  
She (staring). "I WILL. I'LL LOOK OUT FOR IT, AND WHEN I DO SEE IT, I WILL THINK OF 1891!"



MONSIEUR, MADAME, ET BÉBÉ.



A GENTLE HINT.

57000. "BES PARDON, MISS! BUT IF YOU WAS TO 'IT THE SADDLE A LITTLE LESS 'ARD, IT 'UD BE BETTER FOR BOTH YOU AND THE 'ORS!"





# VESTMENTS!

(Our New Incumbent was disposed to be "High.")

Younger Countryman. "I ZAY, GEORGE, WHAT WUR THAT PARSON HAD ACROST HIS SHOULDER'S 'SUNDAY?' 'LOOKED LIKE SOME O' HIS WIFE'S THINGS."

Elder Countryman. "GA-ANT ZAY 'M ZHEWER, I HEERED UN ZAY A WUR 'STOLE'."

Younger Countryman. "STOLE! NA, NA; I WOULD'N' THINK THAT O' PARSON! MORE LIKE SOME O' THESE 'ERE NEW 'ARVEST DICK'RATIONS!!"

# MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



MR BRIGGS IS OFF TO THE MOORS



8 A.M. HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VIGOROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGOR!"



11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS "NATIVE FLAGSTONES"



12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



#### AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"WELL, IF THEM TWO'D PROMISE TO COME REG'LAR HEVERY MORNING, I'D TAKE A HEXTER ARF HOUR IN BED, WHILE THEY SWEEP MY CROSSIN'."



#### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

RUFF. "OH! MISS NELLY! WHATEVER ARE YOU ABOUT?"  
Miss Nelly. "I'M ONLY DIPPING DOLLY, LIKE THE BATHING WOMAN DIPS ME!"



#### REVENGE!

North Country Labourer (who has been engaged to dig): "THEY THAT EAT ALARM MAY HORN ALARM: 'THESE ANGRY-LOGICAL CHAPS NEVER SO MUCH AS ASKED ME IF AND TALK ANYTHING, AND WHILE THEY'RE HAVING THEIR DENIERS, ANYONE FOUND THE 'BURNIN'—(PAGES UP AND MARCH FIRST ANNO-DOMINI)—AND THEY MAY WHISTLE PORT!"



#### "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Chilly Old Girl: "HAVE YOU LONG HOURS NEAR PORTA?"  
 Railway Porter (whose temper has been spoiled): "NAME AS ANYWHERE ELSE,  
 I PROSE-BODY WHISTLES!"—(Bell rings, Railway Porter looks up Old Girl's  
 Banjo corn, and rubs off!)  
 OLD GEL. "PH-O-O-O-O!"



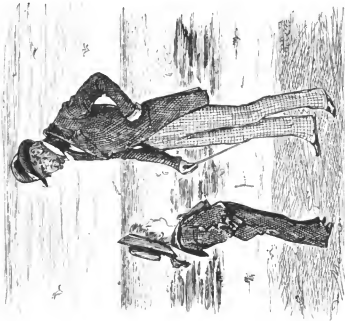
#### A FILIAL REBUKE.

Stout Quercut (who has a large family, in his eldest son). "THESE ARE UN-COMMONLY GOOD COGARS OF YOURS, FRED! WHAT DO THEY COST YOU?"

Fred. "SIXTY SHILLINGS A HUNDRED."

Stout Quercut. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE! DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT I NEVER GIVE MORE THAN THIRTY-SIXPENCE FOR A COGAR?"

Fred. "AND A VERY GOOD PRICE, TOO! BY GEORGE, GOVERNOR, IF I HAD AS MANY CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR AS YOU HAVE, I WOULDN'T SMOKE AT ALL!"



#### AN APPETITE FOR INFORMATION.

Arthur (who has been lightning with knowledge referred to by one of Grandpa's Bala Bisms). "AND WERE YOU IN THE AM, GRANDPA, ALONG OF NOAH AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM?"

Grandpa (indifferently). "NO, SIR CERTAINLY NOT!"

Arthur. "THEN HOW IS IT YOU WAIN'T DROWNED?"



PRETTY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gallant Scavenger. "VERY MUCH THE GOOD DAY, MADAME! AND HOW FARES MISTER YOUR HUSBAND, THIS FINE WEATHER?"

Polite Appleman. "MUCH BETTER, I THANK YOU, MONSIEUR! RECALL ME, I PRAY YOU, TO THE AMABLE RECOLLECTION OF MADAME YOUR SPOUSE!"

Gallant Scavenger. "WITH PLEASURE, MADAME. VERY MUCH THE GOOD EVENING!"

Polite Appleman. "GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR, AND GOOD NIGHT!"



#### PROMPT.

*Old Party.* "REALLY, SIR,—I AM THE MANAGER OF THE LINE, SIR—I MUST INFORM YOU THAT IF YOU PERSIST IN SMOKING, YOU WILL BE FINED FORTY SHILLINGS, SIR."  
*Fast Ironist.* "WELL, OLD BOY, I MUST HAVE MY SMOKE, SO YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE YOUR FORTY SHILLINGS NOW."



#### MYSTIFICATION.

*Our Young Landscape Painter's Preparations are regarded with Intense Interest by the Village Juveniles, who eagerly expect a Gymnastic Entertainment—(he frames an Imaginary Picture with his Hands).*

*Omnos.* "HE'S A GONE TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FIRST!"





ARTFUL—VERY!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SKELETON OF ME, JOHN!"  
John. "WYD' BEANT A SKELETON ON VEE!"

Mary (rightfully). "WELL, Y' CAN F' Y' LIKE, JOHN!"



#### A DAMPER.

London Quail (who had by him "the Brown" at Eighty Feet, and loaded down a Brass). "GOOD SHOT THAT, WITH ONE BARREL, JENKINS! SHOULD THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HUNDRED YARDS!"

Answer. "YES—MASTER REMAINED AS IT WERE A VERY LONG SHOT!"

London (grating). "JA—ON, HE NOTICED IT, DID HE?"

Answer. "YES, MASTER ALLUS NOTICES WHEN GINLSMEN MAKES VERY LONG SHOTS. THEY DON'T GET AHEAD AGAIN!"



ON THE BOULOGNE PIER.

(Two Asides.)

Young England. "RUMMY STYLE OF AT!"

Le Jeune France. "DRÔLE DE CHAPEAU!"

Y



Q. E. D.

"MAMMA!"—"YES, DARLING!"—"AM I A BIG GIRL?"—"NO, DARLING!"—"THEN CARRY ME!"



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

MISS RAPHAEL MAKES A STUDY FOR HER GRAND PICTURE, "THE DAY AFTER THE DELUGE."



THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man (in port). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."



#### A DAY AT THE CAMP.

*Sentinel.* "WHO COMES THERE?"

*Sentinel.* "ADVANCE, FRIEND!"

*Edrisau.* "FRIEND!"

*Edrisau.* "ADVANCE! COME, THAT'S A GOOD UN!"

#### HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.



MR. PETER PIPER TAKES UP WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE A "FIRST-RATE POSITION." THE FIREWORK IS ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE DEN OF THE BEAR—MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT.



SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A BEAR IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. MR. PETER PIPER BEGINS TO THINK HIS POSITION RATHER INFERIOR THAN OTHERWISE;



BUT—NOTHING DAUNTED—HE GRAPPLES MANFULLY WITH HIS FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES.



IN DUE COURSE OF TIME MR PETER PIPER AND THE FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, IN A VERY DILAPIDATED AND EXHAUSTED CONDITION.



HAVING COLLECTED HIS SCATTERED SENSES, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO SUBDUCE THE MONSTER OR "PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT." HE PREPARES TO RENEW THE CONFLICT.



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUES, AND MR PETER PIPER IS ON THE POINT OF "PERISHING IN THE ATTEMPT," WHEN A TIMELY SHOT FROM HIS TRUSTY SYCE ALTERS THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS.



MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER, AND BEGINS TO LOOK UPON HIMSELF IN THE LIGHT OF A HERO.



# YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.

FRED. "I SAY, ARTHUR, I WISH YOU'D GO AND KISS MY SISTER! THERE SHE IS."  
 ARTHUR. "ALL RIGHT—WHAT FOR?"  
 FRED. "WHY, BECAUSE THEN, I COULD KISS YOUR



# "CLOVER!"

Landlady (to old daughter, who has come down to their old maid place, Wobblerside, for the sea air). "GOOD CLARET, SIR? OH, YES, SIR, WE'VE EXCELLENT CLARET, SIR, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FROM 'WAND ORNAMENT,' SIR, AT NINE SHILLINGS THE DOZEN, TO 'SHATTERSIMPLECT,' AT EIGHTEENPENCE A BOTTLE, SIR!"



# FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

First Foreigner. "MARRIS, VOUS-VEZ-VOUS ME DIRMAY LE CHEMENE-A-POUR-DE-CO-EST LE RENDRE DE PORT?" "WE, WE, MARRIS, VOUS GARDEZ Second Foreigner (on a tour with his girl). "WE, WE, MARRIS, VOUS GARDEZ TOO DIRMAY PAR LE COTAY DE PLAGE OÙ LES-LES OMNIBUS ARRIVAY —" (Here he gets confused by what replies from both daughters.) "EY ALORS VOUS DIRMAY LE-VOUS TOURNAY EN BAS-LE-LE DOCE — 'N FACT KEEP STRAIGHT ON, SECOND TURNING T' THE RIGHT, PUST T, THE LEFT, AND THERE IT IS, JUST OPPOSITE THE CHURCH —" "The Foreigner (reluctantly). "OH! THANKY, SIR, MUCH OBLIGED: GOOD MORNING."





THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

"I SAY, BROWN, LET'S TRY AND GET INTO THE SAME MOURNING-COACH AS MAJOR BARDOLPH. HE ALWAYS COMES OUT SO JOLLY ON THESE OCCASIONS!"



"TWO'S COMPANY."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly, at Window). "WANT AN DESERTER, CAPTAIN?"  
Mathilda (on Honeymoon Trip). "OH, FREDDIE, DEAR! NO! NO! DO LET US BE QUITE ALONE!"



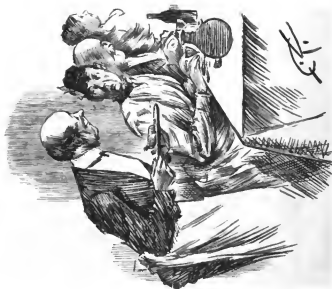
#### A LITTLE VAGUE!

*Affable Landlady (to her new Artist Lodger). "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, YOU COMES FROM ABROAD?"*  
*Foreign Lodger. "SO! I COME FROM AUSTRIA."*  
*A. L. "DO YOU MEANS, SIR? FROM HOSSTRIA? AH! NOW THAT'S WHERE THE HOSSTRICHS*  
*COMES FROM, I SUPPOSE!"*



#### TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

*Topsy-turvy. "BEG PARDON, MISS, BUT HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, WHICH YOU'D FORGOTTEN—ONE-AND-NINEPENCE!"*  
*Little Maid. "O'S, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! BUT WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE MONEY FROM ANYBODY BUT GRANDPAPA!"*



#### IRRESISTIBLE.

Our Robert (on duty in the Pension, offering drink to neglected Spectator).

"LITTLE SOCIETY!"

[In such a tone of voice, that, at the rate of the age and — the sceptic!]



#### SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Dad (disgusted). "HERE, WATER! HERE'S A--A--CATERPILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Water (flippantly). "YESSES. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEARS FOR 'EM JUST NOW, Sir!"



#### NOTHING NEW.

Alfred Old Gentleman. "C'm! AM I FOOTMAN, EN? MY NAME IS—IS—ER—"  
 Royal Peasant. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! MR. ROBINSON. NO LETTER FOR YOU,  
 THIS MORNING, SIR!"  
 Alfred Old Gentleman. "DEAR ME! DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ONE  
 —THIS AFTERNOON?"



#### GENTLE IRONY.

Crossing-Sweeper. "REMEMBER THE CROSSING-SWEEPER, SIR!"  
 Friendly Irresistible Person. "O, GET OUT, AND RE MANGED TO YOU! AND  
 DON'T KICK UP SUCH A DUST!"  
 Crossing-Sweeper. "LOOK NOW! THERE I IF YOU'D A SENT ME WORD AS  
 YOU WAS A COMIN', I'D A HAD SOME TEA-LEAVES LAID DOWN!"



# BRIC À BRAC.

*Lady DORIS.* "OH, WHAT A SWEET TABLE! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MY DEAR? OH, I SEE HERE'S THE MAN'S CARD" (Spelling the label.) "'TABLE—LOUIS QUINZE.' LOUIS QUINZE! WHAT A HORRID NAME! AND WHY HADN'T HE PUT HIS ADDRESS?"



**"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," ETC.**

*Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "de res account" with Asparagus).*

*"MAD! MAD!"—(in a whisper)—"YOU'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!"*

*Mac rubs his nose for bearing anything from a "gowk of a Sassen". "AH, BUT YE DINNA KEN, MAN, AN PRUFFUR-R-RT!"*



**TECHNICALITIES.**

*First Amateur Water-Colourist. "DO YOU WASH MUCH?"*

*Second Dilly Dilly. "NO; I SCRATCH A GOOD DEAL!"*



DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

SHE. "NO, DON'T SIT THERE, MR. SPLUSHER—THAT'S MY UGLY SIDE!"

HE (wishing to please). "WELL—A—REALLY—I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE!"



TO  
CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Portrait of JOHN LEECH.

Portrait of SIR FRANCIS C. BURNAND, Editor of Punch.

"A FEW WORDS"

The Editor.

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Academy Pencilings	1873	W. Ralston	360
Accommodating	1860	John Leech	359
	1885	Charles Keene	104
Adjustment	1873	"	301
Advantages of Mariage à la Mode	1862	G. du Maurier	300
Advocate for Progress, An	1865	Charles Keene	209
After the Battle	1881	J. P. Atkinson	11
After the Pantomime	1870	G. Bowers	150
After the Party	1881	G. du Maurier	188
" (2 Pictures)	1872	W. Ralston	276
" Against the Grain "	1882	Charles Keene	64
Age cannot Withstand	1889	"	250
Aggravating—Rather!	1850	John Leech	87
Aggravating Flapdoodle	1870	G. du Maurier	222
Agricultural-Societies (11 Danish Cranio Pictures)	1885	J. P. Atkinson	26
Alarming	1852	John Leech	204
Alarming Intruder, An	1875	Charles Keene	190
Alarming Message, An	1842	John Leech	7
Allowed to Starve (2 Pictures)	1879	Charles Keene	179
All There!	1860	E. T. West	271
Altruism	1859	H. R. Howard	279
Amateurs, The	1885	G. du Maurier	413
Anticipatory	1887	Charles Keene	285
Appearances	1881	"	123
Appearance	1879	G. du Maurier	391
Appetite for Information, An	1878	"	453
Applied Science	1873	"	375
Appropriate	1855	John Leech	81
'Arry with the 'Arries	1884	A. C. Corbould	103
Artful—Very!	1867	Charles Keene	450
Art Treasures	1860	John Leech	231
At a Horse Fair	1860	G. H. Jolliffe	302
At a Smoking Concert	1889	G. du Maurier	193
"	1891	"	371
At the Academy	1871	W. Ralston	320
At the Horse Show	1876	G. Bowers	355
At the Sessions	1887	Charles Keene	205
" Auld Edition! "	1870	"	275
Autumn Leaves	1875	"	78
Aware of the Crisis	1870	W. Ralston	410

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
" Awcary! Awcary! "	1892	E. Hepburn	315
Awful!	1865	Charles Keene	180
Awful Crammer, An	1880	"	387
Awful Instance of Perception of Character	1849	John Leech	154
Awkward Repartee to deal with, An	1889	G. du Maurier	115
Awkward Revelations	1888	"	427
Bachelor Housekeeping	1852	John Leech	397
Bad Ending, A	1882	G. du Maurier	101
Bad Grammar, but Good Pluck	1875	"	394
Bad Time for John Thomas, A	1850	John Leech	292
Bank Holiday Study, A	1889	G. H. Jolliffe	404
Batter, The	1862	John Leech	134
" Benefits Forgo! "	1884	Charles Keene	373
Bereaved	1870	"	93
" Between Two Shoe-blacks we Fall, " &c.	1866	"	10
Billiards by D. Crumba, Junr. (8 Pictures)	1886	J. P. Atkinson	70
" Block System, The "	1882	"	303
" Blood's not everything "	1865	G. du Maurier	322
Bric à Brac	1892	J. B. Partridge	468
Brown, Jones, and Robinson— And how they went to a Ball (16 Pictures)	1850	Richard Doyle	293-4
" By Authority "	1867	Charles Keene	172
Bye-Law, A	1865	F. Elton	410
Calling over the Roll of Fame	1871	W. Ralston	267
Candid!	1873	Charles Keene	67
"	1882	"	127
Candour	1861	"	365
Canine	1863	John Leech	272
Capital Place, A	1877	A. C. Corbould	269
Capital Punishment!	1870	Charles Keene	21
Case of Real Distress, A	1854	John Leech	187
" Catch 'em Alive, Oh! "	1879	G. du Maurier	171
Catching a Tartar	1885	"	37
Cause and Effect	1864	John Leech	224



TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE	TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Cause and Effect . . . . .	1870	Charles Keene	208	Dining out in a Hunting Neigh-	1866	G. Bowyer	209
Cautious . . . . .	1891	G. du Maurier	444	bourhood . . . . .	1851	John Leech	16
Cautious to Little Boys, A . . .	1855	Charles Keene	163	Disagreeable Truth . . . . .	1851	John Leech	16
Cautious to People about to be	1853	John Leech	95	Disappeared One, The . . . . .	1858	"	193
Photographed . . . . .				Discreet Hint, A . . . . .	1874	G. du Maurier	212
Cave Canem ! . . . . .	1885	A. C. Corbould	404	Disenchantment, A . . . . .	1879	"	217
Certain Preventive, A . . . . .	1893	G. du Maurier	201	Disgusting Familiarity . . . . .	1878	Charles Keene	235
Change for the Better, A . . . .	1889	G. H. Jolliffe	388	Displacement . . . . .	1881	"	120
Child of the Period, The . . . .	1874	Charles Keene	92	Distinction, A . . . . .	1864	"	273
Choice Specimens of Early Eng-	1885	G. du Maurier	296	Distinction with a Difference, A .	1871	G. du Maurier	402
lish (3 Pictures) . . . . .				Distinction without a Difference .	1874	J. B. Furze	128
"Church-going Bell, The" . . .	1869	"	35	Distinction without a Difference	1890	G. H. Jolliffe	203
Circumference . . . . .	1890	L. Sambourne	410	Distinguished Amateurs . . . .	1885	G. du Maurier	50
Circumstances make the Man .	1874	Charles Keene	225		1885	"	131
Civilisation . . . . .	1867	R. T. Pritchett	94	Distribution . . . . .	1887	Charles Keene	434
Classical . . . . .	1877	A. C. Corbould	249	Division of Labour . . . . .	1880	G. du Maurier	243
Clearing a Difficulty . . . . .	1885	Charles Keene	37	Don't Look too much before you			
"Clover !" . . . . .	1871	W. Ralston	212	Leap (2 Pictures) . . . . .	1868	"	143
Club Sketches—Cause and Effect	1868	Charles Keene	463	"Don't mention it!" . . . . .	1871	Charles Keene	255
Collision, A . . . . .	1879	G. du Maurier	405	Down on Her . . . . .	1877	G. du Maurier	257
Comforting ! . . . . .	1880	Charles Keene	432	Draconian . . . . .	1878	Charles Keene	443
Coming out as a Conversa-	1858	J. P. Atkinson	445	Drawing Room, The . . . . .	1863	John Leech	267
tionist . . . . .				Drawing-Room Inanities . . . .	1892	G. du Maurier	479
Commercial Instinct . . . . .	1885	G. du Maurier	261	Drawing-Room Day, A . . . . .	1840	Richard Doyle	252
"Comminatory" . . . . .	1871	W. Ralston	321	Drawing is Mold . . . . .	1870	L. Sambourne	273
Commissioner, The . . . . .	1880	Charles Keene	29	Drawing the Line . . . . .	1891	E. T. Reed	258
Common Interest, A . . . . .	1879	"	89	"Dressed Crab" . . . . .	1890	L. Sambourne	96
Common-sense View, A . . . . .	1874	Charles Keene	203	Duet under Difficulties, A . . . .	1863	John Leech	154
Complimentary . . . . .	1877	G. du Maurier	261				
Compliments . . . . .	1889	Charles Keene	347	Each for His Own . . . . .	1869	G. du Maurier	152
"Compliments of the Season."	1875	"	105	Easier Said than Done ! . . . .	1885	Charles Keene	131
" . . . . .	1869	"	130	" . . . . .	1884	J. P. Atkinson	257
" . . . . .	1872	Sir John Tenniel	127	" . . . . .	1869	L. Sambourne	341
Compulsory Education . . . . .	1865	Charles Keene	291	Eggs, opening ! . . . . .	1891	J. P. Atkinson	254
Condescending . . . . .	1864	F. Barnard	46	Ek ? . . . . .	1860	Charles Keene	254
Condescension . . . . .	1861	G. du Maurier	417	Election Intelligence . . . . .	1892	E. T. Reed	373
Confidences of a mature Siren . .	1891	"	211	Emphatic . . . . .	1861	John Leech	267
Confusion worse Confounded . .	1881	Charles Keene	28	Encouraging, Very ! . . . . .	1892	E. T. Reed	306
Conscience . . . . .	1872	W. Macbay	128	Enemy, The . . . . .	1884	Charles Keene	15
"Conservation of Tissue" . . . .	1871	Charles Keene	279	English at the Universities . . .	1885	G. du Maurier	168
Considerate Criticism . . . . .				Envious Party, An . . . . .	1863	Charles Keene	243
Contemptible Man's Recrea-	1860	John Leech	428	"Every Excuse" . . . . .	1889	"	171
tion, The . . . . .	1874	G. du Maurier	37	Evident Genius . . . . .	1873	G. Bowyer	232
Cool Courage . . . . .	1872	W. Ralston	69	"Evil Communications," &c. . .	1870	G. du Maurier	178
"Connors's Opinion" . . . . .	1880	Charles Keene	386	Example ! An . . . . .	1878	Charles Keene	174
Course of True, &c., never did,				"Excellent Lacaze, An . . . . .	1890	E. T. Reed	258
&c., The . . . . .	1857	John Leech	381	Exchange no Rubbery . . . . .	1889	Charles Keene	48
Court Dress, A . . . . .	1848	"	46	"Exclusive" . . . . .	1890	"	183
Crickets—The Pride of the				"Exclusive Dealing" . . . . .	1872	"	313
Village . . . . .	1861	"	403	"Exempli Gratia" . . . . .	1872	John Leech	424
Cruel ! . . . . .	1861	"	366	Exhausted Student, The . . . .	1886	Charles Keene	89
Culinary Culture . . . . .	1877	G. du Maurier	307	Experiments Doct . . . . .	1886	G. du Maurier	303
Culshah ! . . . . .	1888	"	329	Extensive Order, An . . . . .	1883	"	45
Culture ! . . . . .	1881	Charles Keene	288	Extenuating Circumstances . .	1869	Charles Keene	240
"Cured in an Instant !" . . . .	1864	"	74	Eye to Business, An . . . . .	1871	W. Ralston	168
Cut him Down Behind ! . . . .	1852	John Leech	366	" . . . . .	1878	Charles Keene	269
Cutting . . . . .	1891	R. Cleaver	221	" . . . . .	1862	H. R. Howard	451
Dampet, A . . . . .	1882	Charles Keene	457	Fact, A . . . . .	1858	John Leech	262
Day at the Camp, A . . . . .	1860	John Leech	460	"Fahrenheit" . . . . .	1885	H. Furness	157
Day with the Harriers, A . . . .	1873	Sir John Tenniel	60	Fair Play . . . . .	1874	Charles Keene	116
Day Before the Derby . . . . .	1861	Charles Keene	324	Fair Office, A . . . . .	1875	"	75
Day in the Country, A . . . . .	1887	G. du Maurier	363	Fair Retort, A . . . . .	1883	G. du Maurier	227
Dear Child ! . . . . .	1891	R. Cleaver	229	"Fable Sailing" . . . . .	1863	Charles Keene	159
"Dear Old Donkey !" . . . . .	1873	Charles Keene	179	Familiarity . . . . .	1846	John Leech	253
"De Gaulle," &c. . . . .	1888	"	413	Felicitous Quotations . . . . .	1887	G. du Maurier	129
"Delays are Dangerous" . . . .	1878	"	313	" . . . . .	1888	"	141
Delicate Hint, A . . . . .	1863	John Leech	263	"Fellow-feeling makes us won-			
Delicate Hospitality Abused . . .	1865	G. du Maurier	387	dow kind, A" . . . . .	1877	"	159
Delightful Out-door Exercise in				Festivities of the Season . . . .	1871	Charles Keene	119
Warm Weather . . . . .	1854	John Leech	411	Final Frankness . . . . .	1869	G. Bowyer	422
Delightful Prospect . . . . .	1868	G. Bowyer	187	Final Rebuke, A . . . . .	1879	G. du Maurier	453
Delights of the Chase . . . . .	1870	Charles Keene	249	"Villing at the Price . . . . .	1863	F. Barnard	23
De Mortuis . . . . .	1874	W. Ralston	212	Final Appeal, A . . . . .	1875	Charles Keene	230
Derby Day . . . . .	1879	A. C. Corbould	323	Fine Disposition, A . . . . .	1848	John Leech	147
Detected . . . . .	1871	Charles Keene	193	First of October, The . . . . .	1881	J. P. Atkinson	32
Diagnos . . . . .	1875	G. du Maurier	145	Flattering . . . . .	1880	Charles Keene	97
Difficult People take different				Fond but Foolish . . . . .	1887	G. du Maurier	31
views of Venice . . . . .	1885	H. Furness	157	Force of Example, The . . . . .	1862	"	284
Dignity and Impudence . . . .	1880	A. C. Corbould	8	" . . . . .	1873	"	297
" . . . . .	1857	Sir John Tenniel	289	" . . . . .	1867	G. Bowyer	451
Dilemma, A . . . . .	1881	Charles Keene	35	Force of Habit, The . . . . .	1867	"	239
" . . . . .	1889	G. H. Jolliffe	177	Foreigners in France . . . . .	1863	Charles Keene	463
				Frecks of Nature . . . . .	1871	W. Ralston	168

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Friend in Need	1855	H. R. Howard	325
Friendly	1854	Sir John Tenniel	326
From the "Other Side"	1886	A. C. Corbould	43
From the Particular to the General	1889	G. du Maurier	166
From the Sister Isle	1892	"	427
From the Summer Manuscripts	1872	A. C. Corbould	433
Game Two can Play at, A	1871	Charles Keene	339
"Garb of Old Gail, The"	1873	"	414
Gentle Craft, The	1853	John Leech	459
Gentle Hint, A	1889	G. H. Jalland	447
Gentle Irony	1871	G. du Maurier	407
Gentle Paternal Nature	1872	"	49
Gentle Reproof, A	1882	"	65
Geology	1870	Charles Keene	316
Giving them Fair Play	1882	J. P. Atkinson	73
Going Cheap	1868	L. Sanbourn	286
Going by D. Crambo, Junr. (8 Pictures)	1886	J. P. Atkinson	70
Golf-Stream, The	1885	G. du Maurier	77
Good Eye for Business, A	1886	A. C. Corbould	226
"Good Job of it I A"	1886	Charles Keene	262
Good Judge, A	1861	J. Thompson	323
Good Little Boy, The	1850	John Leech	440
Great Attraction	1881	A. C. Corbould	323
Great Boon, The	1853	John Leech	319
Great Tobacco Question, The	1857	Charles Keene	395
Great Western, 3 A.M.	1861	G. du Maurier	140
Grievances, A	1863	John Leech	424
Gross Outrage	1861	Charles Keene	365
"Ground Game!"	1881	"	374
"Ground Game, &c.!"	1880	"	376
Groundless Alarm	1850	John Leech	6
"Groom Driving"	1862	L. Sanbourn	408
Guiltily Conscience, A	1866	Charles Keene	352
Gushing Hospitality	1862	J. B. Partridge	385
Gymnastics	1878	G. du Maurier	375
"Ha! ha! The Wootin' o't!"	1871	Charles Keene	360
Habitual Offenders	1884	G. du Maurier	350
"Hamlet" & a Sauce Dumb	1885	J. P. Atkinson	196
Happy Thought	1888	G. du Maurier	136
Hard Lines	1869	Charles Keene	316
Hardly Lately	1860	G. H. Jalland	311
"Harmless"	1874	Charles Keene	225
"Harp in the Air, The"	1872	"	213
Harmonies!	1872	"	361
Heads or Tails?	1870	G. Rivers	241
Heaven-Breaking	1854	John Leech	295
Height of Bliss, The	1870	W. Ralston	398
Height of Impudence, The	1854	Sir John Tenniel	326
Her Majesty's Opera	1871	L. Sanbourn	364
"Her Voice was Ever," &c.	1867	G. du Maurier	109
Highbury 'Bus, The	1861	Charles Keene	27
Highly Considerate	1877	"	161
Hint, A	1882	G. du Maurier	415
Hint for the Park, A	1882	J. P. Atkinson	301
Hint to Deer-stalkers	1870	L. Sanbourn	11
Hint for the Park	1889	G. H. Jalland	346
His First Ache	1860	G. du Maurier	389
His First Bird	1860	"	97
"Honesty is the Best Policy"	1873	"	70
Honeymoon, The (4 Pictures)	1868	"	285
Hopeless Case, A	1870	G. Rivers	251
Horrible Business, A	1851	John Leech	75
Horrible Suspicion in High Life Hospitality	1852	Sir John Tenniel	245
"How Mr. Peter Piper was introduced to join in a Bear Hunt (7 Pictures)"	1882	G. du Maurier	435
Hunting Hims	1853	Sir John Tenniel	460-1
"Puzzle"	1889	A. C. Corbould	139
"	1883	"	55
"	1885	"	183
"	1885	"	210
"Sketch"	1861	L. Sanbourn	188
"Snaffles by Rail"	1868	G. Rivers	47
Hyperbole!	1885	Charles Keene	267
Identity	1888	"	85
Idle Servant, The	1863	John Leech	142
Ignorance and No Bliss	1884	A. C. Corbould	287

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
"Impudence" of them Lower Classes, The	1864	Charles Keene	369
Important	1857	"	205
Impossibility, An	1845	John Leech	199
Impudence	1844	"	196
Incident of Weight, An	1856	"	87
Incontrovertible	1886	G. du Maurier	223
In Desperate Straits	1891	"	355
In Difficulties	1862	"	314
"	1864	Charles Keene	369
"In Flagrante"	1885	"	3
In Flagrant Delict	1886	G. du Maurier	411
Ingeniously Put!	1862	"	318
"In Medio Tironis"	1863	Charles Keene	186
Innocent Enjoyment	1862	"	189
Innocent Offender, An	1880	R. Calcott	270
Inopportune	1879	Charles Keene	116
Inopportune Flirtation, An	1888	G. du Maurier	243
In Possession	1880	"	191
In Summer-Shower Time (6 Pictures)	1877	J. P. Atkinson	335-9
Interesting Devotes	1872	W. Mochay	195
International Compliments	1869	Charles Keene	330
"In the Dim and Distant Future"	1887	A. C. Corbould	167
In the Emerald Isle	1868	Charles Keene	47
In the Season	1869	G. Rivers	318
Initiation	1878	G. du Maurier	72
Irish Housekeeping	1861	Charles Keene	197
Irish Model, An	1872	"	256
Irresistible	1860	John Leech	117
Irreversible	1886	Charles Keene	466
Irreverent	1875	G. Rivers	401
Irreverent Saxon, An	1880	G. du Maurier	4
"Is it Possible?!"	1860	Charles Keene	169
It's a Great Thing for a Man to Know when he's Well Off	1861	W. T. Maud	287
It's a Way we have in the Army	1864	" Fairfield	392
Jolly for Jones	1859	Charles Keene	309
Just in Time	1879	"	410
Just Off!	1880	G. H. Jalland	210
Just the Very Thing!	1885	A. C. Corbould	199
Knight and the Flea, The	1880	L. Sanbourn	18
Knight before the Battle, The	1882	Sir John Gilbert	124
"Labour Market, The"	1887	Charles Keene	44
Labour Question, The	1880	"	432
"Lapetus Language"	1888	"	119
"	1882	"	235
Late from the Nursery	1860	John Leech	162
Latest Railway Marvel	1871	W. Ralston	289
"Le Jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle"	1875	Charles Keene	144
"Le Sportman"	1885	G. H. Jalland	77
"Let the Toast go Romd!"	1873	W. Ralston	442
Life in London	1885	John Leech	218
Life of the Party, The	1888	G. du Maurier	464
Like his Cheek	1885	A. C. Corbould	379
Liquor East Angles (2 Pictures)	1869	Charles Keene	399
"Listen to my Tale of Woe!"	1891	W. T. Maud	28
Literary Chit-chat	1862	John Leech	25
Little and Good	1869	Charles Keene	169
Little Failing, A	1870	"	80
Little Family Breeze, A	1864	John Leech	407
Little Mistake, A	1860	Charles Keene	402
Little Vague!	1862	E. T. Reed	405
Local Option	1880	Charles Keene	213
(Loch) Fyne Grammar	1875	W. Ralston	443
Longing for a New Sensation	1887	G. du Maurier	417
Looking Forward	1863	John Leech	283
"Lucas a non Lucendo"	1872	W. Ralston	312
Lumping Penn'orth, A	1877	G. du Maurier	337
Lusus Machiner-æ, A	1845	John Leech	51
"	1870	Charles Keene	7
Making Things Pleasant	1872	"	425
Maledic Imaginaire, A	1887	G. du Maurier	39
Manners of the Bar	1860	E. T. Reed	99
"Matter of"	1874	Charles Keene	168
Matter of "Course," A	1862	R. Calcott	435
Maxims for the Bar	1860	E. T. Reed	347
Mazappa (6 Pictures)	1868	B. Rivers	429-30
Mean Average, A	1871	Charles Keene	135
Medical	1885	A. C. Corbould	243

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE	TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Menace	1871	Charles Keene	425	Odd and Even	1874	G. Bouwers	112
Here Prejudice, A	1862	E. Hopkins	445	"Off!"	1874	Charles Keene	201
Metropolitan Metamorphosis, A	1899	E. T. Reed	70	"Officer and a Gentleman", An	1868	"	251
(6 Pictures)				Official Censorship of Panto- mime	1872	W. Massey	125
Metropolitan Prize Puzzles	1883	A. C. Corbould	350	Oh! Horror!	1876	G. du Maurier	247
Night be Worse	1865	Charles Keene	145	"Oh!" The "Miletos-Bough"	1853	John Leech	125
Nightly Hunter, A	1886	G. H. Jalland	379	"Old Adam, The"	1856	Charles Keene	137
Night versus Night	1846	John Leech	295	Old Gentleman is in a Harry.			100
"Nine", The	1869	Charles Keene	211	The	1853	John Leech	160
Musing the Point	1872	G. du Maurier	280	Old Order Changrich, The	1888	G. du Maurier	310
Mistake, A	1878	J. P. Atkinson	35	Old School	1862	John Leech	181
Misunderstanding, A	1892	E. Hopkins	345	One for Him	1880	R. Claver	245
Mr. Atkins at his Ease	1860	E. T. Reed	300	One for Him	1880	A. C. Corbould	420
Mr. Babbage's House the Stag	1883	A. Caldwell	54	On the Boulogne Pier	1866	G. du Maurier	458
Mr. Briggs' Adventures in the Highlands	1859	John Leech	19	On the Face of it	1869	Charles Keene	104
"	1860	"	20	"On the Face of it"	1873	"	301
"	1861	"	20	On the Movers (3 Pictures)	1870	W. Ralston	34
"	1861	"	21-2	One may have Too Much of a Good Thing	1874	G. du Maurier	185
Mr. Briggs' Pleasures of House- keeping (8 Pictures)	1849	"	173-6	One More Unfortunate	1883	"	115
Mr. Briggs' Pleasures of Fishing	1850	"	331	Opera, The	1848	John Leech	253
"	1851	"	331	Opera for the Million	1859	"	304
"	1857	"	333 4	Ornament to Society, An	1874	G. du Maurier	158
Mr. Briggs' Pleasures of Shoot- ing (4 Pictures)	1851	"	449-50	"Other Way about, The"	1888	Charles Keene	51
Mr. Punch at Home	1855	"	1	"Ossian cum Dug"	1861	"	441
Mr. Punch on the Road	1869	Charles Keene	237	"Our Boys"	1883	"	122
Mr. Punch's Illustrations to Shakespeare (3 Pictures)	1855	Sir John Tenniel	12	Our Manoeuvres	1873	"	438
"	1855	"	58	Our Nurses	1871	"	83
"	1855	"	106	Our Threes Volume Novel at a Glance (34 Pictures)	1885	J. P. Atkinson	110
"	1855	"	342	Our Village Industrial Competi- tion	1888	Charles Keene	372
"	1856	"	342	"Out of his Element"	1873	"	82
Modest Disclaimer	1882	G. du Maurier	145	Over-Combed!	1886	"	382
Momentous Question, The	1871	"	441	"Over-coming"	1884	"	434
Monopoly	1886	"	284	Overheard at Buffalo Bill's	1862	G. H. Jalland	346
Monstieur, Madame, et Bébé	1889	"	447	Oysters	1864	John Leech	393
"Most Unfortunate!"	1881	Charles Keene	2	Paradox! A	1868	Charles Keene	231
Much too Clever	1868	John Leech	53	Pardonable Mistake, A	1866	G. du Maurier	133
Musie at Home	1884	G. du Maurier	1	Parliamentary Privilege	1863	Charles Keene	327
"Musie bath Charm"	1888	"	51	Parliel	1879	Charles Keene	202
Musie in the Midlands	1856	H. R. Howard	147	Passage of Arms, A	1867	"	78
Musie in the Midlands	1879	Charles Keene	135	Patent Restorer for the Hair, The	1864	"	94
Mutual Satisfaction (2 Pictures)	1865	F. Elton	137	Paterfamilias' his Holiday at the Seaside (2 Pictures)	1857	John Leech	81
Mystification	1871	Charles Keene	455	Pathetic Appeal, A	1874	G. du Maurier	9
"Nae that Fox!"	1890	"	216	Patronising	1859	John Leech	95
"Narrow Escape, A"	1871	L. Sambourne	52	"Penny Saved is a Penny Gained, A"	1869	L. Sambourne	208
Narrow Escape, A	1871	Charles Keene	439	Penny Toys, The	1887	Charles Keene	213
Natural History	1882	G. du Maurier	297	Peril!	1884	"	305
Natural Objection, A	1865	Charles Keene	262	Personal	1882	"	155
Natural Religion	1880	G. du Maurier	415	Peunimist, A	1886	"	43
Naval Team, The	1886	G. H. Jalland	111	Pet Young Bachelor Parson, The	1878	G. du Maurier	437
"Nem. Con."	1883	Charles Keene	382	Philosophy in Sport	1859	John Leech	47
Never Judge People by Ex- ternals	1879	G. du Maurier	31	Photograph, The	1861	"	358
Never Satisfied	1862	R. Claver	409	"Physical Geography"	1881	Charles Keene	3
Never Speak in a Hurry	1879	G. du Maurier	236	"Places of Amusement!"	1886	"	317
"Never too Late to Mend"	1874	Charles Keene	64	Pleasant!	1876	W. Ralston	151
New Groom, The	1874	John Leech	33	"	1876	John Leech	233
New Test, A	1876	G. du Maurier	247	"	1870	"	305
Nice for his Boots!	1889	G. H. Jalland	299	Pleasure v. Appetite	1889	G. H. Jalland	311
"No Fear"	1877	Charles Keene	361	Pleasures of a Military Riding- School	1864	Secombe	418
"No Accounting for Taste"	1877	Charles Keene	361	Pleasure Trips of Brown, Jones, and Robinson—The Visit to Epom (18 Pictures)	1880	Richard Doyle	367-8
"No News in Good News (2)"	1875	W. Ralston	374	Polite Request! A	1855	H. R. Howard	17
No News in Good News (2)"	1875	W. Ralston	374	Polite Self-Abnegation	1876	G. du Maurier	120
No Pleasing some People	1861	Charles Keene	86	Poor Old Thing!	1862	Charles Keene	340
Norfolk Dumping, A	1877	A. C. Corbould	423	Potential Son-in-Law, A	1880	G. du Maurier	65
Nothing like doing it Thorough- ly	1864	John Leech	325	Practical	1875	W. Ralston	414
Nothing New	1865	G. du Maurier	467	Practical Application, A	1880	Charles Keene	338
"Not so Fast"	1872	Charles Keene	41	"Memento, A"	1890	G. du Maurier	389
Not such a Fool as he Looks	1877	G. du Maurier	290	Precognition	1887	Charles Keene	220
Not such Disagreeable Weather for the Haymakers	1879	R. Caldwell	411	Presence of Mind	1866	F. Elton	244
"(Not) Thankful for Small Mercies"	1868	Charles Keene	158	Pretty Innocent!	1874	G. du Maurier	13
Not to be Disconcerted	1887	G. du Maurier	121	Pretty Manners in Humble Life	1875	"	454
Not to be made a Fool of	1874	W. Ralston	439				
Not to be Played with	1848	John Leech	29				
Novice in Sport, A	1883	A. C. Corbould	88				
Obvious	1860	H. R. Howard	359				
"	1892	E. Hopkins	384				

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE	TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Prevailing Topic   The	1855	Charles Keene	214	" Sed Revocare Gradum "	1892	R. Clowser	390
Prevention   A Better				Self-Defence in Escalade	1870	W. Kallien	370
Care "	1869	"	214	" Se non è vero, " etc.	1851	Charles Keene	368
Private Theatricals	1866	Sir John Tenniel	140	Sensible Child, A	1865	F. Eliza	13
Private View	1881	A. G. Corbould	248	Serious Matter, A	1870	L. Sansbourne	24
" Pro and Con "	1869	Charles Keene	406	" Severe "	1861	Charles Keene	255
Procedure   A Fact	1856	Harry Furniss	264	Severe Sentence, A	1890	G. du Maurier	335
Progressive ?	1847	John Leach	397	Sharp Memory, A	1887	Charles Keene	141
Progress	1886	Charles Keene	226	Sharp—Kaiser I.	1867	"	148
" Proud (Police)-man's Con-	1885	G. du Maurier	307	"	1860	"	180
tumely, The "	1882	"	370	Sharp's the Word	1853	H. R. Howard	186
Promising Pupil	1866	Charles Keene	60	She was " Sorry she spoke " !	1852	Charles Keene	266
Prompt	1861	J. Thompson	455	Shiverlisation	1867	"	132
Prophetic !	1882	Charles Keene	242	Shocking !	1874	"	38
Propriety	1848	John Leach	26	Shooting of the Last Grouse,			
" Proud (Police)-man's Con-				The	1882	J. P. Atkinson	420
tumely, The "	1879	Charles Keene	160	Shooting Puzzle	1885	A. G. Corbould	5
Provincial Drama, The	1874	"	118	Shortest Way the Best, The	1875	G. du Maurier	57
Provoking !	1869	G. du Maurier	197	Shows his Breeding	1875	T. Walters	335
Proxy	1874	"	56	Shuttlecock Nuisance, The	1857	John Leach	254
" Q. E. D. " ?	1882	R. Caldicott	96	Sie vos non vobis	1866	G. du Maurier	396
Q. E. D.	1874	G. du Maurier	458	" Silence is Golden "	1875	Charles Keene	452
Question of Taste, A	1867	Charles Keene	250	Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of			
Quiet Rebuke, A.	1864	John Leach	393	the Other	1856	John Leach	39
Quite another Thing	1872	Charles Keene	113	Sketch from the Midlands, A	1886	J. P. Atkinson	55
" Quite Superfluous "	1887	"	138	Sketching from Nature	1855	H. R. Howard	459
Quite Unanswerable	1866	"	319	Skinning in Perspective	1871	Charles Keene	458
Railway Puzzle—Find Name of	1892	R. Clowser	337	Slightly Mixed	1889	J. P. Atkinson	286
Station.				Snob Snubbing	1885	G. du Maurier	227
Random Shot, A	1883	A. G. Corbould	40	Social, The	1886	"	201
Rather a Large Order	1890	J. P. Atkinson	103	Social Agones	1887	"	265
Rather Awkward	1870	L. Sansbourne	170	Social Problems not Happily			
Rather Awkward !	1862	Charles Keene	340	Solved	1892	R. Clowser	310
Rather " Cute "	1866	G. du Maurier	300	Society	1867	G. Bowers	74
Rather Severe	1853	John Leach	111	No Convenient !	1891	W. T. Maud	299
Rather Smart all Round	1862	W. J. Hodgson	259	No Frivolous !	1892	J. B. Partridge	271
Remotion	1877	Charles Keene	343	Soft Answer, A	1866	Charles Keene	312
" Reading without Tears "	1869	G. du Maurier	194	Soft Sweller	1860	G. du Maurier	114
Real Convert, A	1892	W. J. Hodgson	446	So Mattered Fact	1892	E. Hopkins	409
Real Difficulty, A	1864	H. R. Howard	245	Something from the Provinces	1865	G. du Maurier	429
Real Enjoyment	1861	John Leach	440	Something like Sport	1854	John Leach	428
Re-arranging	1869	Charles Keene	59	" Something Wrong ! "	1888	Charles Keene	205
Reciprocal	1892	J. B. Partridge	329	So Much to his Credit	1879	A. G. Corbould	96
Recollections from Abroad	1869	G. du Maurier	102	Songs of the Summer	1889	G. du Maurier	349
" of Cub Hunting "	1869	G. Bowers	80	So Simple !	1891	J. P. Atkinson	215
Refinements of Modern Speech	1879	G. du Maurier	344	" Sounded Child dreads Water,			
Reflected Glory	1885	"	302	A "	1873	G. du Maurier	257
" "	1885	"	302	Sport !	1891	J. B. Partridge	165
Regular Customer, A	1852	John Leach	405	Sportive Elements, The	1860	John Leach	233
Rehearsal ! A	1854	H. R. Howard	102	Staggerer ! A	1873	W. Kallien	30
Relief	1888	Charles Keene	23	Standing on Nonsense	1886	Charles Keene	308
Remarkable Case of Table-				Standing on his Dignity	1870	W. Kallien	69
talking	1854	John Leach	204	Startling !	1886	Charles Keene	286
Repetition	1856	Charles Keene	275	" Startling Effects ! "	1879	"	257
Reveries !	1888	"	421	State of the Market, The	1892	J. B. Partridge	260
" Retort Courteous "	1878	"	79	State of Trade	1869	Charles Keene	30
Retrospection	1883	"	412	Steam-Launch in Venice, The	1882	G. du Maurier	71
Revenge !	1878	"	452	Stolen Pleasures	1863	John Leach	309
Revolving Meanness !	1879	G. du Maurier	315	Stopper, A	1870	L. Sansbourne	142
" Ridiculous ! "	1885	Charles Keene	48	Straight Tip, A	1883	A. G. Corbould	163
Riding Lesson, The	1875	"	15	Street Dialogue	1843	John Leach	26
Riding School, The	1876	"	186	Street Fight, A	1864	"	16
Rival Sports, The	1889	G. H. Jalland	5	Sturdy Ornamental	1874	G. Bowers	335
River Puzzle	1885	A. G. Corbould	388	Studied Issues, A	1892	J. B. Partridge	279
Rotten Row North	1865	Charles Keene	155	Studies in Repertory	1890	G. du Maurier	149
Rough Calculation, A	1879	"	396	Study from the Parlor-Window,			
Royal Blankshire Hussars, The	1871	Sir John Tenniel	14	A	1869	"	136
Ruling Fassion Strong at				Subtle Discrimination	1881	"	162
Dinner, The	1891	J. B. Partridge	191	Suburban Joys—Haymaking	1876	"	283
Rural Infidelity, A	1880	R. Caldicott	76	Suitor's Plea	1853	A. G. Corbould	296
Rural Studies—" Yeomanry "	1886	G. Bowers	355	" Sufficient for the Day, " &c.	1880	"	259
" Rus in Urbe "	1885	A. G. Corbould	378	Support	1880	Charles Keene	133
Rustic Moralist, A	1873	Charles Keene	377	Sweeping Reform, A	1891	E. T. Reed	204
" Sailing Directions "	1876	"	153	Sympathy	1866	Charles Keene	93
" Save me from my Friends ! "	1880	"	285	Symptoms of a Bank Holiday	1879	R. Caldicott	350
Saving Clause, A	1885	G. du Maurier	230	Taking Change	1850	John Leach	239
" Sauce for the Goose, " &c.	1891	J. B. Partridge	228	Taking it Coolly	1852	"	380
" Scene " in the Highlands, A	1869	E. T. Reed	421	Taking it for Granted	1872	G. du Maurier	91
Scrupulous	1871	Charles Keene	68	Tantalising	1887	"	88
Seasonable Saturday Evening	1849	John Leach	381	Tantalus	1874	"	398
Seasonable Luxury	1866	Charles Keene	466	Taste	1855	John Leach	395
Seasonable Weather	1881	"	164	" Teach yer Gran'mither, " &c.	1886	Charles Keene	469
				Technicalities	1892	G. du Maurier	469
				Tempting	1862	F. Eliza	290
				" ? "	1862	Charles Keene	431

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Tender Passages	1827	G. du Maurier	446
Terrible Situation	1871	Charles Keene	129
Terrible Threat, A	1812	John Leach	312
Testamentary	1886	Charles Keene	275
Thames Fishing	1851	John Leach	407
Thank Goodness! Fly Fishing has begun!	1857	"	318
"That Nasty Orange Peel!"	1858	Charles Keene	53
Things one would rather have expressed differently	1890	G. du Maurier	371
Things one would rather have left unsaid	1831	"	31
"	1852	"	101
"	1858	"	114
Thoroughly Respectable	1874	"	341
Those Horrid Boys!	1855	John Leach	117
Thoughtful Pew-opener and			
Joe's Sunday Hat, The	1885	J. P. Atkinson	40
Three Jolly Agnostics	1886	G. du Maurier	72
Thrifty Nisi, A	1880	H. Furness	224
Thrilling Domestic Incident	1856	John Leach	244
"Thy Voice, O Harmony!"	1860	Charles Keene	60
Tit-bit, A	1861	John Leach	418
Tit for Tat	1890	G. H. Jalland	270
Tolerably Broad Hint, A	1859	John Leach	41
"Too Bad!"	1860	Charles Keene	183
"Too Bad, Though"	1862	"	218
Too Fair One, A	1888	A. C. Corbould	167
Too Popular by Half	1847	John Leach	367
Too True	1873	Charles Keene	67
"To Put it Broadly"	1857	"	91
Toto chen Tata	1877	G. du Maurier	262
"Touching"	1862	Charles Keene	203
"	1858	John Leach	304
Tragedy in Real Life	1879	J. P. Atkinson	52
"Transformation Scene"	1874	Charles Keene	128
Traveller's Luggage	1860	John Leach	302
Treat at 'The Colanderies'	1886	Charles Keene	148
Trials of an Anxious "Junior,"			
The	1891	E. T. Reed	229
Trop de Zèle	1889	G. du Maurier	215
"	1892	J. B. Portridge	426
Tropical	1855	Charles Keene	416
True Literary Exclusiveness	1891	G. du Maurier	106
True Modesty	1884	"	315
True Respectability	1850	John Leach	151
Truly Conscientious	1891	G. du Maurier	265
Trustworthy Authority	1889	Charles Keene	348
"Truth about Ghosts: The"	1882	"	42
Truth is Great	1854	John Leach	125
Truth Stranger than Fiction	1858	H. R. Howard	170
Trying!	1869	G. du Maurier	219
"Trying"	1865	Charles Keene	291
Trying Moment, A	1828	G. du Maurier	351
Tu Quoque	1831	"	265
"Turn About"	1858	John Leach	327
"Two's Company"	1875	Charles Keene	73
"Two's Company"	1892	R. Claver	464
Two Sides of the Question	1870	G. Bowers	219
Ubiquitous, The	1858	Charles Keene	419
Uncle Paddy's Christmas Entertainment	1866	"	109
"Unco Canny"	1875	W. Ralston	6
Unco Goid, The	1870	"	113
Unconscious Confession	1891	G. du Maurier	349
Unconscious Satire	1887	Charles Keene	138
Unfeminine	1854	John Leach	76
Unfair Satire	1880	Charles Keene	28
University Boat Race up to Date	1884	J. P. Atkinson	238

TITLE	YEAR	ARTIST	PAGE
Unregenerate Youth, An	1876	G. du Maurier	185
Unseemly Interruption, An	1880	"	129
"Unseen World, The"	1880	Charles Keene	198
Untimely Exposure, An	1878	"	189
Up Before the Beak	1882	H. S. Marks	84
Urgent	1855	John Leach	146
Used Up	1868	G. Bowers	380
"Vapid Vegetable Loves"	1878	G. du Maurier	286
Verjuice!	1882	Charles Keene	353
Very Accommodating	1852	Sir John Tenniel	107
Very Critical	1859	"	364
Very Friendly	1857	John Leach	108
Very Like it	1882	Charles Keene	386
Very Likely	1883	G. du Maurier	217
Very Likely?	1877	"	281
Very Much Cared for	1874	Charles Keene	156
Very Particular	1855	John Leach	282
Very Shocking Boy Indeed: A	1857	"	354
Vested Interest, A	1869	Charles Keene	99
Vestments!	1881	"	448
"Vita Fama"	1878	"	321
Volunteer Manoeuvres	1886	J. P. Atkinson	423
Volgar from the Sea, A	1872	G. du Maurier	234
Volgar Subject, A	1859	John Leach	163
"Warm Corner" for Jones, A	1870	Sir John Tenniel	181
Wasted Rebuke, A	1870	W. Ralston	118
Wedding Day, The—First			
Anniversary	1855	John Leach	377
"Fourteenth Anniversary"	1855	"	377
Wednesbury Station	1860	Charles Keene	272
West-End Notion of "Humble Origin," A	1874	G. du Maurier	241
What a Question to Ask!	1887	"	211
What Mr. Punch did in the Easter recess	1876	L. Simmonds	232
What is it?	1856	John Leach	272
What our Artist has to put up with	1890	"	149
"When a Man does not look his Best"	1891	E. T. Reed	32
"When the Cat's away—"	1891	"	199
"Where, and oh Where!"	1882	J. P. Atkinson	39
"Where Ignorance is Bliss"	1854	Sir John Tenniel	401
Whispered Appeal, A	1863	Charles Keene	284
Whist (12 Dumb Crambo Pieces)	1875	G. du Maurier	240
Who would Believe it?	1884	J. P. Atkinson	146
Who'd have Thought it?!	1855	H. R. Howard	17
"Wide Awake"	1891	E. T. Reed	345
"Winkles!"	1872	Charles Keene	353
"Winkles!"	1869	"	10
"Wise Saw and Modern Instance! A"	1887	"	195
Wonders of Science, The	1881	"	300
Word in Season, A	1888	A. C. Corbould	139
"Word of Promise to the Ear!"			
The	1869	Charles Keene	123
"Worm will Turn, A"	1872	"	240
Wounded Pride	1850	John Leach	146
Yeomanry Drill	1871	W. Ralston	197
Young, but Arful	1865	G. du Maurier	462
Young Nimrod	1873	G. Bowers	177
Young Positivist, A	1871	G. du Maurier	105
Zeal	1878	Charles Keene	360
Zings van voot ruzer haf left conzet	1888	G. du Maurier	4





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